AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1979 $2·00*

GOOD AS GOLD
A 24-carat
new novel from
the author of
CATCH-22

Jack Thompson
A sizzling
Playboy interview

PLAYMATES
of the world

TURBO:
Motoring of
tomorrow

The
unforgettable
DEBRA JO

Marlboro

LB2.0102 * CC/221/79

The very cool Gin and Tonic.
Very dry. Very Gilbey's.

GILBEY'S
SPECIAL DRY
GIN

LB4.0969

PLAYBILL

With this issue we welcome you to a new section in which we chronicle the goings on in our *World of Playboy*. And what a ball we've had. Our launch promotion tour took us more than 10,000km on to 16 TV and 20 radio shows and into a dozen newspapers, demonstrating to PLAYBOY lovers and ocker-knockers alike that the world's premier magazine for men is *news*. Our pictures on pages seven and eight cover just some of the activities in a frenetic but delightful week.

Did we say frenetic? It was nothing compared with the madhouse scenes created by Melbourne's **Morris Lurie** in his first PLAYBOY fiction work, Rattle Bang. **Ross Bateup,** who has a formidable reputation in Australia as a cartoonist, did the illustrations. If you think Rattle Bang is bizarre, try Good as Gold. It comes from **Joseph Heller,** author of *Catch-22*. Just as *Catch-22* made its stunning points about war (the hero pretended to be mad to get out of the war but was judged sane because only mad people would want to be in one), Heller now turns to government. Heller's scene is Washington, but we have a creepy feeling it may be all happening, right now, in Canberra.

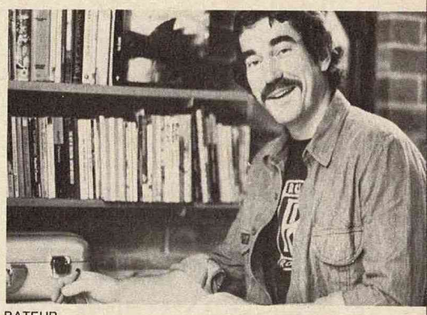
And now for something entirely different, folks. **Jack Thompson** is a man with his feet firmly planted on Mother Earth. He is Australia's only legitimate male film sex symbol, and he leads a back-to-nature lifestyle many men find enviable not only because it is unhurried and unhassled, but also because it involves living with two sisters. As Thompson admits to **Jim Oram** in our *Playboy Interview,* it is a situation which fosters many fantasies for the rest of us and some strange experiences for him. Talking of strange experiences: staff writer **Russell Deiley** dredged deep into the ongoing dramatics and feuds of the West Australian treasure-ship hunters to report on the adventures of **Alan Robinson.** "He's a curious chap, and there are more cross-currents in the story than in the whole Indian Ocean," says Deiley, "but the fact remains he's a central character in a multi-million-dollar operation which is salvaging our history as well as silver." Well-known Perth author and ship-wreck expert **Hugh Edwards** took the underwater photographs and collaborated on the story.

April is when a young man's fancy turns to warmer gear. So our fashion co-ordinator, **Zoltan Kent,** invited five progressive Australian designers to present their wares and direct the photo sessions themselves. On another front we investigate the expanding market of gold-and-diamond trinkets for men. It looks great in **Jeff Rand's** picture and it's a good investment, but would *you* wear it? If the answer is negative, how about putting your money elsewhere to protect it against inflation? **Michael Southern** tells how you can live the good life and make money while everyone around you bitches about the downfall of the dollar.

Take a deep breath, because there's more yet: staff writer **Phil Jarratt** risks life and limb to go on a Sunday drive with rally champion **Andrew Cowan; Helen Townsend** asks whatever happened to Women's Lib; **Tony Rees** gets away from it all to go gliding in the latest of our Discovery series; staffer **John Hampshire** tastes the future of motoring as he tries out two Australian turbocharged cars; and **Graham Goodman** sends up the late-night TV movies with a cliché quiz for anyone over 10. Whew!

Did we hear you say whew, too? Well, you have our permission to bay at the moon when you see our super pictorials. We pay homage to the lovely *Playmate of the Year,* **Debra Jo Fondren,** whose visit to these shores won't be forgotten for years; we salute the Playmates of other PLAYBOY international editions, and we present as our centrefold the beautiful **Denise McConnell.** Watch it! She's a private detective. Hmmmmm. Very arresting.

LURIE


BATEUP

HELLER

ORAM

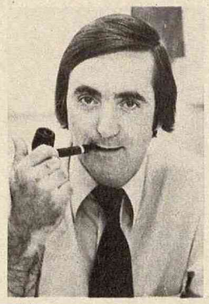
EDWARDS

KENT

RAND

SOUTHERN

DEILEY, JARRATT, HAMPSHIRE


REES

TOWNSEND

To Change The Car We Had To Hurry A Little.

And hurry we did, on hard roads and easy roads.

Until we were sure we had not only maximised the performance of our now-legendary aluminium 3.5 litre V8, but that we had maximised the performance of the total car.

In declaring the new Rover 3500 V8 'Car of the Year' one of Europe's toughest motoring critics was moved to comment: "A technical masterpiece, giving outstanding roadholding and high driver comfort."

Our proven aluminium 3.5 litre V8. More power, less weight and more economy.

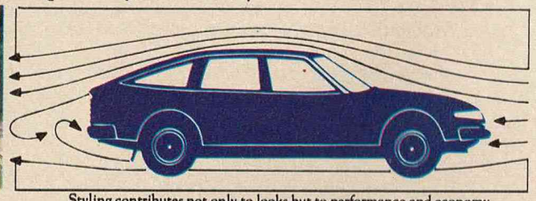
The new Rover 3500 V8 does not hurry just by engine alone, but also by the design of the suspension and the shape of the body.

The suspension has been refined to perfection to let you not only hurry on the straight but around corners, too.

Dev Devoretsky writing for Australia's "Modern Motor" commented enthusiastically:

"On the road the (Rover) is a remarkable car. It is effortless in its progress. On very twisty and narrow minor roads the Rover is equally at home. The ride is flat without being too firm. There is sufficient power and torque available to power through the tighter corners."

The body shape slips through the air to add significantly, not only to handling in cross winds, but in contributing to overall performance and importantly, to economy.



Styling contributes not only to looks but to performance and economy.

The total result is so good that "Wheels" magazine after their first drive, were moved to write that "The Rover soon showed that it had an excellent high speed ride, that the anti-dive anti-squat geometry does indeed keep the car on an even keel at all times, and that the roadholding is extremely tenacious and that the handling is first class."

So you can see that our hurry to change the car was total because these days who wants to hurry by engine alone?

And if you are in a hurry to find out more about the new Rover 3500 V8, write to Russell Turnham, Rover Cars, P.O. Box 346, Bondi Junction, NSW 2022, for a free Rover 3500 V8 information kit.

CAR OF THE YEAR 1977

THE ROVER 3500-V8. THE CAR THAT WILL CHANGE THE CAR.

For the name of your nearest Rover dealer, contact SYDNEY: Mr. G. Kendall, Rover Cars, 82 Parramatta Rd, Lidcombe. 2141. Phone (02) 648 5411. MELBOURNE: Mr. T. Cavanagh, Rover Cars, 2161 Princes Highway, Clayton North. 3168. Phone (03) 5476611. ADELAIDE: Mr. P. Jones, Rover Cars, 575 South Road, Regency Park. 5010. Phone (08) 268 3333. BRISBANE: Mr. J. Morgan, Rover Cars, 1709 Ipswich Rd, Rocklea. 4108. Phone (07) 2774111. PERTH: Mr. J. Mills, Rover Cars, (L.D.3361) 535 Great Eastern Highway, Redcliffe. 6104. Phone (09) 277 1611.

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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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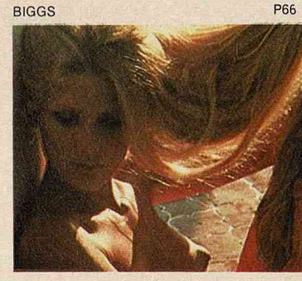

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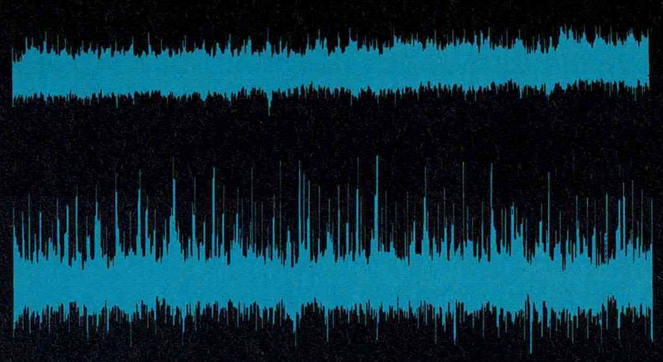


Neatness counts.

You are looking at graphic measurements of wow and flutter in two different cassette decks. The nice, neat one is ours. The one with the funny spikes is the competition. What is really interesting about this comparison is that the numerical specification for wow and flutter for both machines is identical: 0.05 percent.

How can that be?

The reason is that conventional measurements do not account for some kinds of disturbances caused by momentary tape speed variations. Many manufacturers simply ignore or overlook the spikes. We don't. Because we can hear them. And if we can hear them, you can hear them. So we build tighter tolerances into our parts—such as our precision-machined reel tables and shafts that prevent cogging of the cassette hubs. The fact is that we use a lot of unconventional methods of getting rid of a lot of conventionally ignored distortions.

We figure our most important test instrument is our ears. You can build good cassette decks in the laboratory. But you build great ones in the listening room. That's why our engineers listen, under dynamic test conditions, to every single electrical and mechanical component of our cassette decks that can affect the texture of the sound you hear.

You'll find that every one of the new Harman Kardon cassette decks has the features, specifications, the look and the feel you'd expect from equipment made by one of the world's great high fidelity manufacturers.

But you'll find something else too.

The clean, open sound that comes only when a company listens and pays attention to details that others tend to overlook.

That's what makes us so neat.

Come listen soon.

harman/kardon
Hear all of the music

For complete technical information contact:
HARMAN AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.
P.O. Box 6, BROOKVALE, N.S.W. 2100.
Telephone: (02) 939 2922

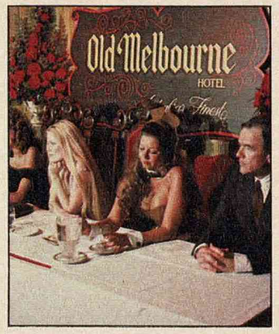
Pictured: The new hk3500 Dolby® cassette deck. Not shown: Models hk1500 and hk2500.

WORLD OF PLAYBOY

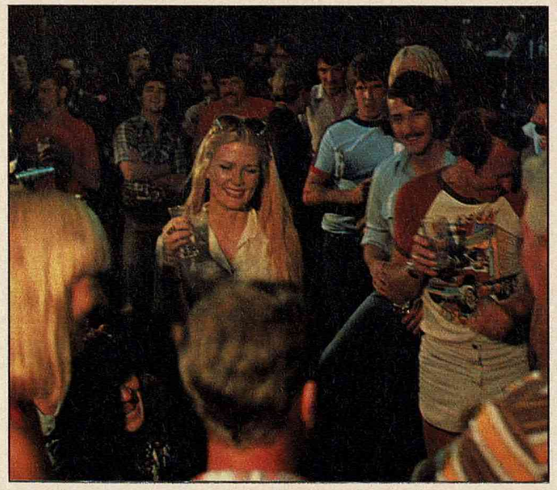
in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

FUN AND BEAUTY AT LAUNCH

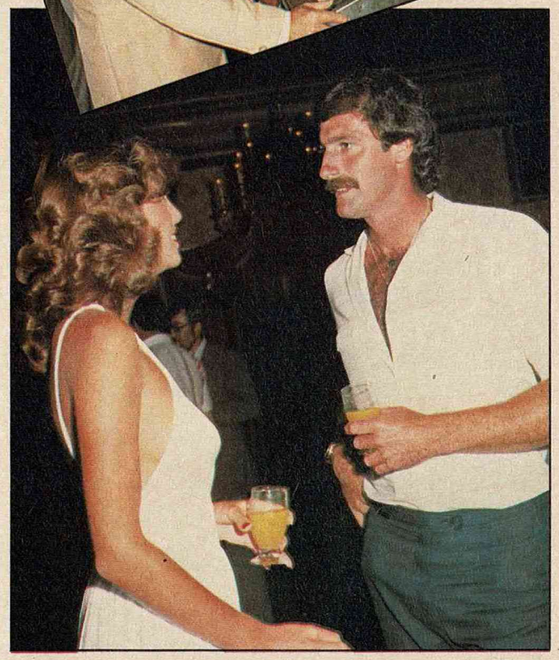
Australian Playboy's nation-wide launch tour was fun, fun, fun all the way. Playmate Karen Pini kicked off her many radio spots with Lionel Yorke of 6PM Perth (above), presented guest Derek *(Oh, Brother!)* Nimmo with his Daily Bread on 5DN, Adelaide (above right), and sat in with Jacki Weaver on 2UE, Sydney (right).



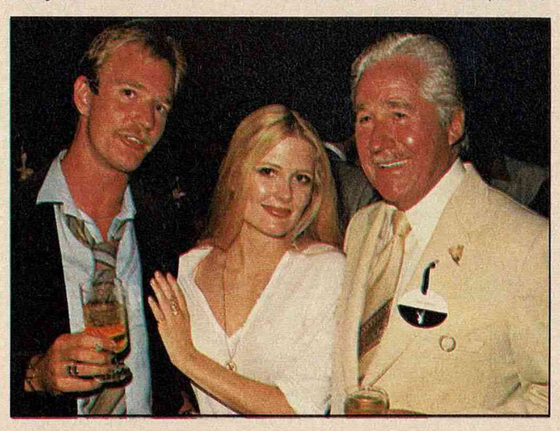
Facing the press in Sydney (above left) are Bunny Rita, Karen, Debra Jo Fondren, and cover girl Rosemary Paul. In Melbourne, Lee Hall of Playboy Chicago, who flew in for the tour, joins in.



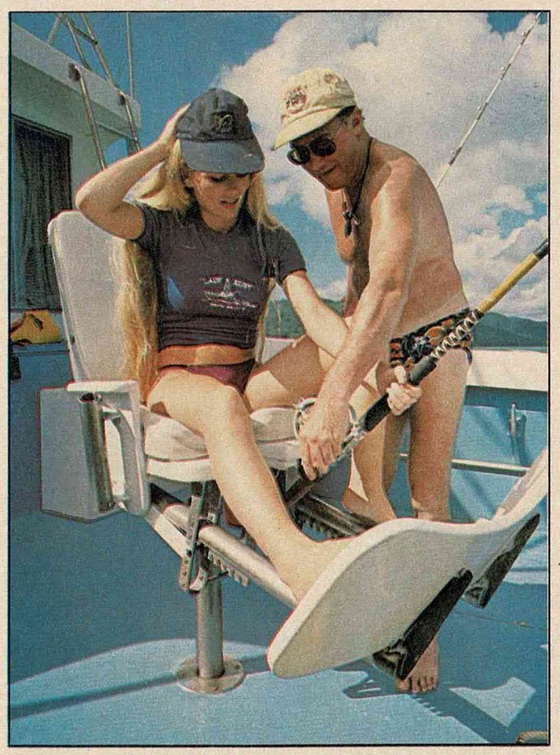
America's *Playmate of the Year,* Debra Jo Fondren, was a knockout wherever she went. At left she meets the blokes in a Melbourne pub for a segment on *Willesee at Seven,* and above flips for the stars on an electronic Playboy pinball machine while Brisbane television crews shoot the scene from all angles.



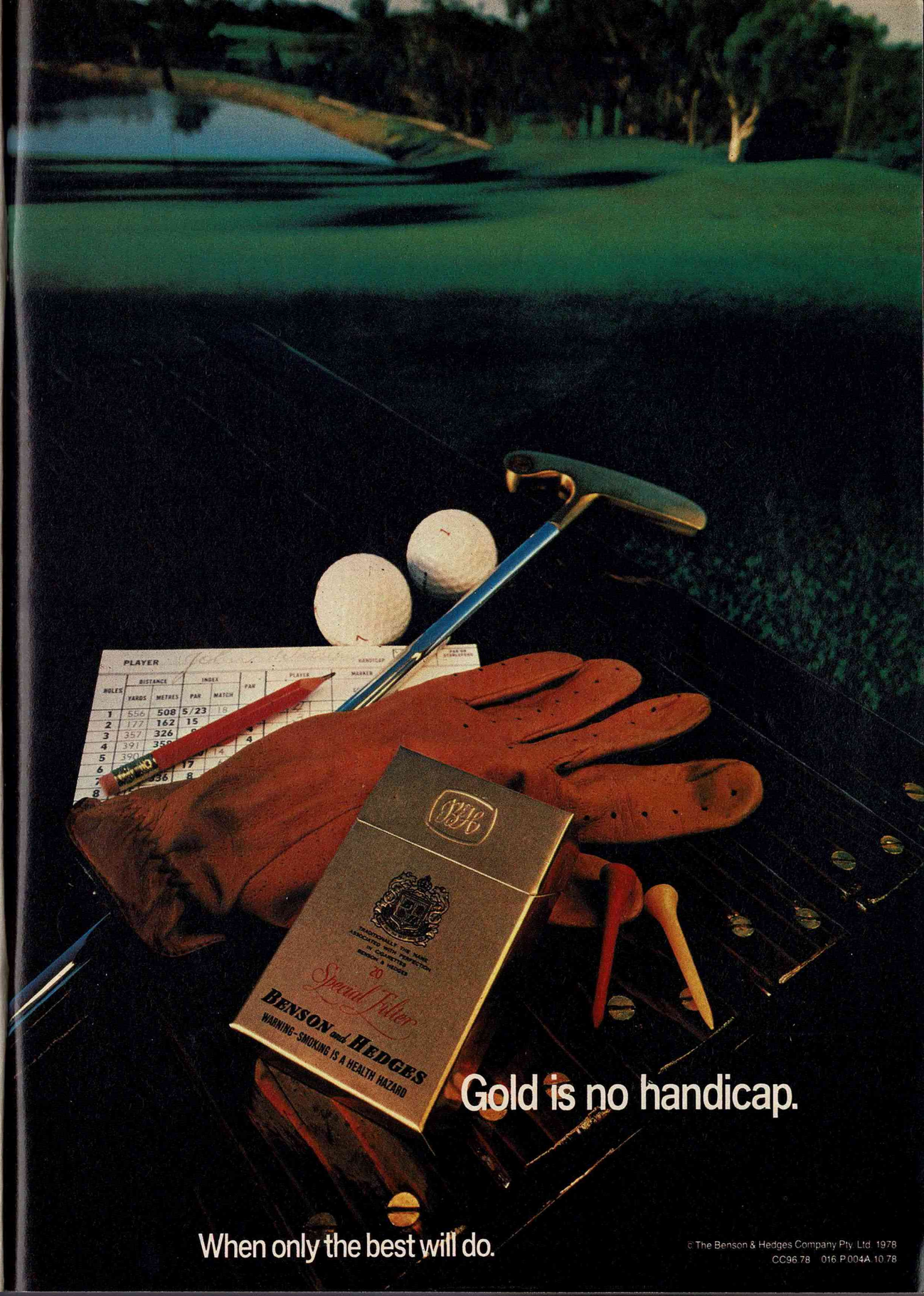
At our launch parties in Sydney and Melbourne Karen chats with TCN-9 chief Sam Chisholm and Playboy advertising sales director Geoff Paxman (top); with fast bowler Dennis Lillee (above); and Debra Jo poses with Playboy art director Stephen Berry and John Burton, of Wilke and Co, our printers (below).



Debra Jo was a star attraction before the start of the third WSC Supertest in Melbourne. Rival captains Clive Lloyd (West Indies) and Ian Chappell (Australia) watched as Debra Jo spun a coin . . . and brought luck to Chappell, who commented: "It's the only way I can win a toss." The game, by the way, was a draw.



After her tour Debra Jo relaxed at the South Molle Island resort in the Whitsunday Group as a guest of owner Jim Kennedy, who took her out for a day's game fishing on the 16m *Lady Ruby*.



The new Philishave Exclusive has been designed to give you a smoother, faster, closer shave than ever before.
With 36 self-sharpening blades inside 3 floating heads that follow the contours of your face.
9 skin comfort settings to suit every type of beard.
And a unique pop-up trimmer that features an improved cutting system.
The new Philishave Exclusive offers you all this technical precision to make it easier to face up to shaving.

Three 12-blade cutters give you a total of 36 self-sharpening blades.

New 24% wider trimmer makes it easier to trim longer hairs, quickly. Pops up at the flick of a finger.

New recessed comfort control with nine height settings. Personalised comfort for your type of beard and skin.

PHILIPS

We want you to have the best

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS: DEAR PLAYBOY,
BOX 4088, GPO,
SYDNEY 2001

C'MON AUSSIE, C'MON

We were first in for our first-ever Aussie PLAYBOY, and were totally impressed. Ten out of 10 for informative, well-presented copy. Not to mention the girls – just great!

D. Noland and R. Myerscough
Gladstone, Queensland

At last Australia has come of age. A man's magazine that aims at the adult male and not the boys. I have but one comment to make about your number one edition with Chappell, Buggins, Bottom, Pini, Green and Fosters. C'mon Aussie, C'mon.

S. Fisk
Hornsby Heights, NSW

Congratulations on the first issue of Australian PLAYBOY. I've really enjoyed reading it. I think it's something we've needed for some time in Australia, particularly up here in Queensland.

R. G. Woodleaf
Clontarf Beach, Queensland

Oh, how we looked forward to your first issue. Expectations of proudly admiring the suntanned bodies and strong limbs of our Australian sisters. How disappointing to find our Australian women have been dollied up to look like their American counterparts. We're all for Australian PLAYBOY, but please leave the frills and tassels in the American editions and concentrate on showing our beautiful women enjoying their natural environment.

Lee Ellerington and
Christine McDermott
Edithvale, Victoria

G'day PLAYBOY. Welcome to the land of football, meat pies, suntans and Holdens. It quite warms the heart, etc, to see our home-grown stories – and girls – so packaged. May the PLAYBOY philosophy spread legs like wildfire.

Jill Dupleix
Melbourne, Victoria

KAREN'S TOPS DOWN UNDER

Congratulations on your first issue. Ian Chappell's interview was excellent. It answered questions which aren't on the action replay. Playmate Karen Pini is a knockout, upside down or otherwise.

Brian Andrew
Brighton, Victoria

Thank you, Brian. We could have published many more paeans of praise to Miss Pini, but we thought the space might be better appreciated if we

published another picture. So, for you and the others, here's our Playmate of the Month *again – otherwise.*

Congratulations on the birth of Australian PLAYBOY. I can assure you of a lasting relationship with the Aussie male as one playboy matures in the years to come. The Chappell interview deserves praise, and what more can you say of exquisite PLAYBOY taste in the female form? But you may have one problem – improving on the beautiful body of Karen Pini.

P. Robinson
Toowong, Queensland

Karen Pini's face is as beautiful as her leonine mane of hair, her shoulders, her legs, her boobs, her bottom, her bush – her everything.

M. Bourne
Richmond, Victoria

Thank you, PLAYBOY. Thank you, Rico Mettbach. Thank you, Karen. But most of all – thank you, Mr and Mrs Pini!

David Lloyd
Port Melbourne, Victoria

Words cannot describe the beauty of Karen (Miss February). She is enough to make any red-blooded Tasmanian jump into Bass Strait. I must congratulate you on your taste in women. From now on Australian PLAYBOY will be my first choice.

J. Dillon
Zeehan, Tasmania

WELL, HERE'S CHEERS

Good to see PLAYBOY in Brisbane. Hope you get the support here.

Richard Lokic
Sherwood, Queensland

I must congratulate you on your first issue. It's very entertaining and nearly as good as the American counterpart. However there are some aspects of the magazine I find questionable. Contrary to popular opinion, Australia is not a land of beer-guzzling "Norms". We do have our fair share of these social undesirables, but we also have our fair share of sophisticated males. Apart from that story, the rest of the magazine was excellent.

Hugh Betters
South Yarra, Victoria

I'd like to congratulate you on Australia's first PLAYBOY magazine. I liked your frank interview with Ian Chappell, the short stories I read with avid interest, and a special note of thanks for your Gourmet's Guide to Beer Guzzling. Again, congratulations on the first – may there be many more.

Max Taylor
Sans Souci, NSW

THE TALE BEHIND MY SHIRT.

By Pierre Cardin.

How much do you know about what goes into the making of a shirt?

There is so much to tell you about the making of a Pierre Cardin shirt, I could almost write a book on the subject. But since I'm confined to the twin pages spread before you, I'm forced to settle for a short story.

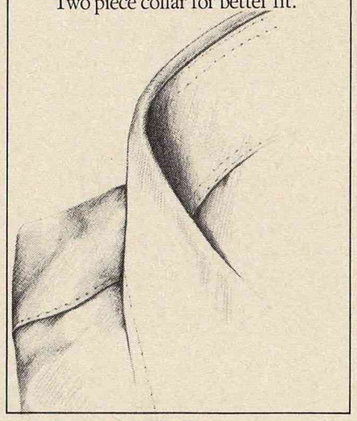
The shirt in question is my classic business shirt, designed to be worn with or without a tie.

Believe me, it is no ordinary shirt. To begin with, none of my shirts are mass produced. Each is individually tailored by craftsmen and cut in such a fashion that just seems to fit any person's shape elegantly.

Open the collar. If you look closely you will see it is made in two pieces. That is, the neck is sewn on separately to the collar rather than one piece of material like many shirts.

There are two distinct benefits to you in making a shirt this way. The collar sits better on your neck and the tie sits better on your collar.

Two piece collar for better fit.



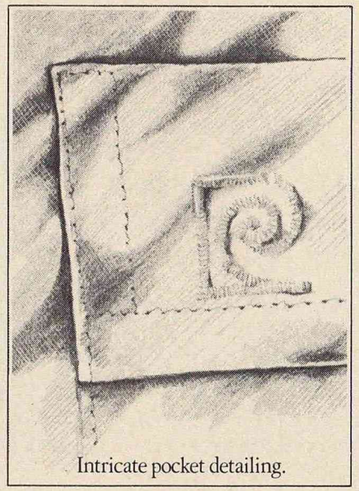
On top of that, the fabric and lining of the collar are fused together. The result —no bubbles and no wrinkles. Most shirts have overlocked seams. This cheaper method of sewing can mean loose stitching, loose threads and frayed ends of fabric.

You won't find any of those things on my shirts. Partly because of the seams I choose – French seams on the shoulders and lap seams everywhere else for both strength and quality.

When it comes to buttons there are buttons and there are buttons. Most shirts have plastic ones that look awful, or imitation mother of pearl ones that look plastic.

My buttons are made from *real* mother of pearl and look it.

The cost is ten times that of plastic. And they do for a shirt, what real gold does for a watch.



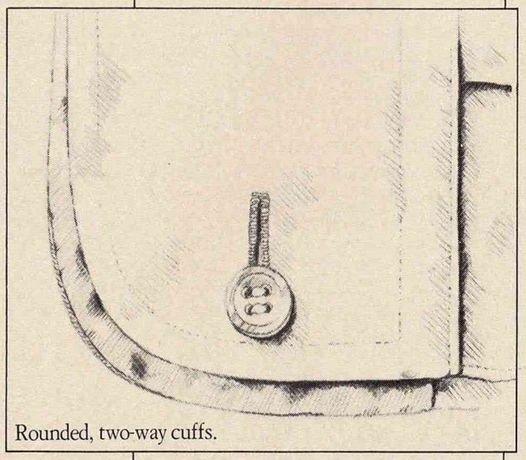
Intricate pocket detailing.

If you have an eye for detail you'll appreciate the finishing touches too.

Like the French or plaquet style fronts.

Like the generous sleeve lengths.

Like the stylishly rounded cuffs that can be worn with or without cuff links.



Rounded, two-way cuffs.

Like the finely stitched button-holes that won't unravel.

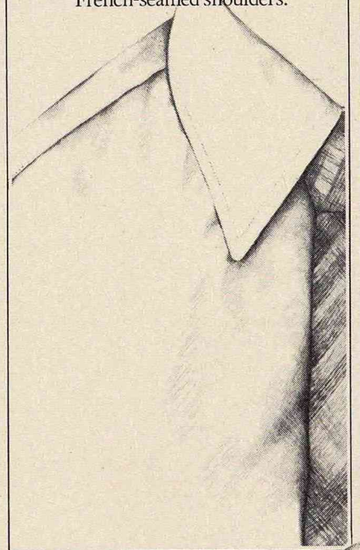
Like the spare button on the shirt bottom.

Not to mention the hand-folded and individually sewn-on pockets, with my personal monogram subtly embroidered on one corner.

I also insist upon more stitches to the inch (around 17 compared to the normal 10-12 stitches per inch). It may not sound like much, but the overall effect on a shirt is quite dramatic.

The fabrics I personally choose from the best the world has to offer. In the natural fibres, pure silk and pure cotton. In mixtures, only the top quality easy care polyester silks and polyester cottons.

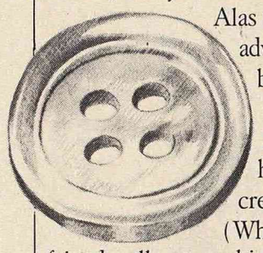
French-seamed shoulders.



The patterns and colours?

Ah, if only this ad were in colour.

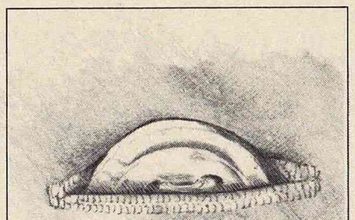
Alas the cost of advertisements being what they are, to afford it, I'd have to increase my prices. (Which, my friends tell me, are high enough already).



Rest assured that all colours and patterns are designed to compliment your wardrobe handsomely.

Which bring me to the tail behind my shirt.

An area many shirtmakers are inclined to skimp on.



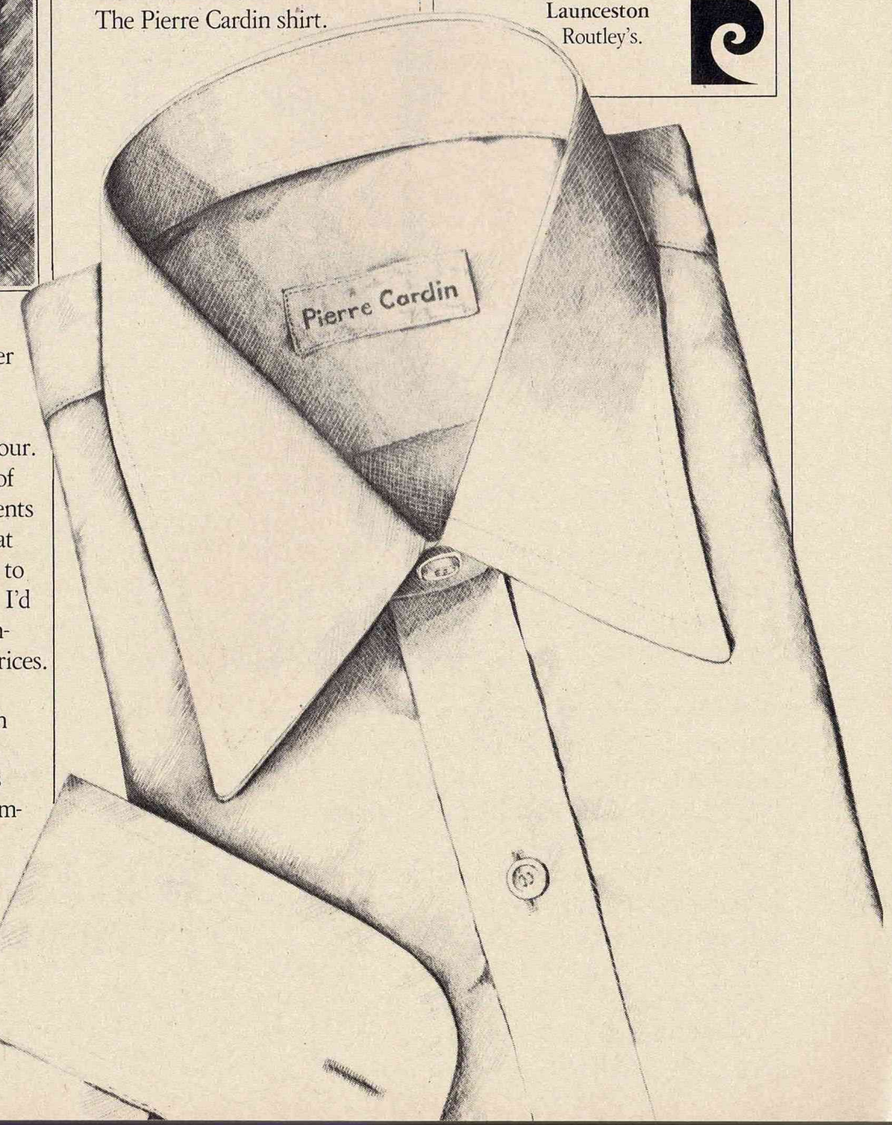
Finely stitched—won't unravel.

No matter how ample your tail, my shirt tail is designed to give you ample room to move in.

And that, dear reader, makes a fitting end to the tale behind my shirt.

The ultimate shirt.

The Pierre Cardin shirt.



STOCKISTS

Sydney

Clive Richards, 556 Royal Arcade, Double Bay.
Ron Bennett — All stores.
Vince Maloney, Centrepoint.

Melbourne

Bonapart Mens Boutique, Beaumaris.
Charles Lux, South Yarra.
Chesters, Southern Cross Hotel.
Opal Stores.
Gentry, Elizabeth Street.

Adelaide

Butler's for Men, Ansett Arcade.
Valentino's, Melbourne Street.

Perth

Lord John, City Arcade.
Marchesi Menswear, William Street.
Plaza Esquire, Plaza Arcade.

Brisbane

J. B. Conlan, Isles Lane.
Just Men, Pavilion Arcade.

Hobart Bidencopes.

Launceston

Routley's.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

CULTURE SHOCK

The Australian Ballet, constantly aware of the problems of getting bums on seats, could do worse than follow the lead of the Danes, who have just been packing them in in Copenhagen with a nude *Salome*. The attraction was a two-act, ballet-theatre pageant produced by Danish dancer and choreographer Flemming Flindt, with a stunning score by leading British composer Peter Maxwell Davies. Between them they based the three-hour show on an amalgam of the familiar New Testament story and the fanciful play by Oscar Wilde.

It suggests that Herod was in love with Salome, and that Salome was in love with John the Baptist, whose severed head is brought before the court not on a platter, but clutched between the folds of a blood-red cloak.

What distinguishes the ballet from most other theatrical versions of the Biblical story is its final scene, in which Salome – danced evocatively by the choreographer's beautiful ballerina wife, Vivi Flindt – gyrates naked at a magnificent festival feast. It amounts to a 15-minute solo and duet – the latter danced with a gold-robed King Herod. Her performance symbolises with vivid impact "the erotic passions and spiritual-political liberation of this notorious Jewish temptress".

People who can't tell a pas de deux from a cup of cold soup have been going to the show as if there is no tomorrow. And it is a production, remember, performed by classical ballet dancers, in a far-from-compromising or artistically-demeaning style. The so-called experts said that it couldn't be done; that it would be financial suicide to present a full-length ballet production seven times a week for two months. The "experts" were wrong again. Negotiations are under way to take the show to points north (well, not too far north), south, east and west.

In Copenhagen, in a converted circus building seating 1600 people, *Salome* drew capacity houses most days of the week. This in a city of fewer than 800,000 people, and in a country with a population of just five million. One Danish taxi driver we spoke to, who had never been to a ballet in his life, wanted to see *Salome* because all his mates had made the plunge and were knocked out by it.

Yet the show cannot be considered salacious, nor can Vivi Flindt's naked dancing be taken as pornography. To do so would be to miss the point of the naked dance. Flemming Flindt, who was until recently director of the Royal Danish Ballet, explained it like this: "Salome's big dance at the end is her way of liberating herself. It frees her. It allows her to find salvation on her journey to the stars and to God's supreme world."

Photo by Claus Orsted

Go and eat your heart out, Hans Christian Andersen.

GO WEST, YOUNG VIN

What's so cool about selling refrigerators to Eskimos? De Bertoli's, the Griffith, NSW, wine company, can top that. They are opening up a new venture – selling non-alcoholic red wines to Moslems in the Middle East. The wines, made from blood grapes, are guaranteed to keep the non-drinking Arabs sober unless air gets into the bottles, so De Bertoli's experts are keeping a careful eye on the sealing. If air gets in, the wines could become 1.5 percent alcoholic – and then all Allah would break loose.

SHOW A LEG

All is not lost in the land of the peanut and the mudcrab. Showing a rare spirit of adventure, the Royal Queensland Bowls Association has decided that male members may now take to the greens in shorts – white or cream, of course, with matching long socks. This makes Bananaland the last mainland State to make long trousers non-compulsory wear.

Mr Keith Evans, president of the RQBA, emphasised that the change was optional: "Many of our older players will not approve of their warts, knobbly knees and varicose veins going on public exhibition. I will continue to cover up, and I do not think many of our lady bowlers will be rushing to join the new trend. Many of us look much better the less we are exposed to the public gaze." Mr Evans is 65.

GETTING STONED

They look like diamonds, they feel like diamonds and we know of at least one jewel thief who was fooled by them. Man-made zircons are so like diamonds it is extremely difficult to tell the difference. One Perth jeweller had 10 zircons lifted by a thief who probably thought they were worth $10,000, not $300.

Zircons have the same brightness and hardness characteristics as real

diamonds. In jewel jargon, the brilliance, dispersion and refractive index are all extremely close. Gemological Association of Australia vice president Joe Gryg warns newcomers to look through the back of an unset stone. You can't see through a diamond unless it is a baguette or square cut.

LOST IN TRANSLATION

Running-dog capitalist pigs have long regarded the People's Republic of China not so much as a large collection of godless Commies as a huge market for Western goods. But the Chinese language does not seem to assimilate ad slogans as well as it produces political ones. For example, Coca-Cola, which already has a foot in the door, is going to have to rethink those snappy little jingle gems which have made it the most popular soft drink in the world. As is the Chinese custom, when no word exists in their language to correspond with a foreign word, they coin one. Thus the current jingle, Coke Adds Life, will go something like this in Chinese: You drink it with your mouth and it makes you happy and it enriches your life.

GARDEN POOP

Those of you who want the very best for your garden should take note when the circus comes to town. Apart from all the visual bulldust, if you keep your nose open you might be able to scrounge some exotic manure to give your plants a real shot in the old stalk. The by-products of elephants, camels, horses, donkeys and other animals are described by experts in the field as "premium-quality fertiliser", since the beasts concerned have a rich and varied diet that includes hay and grains as well as apples, carrots and other vegetables. What this means to you, as a gardener, is that not only is this malodorous material high in nitrogen, phosphorus, calcium and other valuable minerals but also, unlike farm manure, it is unadulterated by insecticides.

There is, however, one drawback. The stuff has to age for several months before you can spread it around on your unsuspecting plants. But if you have plenty of storage space, there is some evidence to suggest that a plant treated with camel manure can go for days without water.

CARIBBEAN HIGH

Malcolm Fraser knew what he was doing when he went to that political pow-wow in Jamaica. The tourist season of 1979 could be the highest yet for the island in the sun. For the past three years, Jamaica's tourist moguls have been seeking new ways of luring foreign dollars to boost the island's foundering economy.

But it wasn't until last year that a group of hip young music promoters and government officials discovered that marijuana and music, combined with hot sun and cool blue water, is a very profitable idea.

The 1978 experiment was Reggae Sun-splash, a neatly packaged week of sun, surf, music and marijuana aimed directly at those in search of cheap rum, moonlight sex, music and smoking as much of Jamaica's famous marijuana as humanly possible without fear of being thrown into a dark island dungeon. The festival promoters described Sun-splash as a "great experiment", a test to see if marijuana and music could be combined, without hassle, as a viable tourist attraction. And guess what? It worked wonderfully. The week-long extravaganza, held in an old cricket ground converted into an outdoor music hall and smoking den, transformed tiny Montego Bay into a 24-hour-a-day grass smokers' paradise. Local children roamed through the crowd, hawking peanuts and $3 baggies of freshly-cured ganja. Perpetually stoned Ras Tafarians in Haile Selassie T-shirts came out of the hills to set up wooden shacks selling bush-weed pot packaged in old newspapers, foot-long joints and bizarre tea concoctions guaranteed to keep one stoned long enough to believe the late Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie was, indeed, the reincarnation of Christ.

"I couldn't smoke it all," gasped one weary long-hair, saddened by the fact that he had to give away 250 grams of potent Lamb's Breath superpot before boarding his flight home. And the flotilla of dealers just smiled and counted their dollars. One ganja stand moved 1200 bags of pot by the festival's closing night.

Local police were given specific instructions not to arrest anyone for selling or smoking marijuana. "Absolutely no one will be arrested for ganja," said a high-level tourist board official, obviously thrilled at the festival's success. "Understand that we don't want to over-advertise the sensitive fact that ganja is openly available, but we are telling people that all they have to do is be cool and nothing will happen."

"It worked," grinned promoter Don Green. "It really worked. This year, we intend to advertise and expand the festival to attract bigger crowds. Maybe hold it on a beach, turn it into an annual Third World music and cultural fair. And marijuana is certainly part of the Third World culture."

GIRLS WANTED

The Army is upset. The mothers of Townsville, Queensland, are locking up their daughters and won't let them fraternise with the 1000 young soldiers based in the balmy northern city. In fact, the recruits got so sick of taking cold showers that they approached Major Hugh Nicol, the welfare officer at Lavarack Barracks. The said major promptly called on the community to give his lads a fair go.

"The men want the city council to convert an old theatre it owns into a social centre, off the base, where they can meet local girls," the major said. "It could be designed for dancing and other social, recreational and sporting purposes for young people. I'm sure the soldiers will prove the mums are wrong — they want to change their local image." The problem is that the troops have only cinemas, pubs and licensed clubs available for entertainment. "These might suit sedentary alcoholics whose income exceeds their intellect," said Major Nicol, "but they don't suit many soldiers. Do the girls of Townsville or their mums believe that all servicemen behave in a drunken manner whenever they go off duty? They are talking about young men who have met stringent educational, physical and psychological standards."

And, in true recruiting sergeant manner, the major pointed out that an Army marriage would give a girl more security than she could expect from most civilian husbands. We agree. After all, when was the last time the Army went on strike?

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

An acquaintance has just bought a 3.3 litre Porsche Turbo. He reckons it is the fastest factory-built road car in the world. Please tell me there is a faster car. The news may make him bearable. – F.H., Cremorne, NSW.

Unless your insufferable friend has added jet propulsion to his Porsche, he is not driving the fastest production car in the world. Mind you, trying to equate manufacturers' claims for their chargers and performances to actual road tests is an exercise in futility. Of the thoroughbreds driven under supervised test conditions, the Aston Martin Vantage has been gunned up to 270km/h (168mph), the Maserati Khamsin to 256 (160), the 3 litre Porsche Turbo and the XJS Jaguar manual to 245 (153), the Ferrari 400 to 240 (150), and the Porsche 928 automatic to 221 (138). To arrive at the theoretical top speed of their models, manufacturers work out the speed per 1000 engine revs and multiply that figure by the maximum number of revs the engine will pull. This does not take into account such important factors as aerodynamic drag and tyre expansion. The 1978 edition of World Cars *lists the manufacturers' claims for the fastest cars thus: Panther 6 (six wheels, that is), 320km/h (200mph); Lamborghini Contach (no longer in production), 314 (196); Ferrari Boxer BB 512, 301 (188); Monteverdi Hai 450 GTS, 288 (180); and the Maserati Bora, 230 (143). Pressed to make his choice of the fastest, our expert settled for the Ferrari Boxer. "The Boxer seems to be the car that comes closest in road conditions to meeting the manufacturer's claims," he says. "The factory sets the Boxer's top speed at 301 km/h. I got the car up to 288km/h (180mph). There was still a little bit left under the bonnet, but I ran out of road and had to slow down."*

After years of playing the field, I've fallen head over heels for a chick and, for the first time in my life, I'm hearing the tinkle of wedding bells. I think she is primed for me to pop the question, but I have one nagging doubt: we have totally different social backgrounds. She is high-class – wealthy, urbane parents, the exclusive girls' school background, the lot. I have never been uncomfortable in the presence of her family or friends, but I am still solid middle class and a touch hazy on the finer points of etiquette. Now I find myself faced with a critical test. My girl has been invited to the wedding of a posh friend who is to be married in high church with the reception in her parents' garden. My girlfriend tells me dress will be formal and seems to expect me to know what to wear. I don't want to ask her what that means and I don't want to make a fool of myself. What do I wear? – T.H., St Kilda, Victoria.

Clothes don't maketh the man. Meaningful relationships aren't built on deception and you seem to be acting rather than living the role of lover. Your girl would have more respect for you if you were honest and sought her advice, but if you are intent on maintaining the masquerade then let us instruct you in the basics of dress etiquette. Presumably you will be escorting your lady to a daytime wedding, and that means you will be improperly dressed unless you wear a morning suit. In Australia, a morning suit is a dove grey top hat, dark grey, cut-away coat, striped trousers in grey and black, a dove grey waistcoat – normally double-breasted – and a turned-down collar, set off with a plain silver or dove grey tie or a spotted or houndstooth tie in grey. An Australian morning suit is not worn with the English-style high-winged collar or the American or European cravat. Nor is it to be confused with the racing morning suits, or Ascots, which are all grey. Both the formal morning suit and the Ascot are worn with dove grey gloves. Invitations to formal evening functions will denote white tie or black tie. White tie commands black dinner suit with tails and a white tie on a stiff white, high-winged collar beneath a single-breasted waistcoat. You will be correctly dressed at a black tie dinner if you are wearing a black dinner suit and black tie and black studs on a white shirt. Established suit hirers will deck you out for a rental of about $45.

My live-in girlfriend is a real goer. When I walk through the door after work I find her dressed for action – peignoir, black suspender belt and stockings and a come-hither glow in her eyes. It leads to quite a homecoming, but the trouble is her eyes and body glow through the night. She is even reluctant to pause for a heart-starter or sustenance. I am beginning to suspect she is a nymphomaniac. We have been together for 18 months and she has been faithful to me, but I fear that when I begin to flag she will seek satisfaction somewhere else. – B.S., Lakemba, NSW.

Breathe the word nymphomaniac within earshot of a women's libber and your manhood will be at risk – with some justification. While men have gloried in the terms libertine and voluptuary, women who have shared their favors around have been stigmatised as nymphomaniacs, which the Oxford Dictionary defines as women suffering from "a feminine disease characterised by morbid and uncontrollable sexual desires". Thankfully for the cause of free sexual behavior, the term has fallen from favor since therapists absolved women from feelings of guilt with their dictum that all women are capable of multiple orgasms. So stop fretting, pal, and enjoy your woman for what she is – a perfectly healthy, sexually adjusted human being.

I am worried about my girlfriend. When we are not together she lives alone in her unit. Some nut has her telephone number and keeps ringing her in the middle of the night and making obscene suggestions. What kind of sick mind has he? My girl is getting to the stage where she can't face the prospect of spending the night in her own home. – P.N., Subiaco, WA.

This is an all too common problem. Some of these calls are made by

youngsters as pranks, but we're afraid the person pestering your bird is no jester. He fits into the classic mould of men who lack the confidence and courage to converse freely and naturally with women. The chances are he has seen your friend and, although he is sexually attracted to her, feels too inadequate or too shy to arrange a meeting. He eases his frustration and gets his sexual kicks by ringing women and frightening them. Such callers are often physically aroused, and many of them masturbate while making offensive and obscene remarks. On rare occasions the heavy breathers and the obscene telephone callers threaten to visit, but the threats are usually idle because most of these deviants are afraid of women. Telecom's advice is to hang up in the deviant's ear. But if the caller persists, as he does in the case of your girlfriend, then the victim can ring Telecom and arrange an interception on her line. It is the interceptor's job to scare the hell out of an obscene caller – and he is usually successful. As a last resort, victims can have their telephone number changed. Women can also discourage obscene callers by keeping a referee's whistle near the phone. A sharp blast will leave the obscene caller with an earful rather than a handful.

I thought premature ejaculation was an exclusively male curse, but my girl exhibits all the symptoms. Within seconds of my entering her she has a short, unsatisfying orgasm. From then on it is all downhill for her, and the more painful the longer we keep at it. After the first, brief encounter she just seems to dry up. Forgive the pun – it's a serious problem for us – but what is the solution? G.C., Brighton, SA.

Every sex therapist has had his or her say on the perplexing subject of premature ejaculation, but most of their learned words have been directed to the male of the species. Lately, however, with the aid of tiny cameras that can be fitted into the vagina to record muscular activity and the secretional flow from the countless glands in the vaginal wall, they have isolated and diagnosed a condition they call the female premature orgasm. Apparently ladies who suffer from this condition – and your girl seems to be one of the unfortunates – climax so quickly that they never fully enjoy the total orgasmic experience. They leap from arousal to orgasm without spending any pleasurable time in what the therapists call the plateau stage, in which nerve ends throughout the body muster for the grand charge to the ultimate, joyous sensation. Like men who reach their climax too rapidly, women frustrated by premature orgasm must learn to control the timing of their orgasms. Their easiest path to sexual heaven is the stop-and-go technique – initially during masturbation and then with their partners. In this way they can anticipate and then postpone and control their climaxes, thereby spending as much time as desired on the plateau. If dryness persists as a problem, there are scads of commercial lubricants on the market to help you through the night.

Sex between my wife and me has never been magic, but since the birth of our second child she seems to regard the act as the ultimate sacrifice. We get it off about once a month, if I am lucky, and only then if I agree to burrow under the sheets and, to use her cute little phrase, "tickle tootsies". I suspect she has never had an orgasm – never, at least, in my bed. Do you think she is frigid, or is there something wrong with me? – B.K., Maroochydore, Qld.

To answer your first question: maybe. To answer your second question: yes. It is patently obvious from the tone of your letter that you have never sat down with your wife and discussed your problems. No sexual relationship can succeed unless the two people involved communicate. Frigidity is often a deep-seated problem – failure to have an orgasm during sexual intercourse is not a sure-fire symptom of frigidity. Puritanical parents, to whom all forms of sexual expression and discussion are a no-no, can sow the seeds of primary frigidity among their daughters. Secondary frigidity – the state in which women have experienced orgasm only to lose the knack – can stem from a variety of causes, including emotional trauma, depression, and lack of understanding and technique in a self-centred partner. The situation you describe is not healthy for you or your wife. And there is no hope of either of you being sexually fulfilled unless you approach the problem and try to sort things out. There is, in fact, every chance that both of you need professional help. Your sneering reference to your wife's predilection for foot foreplay certainly suggests that you could benefit from a few frank sessions of sexual guidance. Any modern manual will inform you that feet are often directly involved in sex play.

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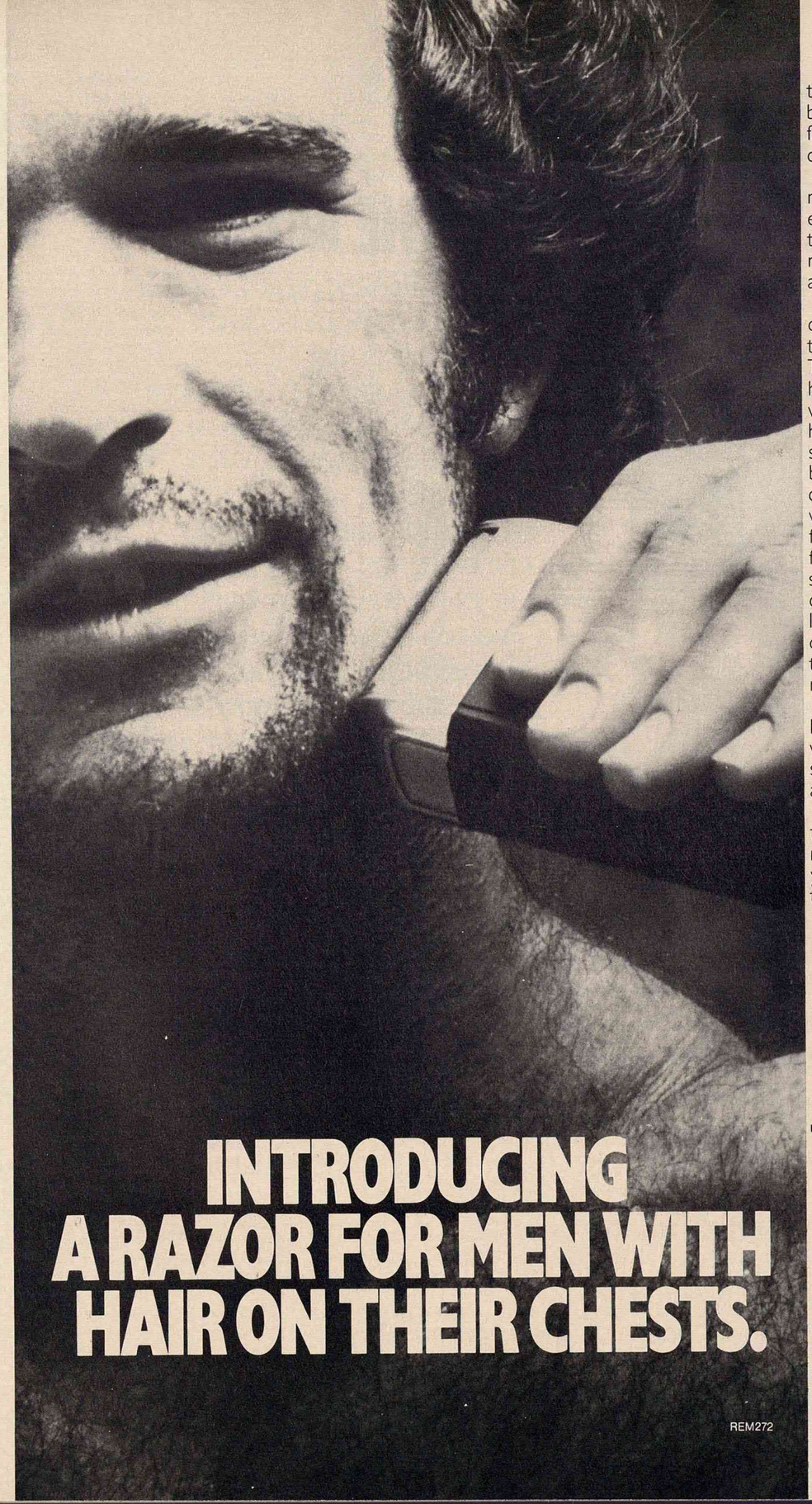

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PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Picture the following: You've been sleeping with your lover for several months. One night, while having a grand time under the covers, everything suddenly clicks. Both of you feel that you've crossed a startling threshold into a region of undiscovered erotic delights. In the afterglow of the ultimate orgasm (yours and hers), you lie there, staring at each other – totally sexually fulfilled. You begin to talk, in an attempt to discover why this time your sexual superchargers connected. What was the source of the unusually intense sex? Why was it so terrific? Can you take out a patent on the process?

Supersex is one of the great mysteries of our time. There is no way to guess how or when two bodies will ignite in the spontaneous combustion of an extraordinary coupling. Because there are so many variables in this fascinating area of human relations, we decided that a study would be definitely worthwhile. We interviewed groups of men and women and asked if they could explain the phenomenon of supersex – for themselves and their partners. Here are the results. Fasten your seat belts.

•

Q: WOMEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK MAKES AVERAGE SEX SUPERSEX FOR MOST MEN?

Twenty-four percent of the women guessed that most men would say they enjoyed the best sex when the men themselves were the aggressors: "The first man I lived with – and the second – told me the same thing about what made sex the best ever for both of them. It would happen whenever I told them I was their total slave and would do anything they wanted me to do. Bondage, whipping. Fantastic fellatio on order. They had completely different personalities, so maybe all men like what they liked."

Twenty-three percent of the women believed that men would say they had supersex if their women were surprisingly aggressive: "Several of my lovers have told me that the times I dream up inventive and surprising things to do to their bodies – like massaging them all over, or covering them with whipped cream, or tying them up and exciting them to the point of orgasm and then making love to them – drives them absolutely insane with desire and excitement." Nineteen percent of the women felt that men would say love was the important element: "Men are no different from women. Love's what we all crave. I'm sure that for multitudes of men, intercourse is unbelievably sensational when they are in love with a really beautiful woman."

Eighteen percent of the women thought that most men would say drugs were the key: "The majority of men are going to say 'smoking dope', I think, because it is a lovely experience to share with their girlfriends. You both get so loose and comfortable, you can spend hours caressing and fondling breasts, gently relaxing and not feeling under pressure to make it. Sex can be unhurried and end up more fabulous than ever."

Ten percent of the women guessed that most men would say being in sync made the difference: "When any man's naked body feels in step with everything his woman is also feeling, it's like two expensive watches keeping exactly the same time. That's the ultimate."

Q: WHAT MAKES SUPERSEX?

Six percent of the women felt that men would say sex was fantastic when they consciously held back – not the easiest thing to do, but a great turn-on if achieved: "The longer the delay, the higher the peak and the more intense the eruption, the more wonderful and satisfying the sensation at the end."

•

Q: MEN, WHAT SINGLE INGREDIENT ELEVATES SEX ABOVE THE MERELY TERRIFIC?

Forty-three percent of the men said that love was the most important element in great sex: "Sometimes it starts out as a completely physical relationship, but as we become closer, we begin to have a greater and greater spiritual affinity, which makes it feel like every time I screw her, I'm getting deeper and deeper into her mind . . ."

Twenty-three percent of the men felt that drugs were the magic key to dynamite debauchery: "Most available illegal chemicals produce a similarly joyous effect in both my girlfriend and me. But powerful weed does this so effectively that I always have this warm feeling that I've melted all over her beautiful body."

Fourteen percent of the men told us that an aggressive, surprising woman was essential: "No matter how long I've been going with a woman, any time she suddenly surprises me by ripping off my clothes and ordering me around sexually, I get both a little frightened and a whole lot excited. It's as if someone I've always imagined I've known has become a stranger."

Seven percent of the men had the best sex when they were the aggressors: "The half dozen or so times when sex with my wife almost knocked me unconscious was when I 'raped' her and felt like I was tearing her apart."

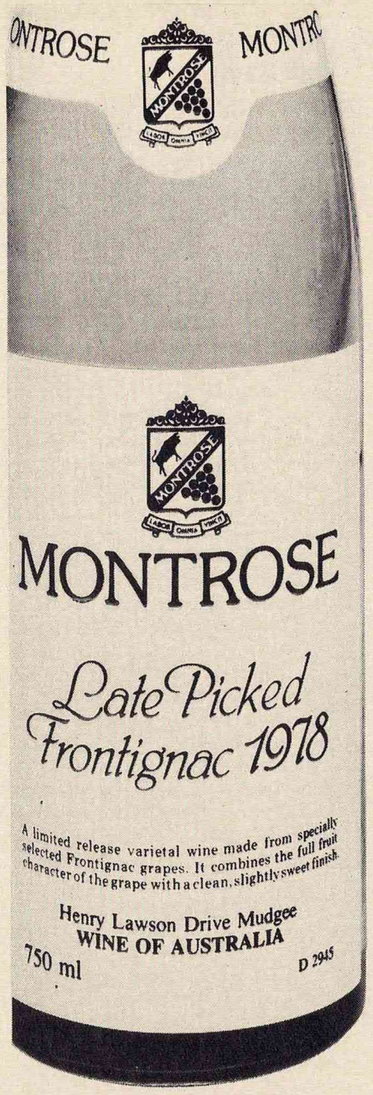
Five percent of the men said that being in sync was the clue to supersex.

The rest of the sample cited control and duration as deciding factors.

•

Q: MEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK MAKES AVERAGE SEX SUPERSEX FOR MOST WOMEN?

Fifty-one percent of the men guessed that women would say love was the most important element: "In this



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bizarre age, in which kinky has become normal, the only thing left that can deeply affect a woman's orgasm response is love and plenty of it."

Twenty-two percent of the men believed that women would say drugs made the difference: "There really isn't that much difference between the sexes any more; so many of us are into the same things – good music, great sex and terrific dope. Combine the three and you have supersex. I think a lot of women would agree."

Sixteen percent of the men thought that most women would say they had supersex with aggressive, surprising men: "Inside every girl's head is some weird sexual fantasy that she's hidden away for years. When her lover figures out what it is and leads her on to turn it into reality, that's when screwing becomes an experience a woman will never forget."

Eleven percent of the men felt that most women would say they had the best sex when the women themselves were aggressive: "Ladies have learned that it's okay not to act like ladies. In everything they do, they want to see if there are any limits to their new-found power. They get unbelievably turned on when they assume the dominant role and let this aggression loose."

•

Q: WOMEN, WHAT SINGLE INGREDIENT ELEVATES SEX ABOVE THE MERELY TERRIFIC?

Thirty-nine percent of the women said love was the most important element: "When I feel very loved and cherished by a bloke, my body becomes a totally relaxed playground on which we can create the most extraordinary sexual games that at times develop into supersex."

Twenty percent of the women felt that drugs were the key to carnal creativity: "Smoking grass helps bring my erotic fantasies into sharp focus. I picture myself in this jungle, where all kinds of ferns, fronds and small furry animals are brushing against me and licking at my body. Meanwhile, my lover is the one who's really doing all the action and I usually explode from the heady combination of my mind, his matter and our marijuana."

Fourteen percent of the women told us that an aggressive, surprising man was essential: "Sometimes there's a certain air of violence that makes it incredibly special. This happens after we've had a fight or he's in a bad mood, and then he'll grab me, rip off my clothes, bite me all over and love me in a way which becomes unforgettable. Once I nearly fainted, the experience was so absolutely overwhelming."

Eleven percent of the women had the best sex when they were the aggressors: "Since this is anonymous, I'm not ashamed to say it. One of my favorite fantasies to act out is that of a tough lady outlaw who ties up her male victims and teases them into anguish and ecstasy before letting them come. When I get very close to a guy, I share this fantasy. The ones who let me act it out are the ones with whom I have the most extraordinary sex."

Eight percent of the women said that being in sync was the clue to supersex: "There are some nights, very rarely, when my lover and I are so perfectly together that it's as if he and I were twins; no, even more together than that. He disappears except for the intense pleasure emanating from his body. It's like an adolescent fantasy of mine come true – that I could actually commune with myself."

The rest of the sample gave a variety of answers, including "slow-motion" or "delayed-action" lovemaking and "sex with strangers".

•

Summary: Supersex is not a one-sided phenomenon. Almost all of the people who responded to our questions expressed the belief that they could never experience a remarkable night of love-making unless their partners felt the same way. If sex is terrific for one person, the other usually gets off.

Our quest for the magic ingredient turned up a surprising factor – love. Forget the zipless myth. Our poll shows that when you want a truly cosmic hit, *l'amour* will get you off the ground. Ironically, there were some differences in this category. Fifty-one percent of the men guessed that a woman needs to be penetrated by Cupid's arrow if a session is to be turned into magic. (Only 39 percent of the women nominated love.) The ladies guessed that men were not moved by romance: only 19 percent felt that true love was a factor for males, while 43 percent of the males confessed that they could get off only in a meaningful relationship. Women guessed wrongly on another factor – aggression. Forty-seven percent thought that men were turned on by domination. Fewer than half that number of fellows expressed an interest in power-tripping.

•

An invitation to readers: One component of sex none of our respondents mentioned is talking. So what we want to know now is: do you get turned on by being talked to while making love? Do you believe your partner appreciates a little oral encouragement? Send your views to *Playboy Sex Poll,* Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001, and we will publish the results in *Sex Poll* or *Forum* sections.

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SURFING

aussie challengers are becoming victims of the hawaiian hit-men

BACK in 1974 Peter Townend surfed the biggest waves ever ridden at Hawaii's Waimea Bay. Townend, 25, a former world champion and one of Australia's best-known surfers, admitted later he was "scared shitless". These days when Townend goes to Hawaii he is frightened for a different reason. He has become the number one target in surfing's guerilla war.

Now into its third year, it is a war that few people outside professional surfing's closed-circuit society have even heard about. The reason for the secrecy is simple: journalists covering the six-week contest season on Hawaii's North Shore are threatened with violence as soon as they arrive. Having recently been invited to my very own leg-breaking party on my first night in town, I can vouch for the effectiveness of the unofficial Hawaiian censorship board. It is a war in which harsh words are traded more often than punches and it would almost be laughable were it not for the fact that heads do occasionally get busted. And that they happen to belong to Australian representative sportsmen.

The battleground, Oahu's North Shore, is a 10-mile strip of coast an hour's drive from Honolulu and about a decade away from the developer's bulldozer. While tourist resorts have sprung up with clockwork regularity all over the Hawaiian chain, the North Shore has remained relatively untouched. With the exception of a Hyatt hotel at one end of the stretch and a shopping complex at the other, the North Shore is still pretty much as it was before Pearl Harbor, a last outpost of colonial Hawaii.

Hyatt recently took a long-term leasehold on another four miles of beach frontage, and with three new hotels planned for the 1980s, the North Shore's quiet period is rapidly coming to an end. Its residents are understandably frustrated and angry, a state of agitation which does not go unnoticed by the 5000 or so surfers who descend on the area for the big wave season each November.

These transients, who come from Australia, California, Florida, South Africa, Brazil and Japan, are not tourists in the traditional sense. They bring very little money with them, they make do with the cheapest accommodation available and they help themselves to what North Shore locals refer to as "our last natural resource" — the surf. Since the early '60s the volume of surfing visitors has increased annually by 20 or 30 percent. The surfers now stay longer and surf the breaks the locals once claimed as their own. And the hostility grows.

The brash young Australian surfers who have dominated international competition in Hawaii in recent years are prime targets for the locals. They are aggressive in the water and frequently loud-mouthed out of it. The Hawaiians, who place great stock in "being humble", find many of them offensive. And Peter Townend, perhaps the brashest of them all and co-founder of a promotions group called the Bronzed Aussies, they find almost unbearable.

In 1976, Queensland's Wayne "Rabbit" Bartholomew announced in a surfing magazine that he was now the greatest, and that Hawaiian surfers were, by and large, tired old men. On his first appearance at Sunset Beach that season, the lifeguard punched him in the mouth and ordered him off the beach. Bartholomew learned his lesson and shut up. Townend and his business associate, Ian Cairns, opted for a confrontation strategy, telling all who would listen that not only was Bartholomew right in his assessment of the Hawaiians but that he had seriously underestimated Australian superiority in the water.

Townend and Cairns retreated to the relative safety of the Hyatt while the Hawaiians fumed. There were a few minor incidents – an Australian was hit on the head by a flying ashtray – but most of the surfers recognised that the feud was childish and extremely damaging to their reputations as professional sportsmen. They tried to keep personal animosities out of the press and away from public view, and by the end of the season Hawaiian-Australian relations were almost back to normal. Except that Townend and Cairns were persona non grata.

In 1977, things quietened down. Then, as the surfers began arriving on the North Shore late last October, bad vibes flew again. Strangely, it was a small article tucked away in the back pages of the Sydney *Daily Mirror* that started it all. Not so strangely, the principal antagonist was again Peter Townend. In his *Mirror* column on October 20, Townend reported the formation of what he described as a "vigilante club". He claimed that a group of Hawaiians had banded together and "vowed to physically intimidate any non-Hawaiian". In his usual tactful manner, Townend went on to pronounce the spirit of aloha well and truly dead. "Not surprisingly, the peak periods of Hawaiian hostility invariably coincide with those times when Australians threaten Hawaiian success in the surf," he added.

Copies of the *Mirror* article were sent to the North Shore within days, followed soon afterwards by a stream of inquiries from the US media about the "Hawaiian surfing mafia". Reaction amongst local surfers was predictably hostile. Members of the Black Shorts, the club Townend had branded as "vigilante", summoned him to a meeting at which they explained that their club had been formed for social purposes. But, now that Townend had fired the first volley, there was a distinct possibility of physical retaliation. They advised him to tread carefully. All this was pretty much a replay of 1976, but the feud took on new significance with the emergence of

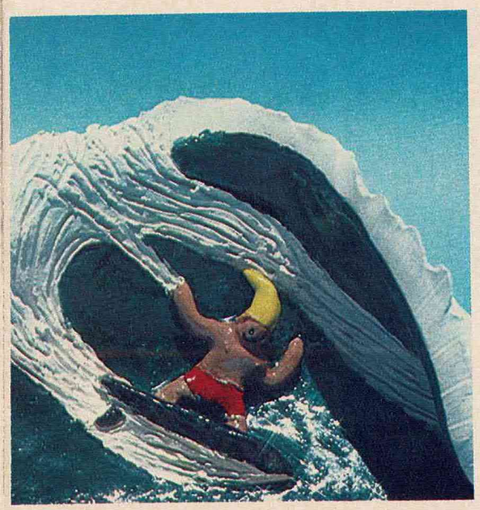
Sculpture by John Connors Photography by Peter Crawford

Hawaiian contest director Fred Hemmings as a central figure.

Hemmings, 32, a former world surfing champion who is built like a front-row forward, now controls professional surfing in Hawaii through his corporation, International Professional Surfers. He privately stages the three major Hawaiian events for his US-based sponsors and retains full television rights, while his IPS ratings system provides the only sure means of entry into the contests. More than a few of the surfers have been heard to remark that Hemmings has them "by the balls". Still, with only a few exceptions the surfers have been prepared to submit to one-man rule, and Hemmings has rarely used his considerable power unfairly. This time he felt that Townend had gone too far and that his article would destroy a great deal of professional surfing's growing credibility.

He admitted later that his first reaction was to "throw this asshole Townend out of the IPS and out of all my contests". But even in surfing, where a lot of funny things happen, this action would have been considered rash. Instead, Hemmings chose to photocopy the *Mirror* article and distribute it through the Hawaiian surfing community, claiming that this was the quickest way to "clear the air". The result was a new peak in anti-Townend feeling.

Enter this reporter. I walked into a bar at the Kuilima Hyatt Resort Hotel on the North Shore about 11pm on Remembrance Day. Largely due to a case of mistaken allegiance I was invited, by a prominent member of the Black Shorts social club, to join him outside and have a leg broken. This curious form of welcome was later modified to a long, eyeball-to-eyeball Hawaiian handshake and the message: "Don't you dare be snobby about my people." (I mention this otherwise forgettable encounter because it seemed to sum up the absurdity of the situation Townend, Hemmings and a few hot-head locals had drummed up. I had barely been on the island long enough to order a drink, let alone defame a race. But I was an Australian and a journalist, and on a warm Saturday night with the drinks flowing freely, that was provocation enough.)



The contests began in mid-November with the first big swell of the Northern winter. The first event, the Cuervo International, was won by a South African, with a Hawaiian second. Despite the fact that Hemmings had employed members of the Black Shorts as "water security", there was no intimidation of the Australian competitors. There was a growing feeling that the threats had merely been bar-talk, blown out of all proportion. Townend and Cairns sat in a huddle on the beach, but life went on around them. A week later Townend paddled out at the Banzai Pipeline to surf in his heat of the Pipeline Masters contest. When he got to the take-off area one of the Black Shorts security men paddled over and advised him to leave the water or suffer the consequences. "You're not welcome in Hawaii any more," Townend was told. He replied that he had been invited to compete in the contest and intended to do so. Soon after the heat Townend made up his mind to report the incident to Fred Hemmings. Hemmings shrugged and said: "You reap what you sow, brother."

Later, in their apartment in the Hyatt complex, Townend and Cairns sat glumly in front of the television, beers in hand, watching the football. "You can stick the North Shore," said Townend. "If I didn't have to make a living out of this sport I'd never come here again." I asked him why, knowing the Hawaiian tendency to over-react to any form of criticism, he had written the article in the first place. "It's an insurance policy," he said. "They've hated me and Ian (Cairns) for three years and I wanted to let them know that if anything happens to us it'll be splashed all over the front pages. This is a professional sport, not bloody low-rent racial politics, and it's about time the Hawaiians realised they can't go round threatening people." But here they sat, Australia's only fully-insured surfers, doors double-locked and the North Shore out of bounds. I was reminded of the 1976 season when I shared an apartment with them and Townend and Cairns slept with tennis racquets at their reach for protection. They still hadn't learnt to be humble.

Townend lay low at the Hyatt for the best part of a week, during which time I met Hemmings and discussed, among other things, the prospect of an Australian surfer being beaten up. "It won't happen," said Hemmings. "Our guys know that if there's any trouble it'll mean trouble for everyone, and they're just not that stupid. In any case it's not a matter of the Hawaiians being out to get the Australians, it's a matter of Townend provoking the Hawaiians to a point where I'm flat to the boards trying to keep the peace." I passed this information on to Townend who, busting for a surf, decided to test the Hemmings peace initiative as soon as possible.

The following morning he and Cairns drove to Off The Wall, the North Shore's most heavily populated break, and paddled out. There were three members of the Black Shorts already in the water. Townend cautiously caught a couple of waves, then, on his third paddle out, he was surrounded by Hawaiians. "Don't you listen?" one of them asked. Another surfer climbed on to Townend's board and karate-chopped him about the face. Cairns paddled over and met the same fate. Both Australians were told to leave the water and the island at their earliest convenience. On the beach Townend was attacked again. This time an elbow opened his eyelid. He and Cairns drove back to their apartment and phoned the Australian consul in Honolulu, who advised Townend to "adopt a lower profile". "I'd have to dig a trench to get any lower," Townend replied, and fled to the outer island of Kuaui.

At season's end Townend was back behind locked doors at the Hyatt, still waiting for the big hit. It didn't look like happening, but the thugs had successfully kept him out of their surf.

To his credit, Fred Hemmings did intervene on one occasion when violence seemed imminent. Townend was approached by a group of Hawaiians on the beach during the Duke Kahanamoku contest, and was told to leave. Hemmings stepped in and offered to fight the lot. The group then dispersed.

Apart from contest days, the 1976 world professional champion stayed out of the water. When he competed, he left the beach as soon as his heat was over. Denied the opportunity to practise, his performances suffered.

In a sport where even winners have trouble making ends meet it was an effective boycott: Townend finished the Hawaiian winter heavily in the red. It seemed a high price to pay for one slightly hysterical article tucked away in the back pages of an afternoon newspaper 11,000km away. –PHIL JARRATT

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WRONGS ON RIGHTS

SYDNEY – The NSW Chief Judge at Common Law, Mr Justice Robert Lindsay Taylor, retired from the Supreme Court bench recently with a side-swipe at some of the rights of accused persons. He said the right of an accused to make a statement from the well of the court should be abolished, adding that a jury was well aware that the reason for the unsworn statement was that the accused was not prepared to be cross-examined under oath.

Bully for Mr Justice Taylor. But when it comes to you and the police in NSW, you may well ask: "Rights? What rights?" Don't be misled by American TV shows, folks. Any bon vivant pompously demanding his democratic right to make a phone call after being picked up for even a trivial offence is told unequivocally: "Shut up, you've got no rights."

A MATTER OF IMAGE

NAIROBI – The Ugandan president, Idi Amin, in his capacity as his country's minister of health, has decreed that venereal disease henceforth be called "good hope" to encourage its otherwise embarrassed victims to seek medical treatment. A Uganda radio broadcast monitored in Nairobi quoted Amin as saying: "From now on, all a person has to tell the doctor is 'good hope' and he will be given the necessary treatment accordingly."

SEXUAL NON REVOLUTION

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY – Sixty-five percent of Americans still consider premarital sex "always wrong", according to a recent Gallup Poll. The groups most opposed to such sex were those 50 or older, regular churchgoers and those who had not gone beyond primary school. Among persons 18 to 29, those with high school backgrounds or those described in the poll as "unchurched", slightly more than half were strongly opposed. Of the people questioned, fewer Catholics (64 percent) took this position than Protestants (71 percent).

GOOD ON YER, MR WALKER

SYDNEY – A suggestion that police be allowed to enter and search premises for drugs without a warrant was rejected by the NSW Attorney General, Frank Walker. "The idea that police be entitled to break down doors any time of the day or night without a warrant does not appeal to me," Mr Walker said. The idea came from a police submission to the NSW Royal Commission into Drug Trafficking. The police proposal was that sergeants and higher ranking officers be granted the extra powers to fight the drug problem. Said Mr Walker: "I think a magistrate should always be required to test whether police have a reasonable case before they start breaking down people's doors and bursting into their homes."

A PIECE OF THE ACTION

HAMBURG – Five German insurance executives who had sexual intercourse with the same secretary at a company conference are each contributing $20 a month to support the woman's baby boy, according to the tabloid *Bild Zeitung*. The paper said that nine months after the conference, one of the men received a note inviting him and his four colleagues to meet the woman, and all agreed to contribute to the child's support.

DRINKING PROBLEM

CANBERRA – Australians spend more than $2500 million a year on liquor, which makes alcohol the nation's number one drug problem. The national addiction to alcohol is costing the country $750 million a year in additional health costs, road accidents and absenteeism, according to a recent National Health and Medical Research Council survey.

TARZAN GOES TO COURT

NEW YORK – The producers and the distributor of an X-rated cartoon titled *Tarzoon, Shame of the Jungle* have been sued for $3 million by the family of Tarzan's creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs. The plaintiffs charge that the cartoon, besides being grotesque and vulgar, depicts Tarzan not as the "handsome, strong, intelligent, courageous, honest" jungle hero of Burroughs' creation but as "weak, stupid, physically unattractive, lacking courage, lewd and sexually inadequate". Jane, Tarzan's jungle companion, doesn't come off much better in the film – being portrayed as "aggressive, sexually demanding, strident and nude for substantial portions of the time," the suit claims.

The Playboy Forum *offers the opportunity for an extended dialogue between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Write to The* Playboy Forum, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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Playboy Interview

Jack Thompson

australia's wild man of films talks of success, society and his love for two sisters

JACK THOMPSON is cool. Search for a better word, but there is none. This granule of West Coast American idiom says it perfectly.

He shows his cool in his lifestyle, unorthodox, even startling, one that would fit easily into Malibu or Big Sur; in his beliefs, the way he expresses them; in his approach to work; in his conviction that what happens over the neighbor's fence is really no business of his, unless the neighbor is in trouble. California cool.

There was the time he went to the Cannes Film Festival, where two films in which he had appeared, Caddie *and* Mad Dog Morgan, *were being screened. Other actors from around the world, most of whom had nothing showing at Cannes apart from their egos, were staying in expensive villas or such hotels as the Carlton, where the porters might carry your bags if you happened to be Dino de Laurentiis. Thompson chose to stay in a tent. He pitched it in an olive grove in hills at the back of Cannes, and there he lived with his two girlfriends for the duration of the festival.*

He could have stayed in the town. "But it was what I preferred to do," he said. "To boil the billy. To be able to pick cherries from a tree growing right outside the tent. To do what I wanted to do." The incident explains much about Thompson.

He has always followed his own path through life, guided, perhaps, by the lines of a poem written by his adoptive father, the Sydney actor and poet, John Thompson:

> "I listen and I hear the lines:
> Excess in moderation! Take
> This principle for your health's sake,
> Shunning the curst insipidness
> Of moderation in excess."

The first path he followed took him to a cattle station in the Northern Territory where, fresh from school, he learned to be a jackaroo. He learned something of the Aborigines' lore, and became their friend, at a time when blacks were considered less important than horses, and a ringer (stockman) visited them only when he fancied a little black velvet. Refusing to be brutalised by the harshness of the bush, Thompson continued to search for the truths he knew existed. He searched for them in poetry. "Christ, Thommo," the other ringers would say. "What are you reading? Poetry? What are ya . . . some kind of poofter?"

He searched for them wandering the country, always learning, often broke. "I once slept under a bridge for four weeks. I ate only because I used to sing in a pub and get free beer and a free meal once a day. At one time, when I was in Trangie [NSW], *I used to paint signs in cafes for a free meal."*

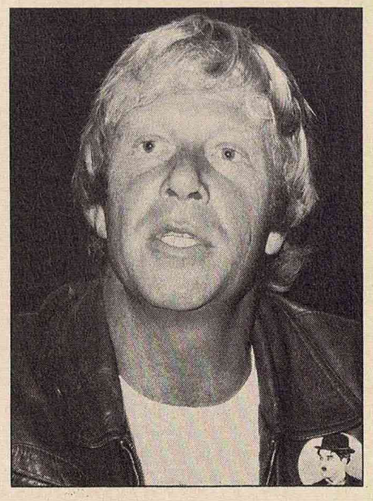
Money didn't impress him then, and it still doesn't. "In terms of creature comforts, my desires are relatively simple. Money is only important for providing my shelter, my food and for my responsibilities."

Thompson, remaining true to his beliefs, has turned down some enormously attractive film offers, even though both he and his bank manager would have welcomed the added income. He felt they did nothing for the Australian film industry — one of his favorite subjects — or that they would take him away from his farm, in a lovely and lonely valley at the back of Coffs Harbor in northern NSW.

His farm? He bought it eight years ago, not as a place in which to toil from sunrise to sunset, not 125 hectares of hard work, but a place where he could relax and see things grow, where he could lie on the grass and watch the sooty-black palm cockatoos screech across a sky of cobalt blue or, on a good day, the majestic flight of a wedge-tailed eagle; where he could

"Petersen *was sexually explicit, and the fact that we in Australia have not been prepared to make another film of that genre is probably some indication of this nation's timidity as a culture."*

"I've got a lot of comment from the public about a scene in Sunday Too Far Away *. . . like: 'My wife used to think I had the best bum in town until she saw you on the screen, you bastard'."*



"I have a roof over my head. I have an environment in which I can, if I am prepared to, supply my own food and most of my requirements. And that, fundamentally, is my form of security."

mend the springs of a sulky and spend all day doing it. He has left the old tallow-wood house much the way it was when it was built 50 years ago. There is no hot water. He prefers to bathe in a cold, clear creek that runs through a gully by the house. There is electricity only for running his stereo set; light comes from the pleasant soft glow of kerosene lamps. A garden provides vegetables. A cow gives milk. Flour is ground by hand and bread is baked in a wood stove.

It was to this farm that, in 1975, Thompson invited ***Jim Oram,*** *a reporter from the Sydney afternoon newspaper, the* Daily Mirror. *The results were, to borrow a word much loved by the tabloids, sensational. Thompson told Oram about his unusual love life, which involves two beautiful sisters, Lee and Bunkie King. Not only is he living in complete and comfortable harmony with them, but his former wife also shared the same house. The* Mirror *ran the story over five days. It was a sell-out. The public rushed newspaper sellers to read a story that, somehow, filled the fantasies of both men and women. And, for better or worse, Thompson was stuck with the title of "superstud".*

By this time Thompson was an actor of considerable merit. He had appeared in Wake in Fright, *still one of the best films made in Australia, had a major part in* Libido, *and was the star of* Petersen, *which David Williamson wrote specially for him. The noted British critic, Alexander Walker, of the* Evening Standard, *called* Petersen *"remarkably mature", with "a yearning truth that is quite touching". Other London critics were equally enthusiastic.*

Thompson played a lead role in Spyforce, *a television melodrama about Australians at war, which was sold to 14 countries.*

Then came Sunday Too Far Away. *Now a cult film in many parts of the world, it showed Thompson at his best as a tough-soft shearer in the days before the great shearers' strike of 1956. Pierre Henri de Leu, chairman of judges at the Cannes Film Festival, said of it: "I found this Australian film remarkable — even dazzling. I admired its virility and its violence, but perhaps its greatest quality is that it shows people as they are." And a critic wrote: "Jack Thompson is brilliant. Australia looks to have a real contribution to the diminishing pool of believable male leads."*

Thompson followed this success with roles in Caddie, *a story set in the Depression, and the underrated* Scobie Malone, *which had a rough time at the hands of critics, but prompted one reviewer to say of Thompson: "He's got an incredible physicality that inhabits his body and seems ready at any moment to erupt." It was followed by* Mad Dog Morgan, *which starred the unpredictable but immensely talented Dennis Hopper,* The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith *and the telemovie,* Because He's My Friend, *with Keir Dullea and Karen Black. Now Thompson is filming* The Journalist *before starting on his own movie,* Welcome Stranger, *which he has written, will produce and in which he will play the lead.*

Our choice of interviewer for Thompson was obvious. It had to be Oram, who has maintained contact since the two-girls series. He reports: "Interviewing Thompson is not a strenuous task. It is more of an entertainment. He likes to talk, and the words flow with ease.

"One night during this interview, the telephone rang. Thompson's girlfriend, Lee, was on the other end of the line, calling from a friend's place. 'You were going to collect us to take us home,' she said. 'How long will you be?' 'I'll collect you about midnight,' he said. 'It's a little late for midnight,' she replied. 'It's 3 am.'

"Thompson slowly put down the phone, grinning: 'I guess I do tend to talk too much'."

But Thompson's conversations are not only about himself. That is the hardest thing to get him to discuss. He will talk for hours on the Australian film industry — where it's been, where it's going. Jack Thompson brings himself into it because he has played such a large and vital part in its re-birth. The starting point for this interview was, logically, Petersen.

> *"I said to someone who asked 'How do you feel, being a sex symbol?' that I would rather be a sex symbol than a kill symbol."*

PLAYBOY: *Welcome Stranger* will be your 11th feature film. Your first was *Wake In Fright,* you followed with *Libido,* and then *Petersen* — was it the one that established you on the screen?

THOMPSON: Very much. It was my first feature lead. The advertising line was *Jack Thompson is Petersen.*

PLAYBOY: And that's about as good a line as you can get, isn't it?

THOMPSON: Absolutely. *Petersen* established me in this country.

PLAYBOY: And *Petersen* had quite an astonishing amount of success, I understand, particularly in the US.

THOMPSON: Yes. The reviews in the *Los Angeles Times* were extraordinarily complimentary. When *Petersen* was released here it seemed to divide the audience. There were those who said: "Look, none of us are like that." And there were those who said: "I understand that guy, that's me, one way or another." *Petersen* was sexually explicit, and the fact that we have not been prepared to make another film of that genre is probably some indication of our timidity as a culture.

PLAYBOY: One of the sex scenes in the film was a virtual rape which caused quite a lot of controversy, particularly from female movie critics.

THOMPSON: Of course. They saw it as a chauvinist act. But far from being chauvinistic, it was the act of a man deprived of sexual status. Despite the argument of female liberationists, the film was an argument for liberation of the male. Here was a man who felt himself obligated to the women in his life, but discovered he was in fact being used and abused by them.

So that scene — rape by some definitions and not by others — was a situation where the man had committed himself entirely to the woman who was going to have his child. He saw an obligation to accept that responsibility and she couldn't give a damn about his sense of obligation. He was frustrated by the anomalies between his romantic attitude — chauvinistic to some and romantic to others — toward his world and his sexual relationships. Confronted by the woman's simple solution, which was that he was a male whore, he was driven to rape as an expression of that great frustration.

PLAYBOY: *Petersen* made you, for better or worse, a sex symbol. How did you react to that?

THOMPSON: It was interesting. I once said to someone who asked "How do you feel, being a sex symbol?" that I would rather be a sex symbol than a kill symbol. I find sexuality involved with the ongoing, the loving and the creative. I've never pursued being a sex symbol, but I haven't rejected it either.

PLAYBOY: How did the public react?

THOMPSON: To *Petersen?* Very favorably indeed.

PLAYBOY: To Jack Thompson?

THOMPSON: Also very favorably. It's interesting that it continued in *Sunday Too Far Away,* though that was hardly a sexual film. I got a lot of comment from the public about that scene where Johnny Ewart and I are washing our clothes. Reactions like: "My wife used to think I had the best bum in town until she saw you on the screen, you bastard."

PLAYBOY: Does a sex symbol in this

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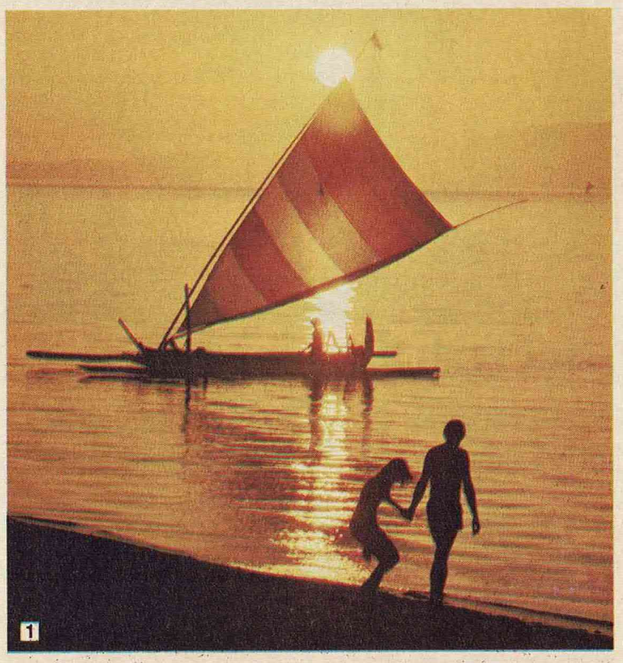
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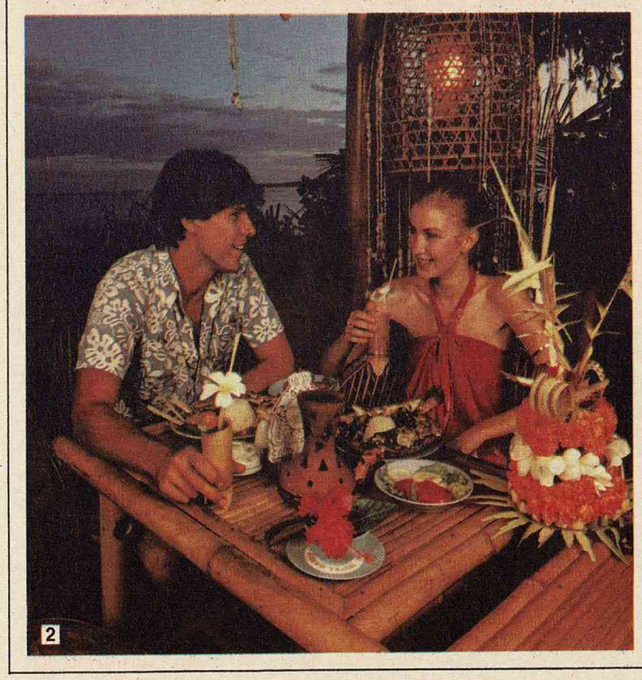
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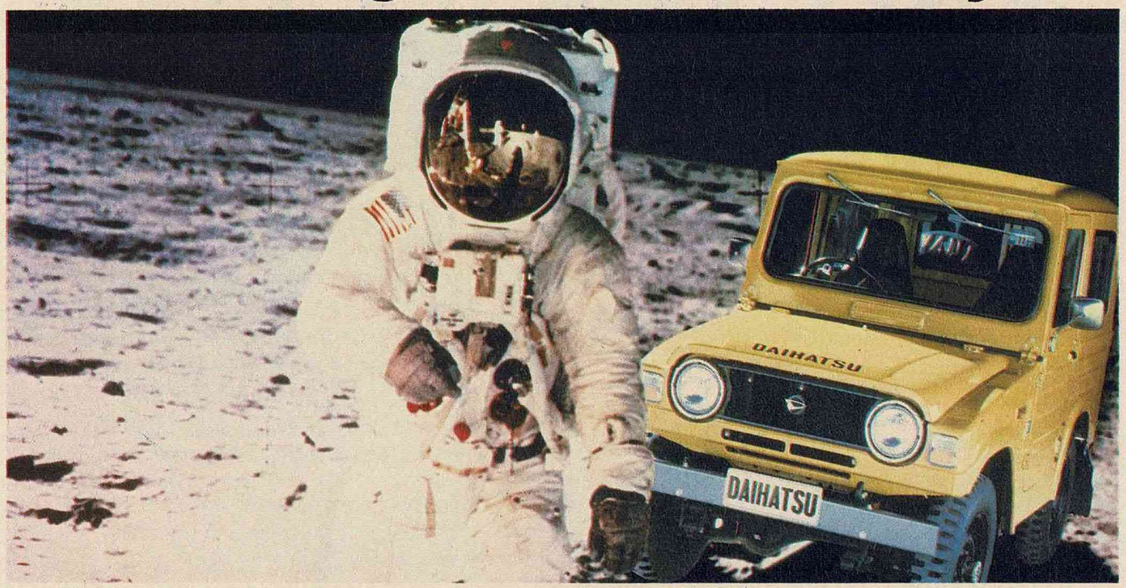

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country get much sex? Does it suddenly open doors to the strange offers we hear about, say, somebody like Warren Beatty?

THOMPSON: It opens the door to some offers. . .

PLAYBOY: Bizarre sexual offers?

THOMPSON: All the offers seemed bizarre. And I must say as credit to the young ladies of Australia, none of them were insulting and none of them were anything more than a very strong come-on. But bizarre things have come out of it all. Someone sent me a letter and a photograph of herself — she was a young woman — saying that she had watched an episode of *Spyforce* in which Erskine, the character I played, felt he was psychologically crippled. The woman said that she had watched the episode and her arthritis was getting better. I find that sort of identification scary. But as for the girls coming on strong for what they regard as a sex symbol and something fuckable? To me it was more embarrassing than anything else. What do you do? What do you say? You always feel like you have never been there before.

At the party after the premiere of *Sunday Too Far Away* in Adelaide I needed some sort of protection for my arse because of that scene. There were innumerable grabs at this now-clothed piece of flesh. That was also very peculiar, because suddenly you find you are an object, not a person. They wouldn't come up and do it to someone they didn't know, and they didn't know me, but they felt that having seen me on the screen and having me in front of them that I was some sort of public property. It is like someone coming up and feeling fruit.

PLAYBOY: There must have been times when you succumbed to their offers?

THOMPSON: I don't think I have ever succumbed to a public offer. I have, however, succumbed to a couple of private offers.

PLAYBOY: But in that situation you would be the hunter, not the hunted?

THOMPSON: No. If I say I succumbed, then obviously I was the hunted. I don't know who is the hunter and who is the hunted in the male-female situation, in the will-we-go-and-lie-together scene. I don't see the male as predominantly the hunter. I always thought that, in fact, women mostly choose. Men can go out and come on strong, but they only end up with a girl who *wants* to. A woman can come on and end up with a man she *wants*. Otherwise there would be a lot more men standing around the streets waiting to be picked up.

PLAYBOY: Are you a sexual adventurer?

THOMPSON: No. I have been sexually adventurous, but I am not a sexual adventurer in the Casanova sense. My relationships have always been relatively long-term and very much fulfilled.

PLAYBOY: What about the other side of it — the reaction from the male who is sometimes rather angry seeing some guy on the screen being a sex symbol?

THOMPSON: The male reaction is one of encouragement: "Good on ya, mate. I wouldn't mind being there myself."

PLAYBOY: That surprises me. I thought it might have been one of jealousy. That they would want to whack you.

THOMPSON: No. There has been relatively little . . . well, just a bit. Often, in a social situation, they see me as being sexually threatening and sexually competitive because their lady is attracted by my reputation at least, if not by me!

PLAYBOY: The reputation being something built from publicity?

THOMPSON: Yes. From publicity and myself on the screen, plus my reputation for my interesting relationship with two sisters.

PLAYBOY: Just going back to the male thing. Did it ever get to the stage where there were punches thrown at you in the pub?

"I'm fairly confident of who I am and I don't believe I have very much to defend to people expressing their inadequacy."

THOMPSON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How did you handle that?

THOMPSON: On one occasion the punches were thrown at me and I simply stood back. I didn't volunteer any resistance because I knew I might find myself in a fight and, probably, in for a certain amount of damage, even if I'd been successful. This fellow was having a go at me saying: "Okay, you're the big fucking ram in town and I'm going to whack you."

PLAYBOY: So you talked your way out of the situation?

THOMPSON: I did my very best. I also wanted to expose publicly this man's fear because his challenge came only from his fear of his own inadequacies. If he really did feel he was as good a man as me he had nothing to say. The fact that he didn't consider himself to be as good made him very defensive, and made him come up and say: "You're a weak sort of a bastard, and the only way I can prove it is to punch you in the mouth."

I don't feel I'm a weak sort of a bastard, and I didn't need to punch him in the mouth in return. I'm fairly confident of who I am and I don't believe I have very much to defend to people expressing their inadequacy.

If I am challenged in that way I try to negate the aggression by simply saying: "Okay, anyone who wants to listen to this man blowing his mouth off should listen to him. I think I'll go back to my drink." Mind you, at that time I was well under the weather and there is nothing more absurd than two drunks falling around the floor damaging each other. The other thing is that I am very aware of the fact that by getting involved I can damage more than my nose. I can damage my career. If you make a living out of having your face out front, you don't let people borrow it.

PLAYBOY: You say you are fairly confident you know who you are. You have often mentioned that you were adopted by the poet John Thompson. Were you adopted from an orphanage or do you have a recollection of your parents?

THOMPSON: I have a very vague recollection of my parents. If I search my mind I have a very vague memory of my mother as a sort of a figure well above me handing an ice cream down to me, which is a fairly favorable image to have of your mother. I have a recollection of my father as a sort of paternal figure. But I have no strong recollection of those people because around the age of four I went to a boarding school in Narrabeen [Sydney] run by a woman called Geyda Campbell. I have a much stronger recollection of her than of my blood parents. It wasn't until I'd reached the age of eight that I was officially adopted by the Thompson family.

PLAYBOY: How did that come about?

THOMPSON: A very strong friendship was developing between me and Peter Thompson, the Thompsons' son [the director of *Welcome Stranger*], around the age of six. We became very close childhood companions, as children do. Every child in that age group has his closest friend, and Peter and I were close. I went to his place on weekends from boarding school and the Thompsons, Pat and John, were considering adopting a child.

One of them suggested that rather than adopt an anonymous child from an orphanage, here was this boy who was already a close friend of their son, and who would quite logically be a brother to their son, and we were about the same age. Eventually, when I was eight, they officially adopted me. That was after living with them for a bit over 12 months.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever really know your parents?

THOMPSON: No, not really, I couldn't

clearly remember them. I think my mother died when I was three or four, and my father was presumably in the services. It was one of the many homes broken by the war. There are some childhood memories of my grandmother and my great grandmother, of an aunt, a great aunt, and other very vague images. I remember my father's face. I remember my mother's face, sort of, but beyond that there was the school I went to, and then there were the Thompsons.

PLAYBOY: Have you any idea where your father went, or what might have happened to him?

THOMPSON: No. I know he married again. But I don't know exactly where he went.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried to make contact with your father, or has he tried to get in touch with you?

THOMPSON: No. There was an attempt at one stage to get us together, but it just didn't happen. It hasn't been a real issue for me. I've never been one of those people who wondered where I came from. When I was eight or nine I began to fantasise about this father figure. He was a superman. He was the ship's captain. He was various other fantasies. I know John and Pat let this go on as a child's game. But eventually it became a preoccupation and I can remember Pat coming up to me and saying: "Let's get something straight." She said she would tell me as much as she knew about the man. She didn't say anything for or against him. She just let me know what she knew and she spoke of him in a way that made him human in my eyes, rather than the super hero dream figure to whom I attached all life and wisdom.

PLAYBOY: I believe the Thompsons were a very artistic family?

THOMPSON: Oh yes. Lake House, the school that Geyda Campbell ran, was very formative. They put on puppet plays. You made your own puppets, you made up your own plays, you were involved in your own creation of music. It was a very creative environment. My first acting experiences were at the age of seven or eight, at that school.

PLAYBOY: What did John Thompson add to your life?

THOMPSON: John Thompson was essentially an academic. He was a poet, not an academic at the level of a lecturer at university, but he was a doer. He created poetry. And he created radio programs. He was a journalist. He taught me respect for the common man at the same time. He was not a snob. He was a radical intellect of his own time. He taught me that I was of the common purpose, that I was of the common man.

PLAYBOY: At 14 you left behind the Paddington environment to head on your own for the bush. Why?

THOMPSON: Coming out of the environment of Lake House school — something that's now called progressive education — I never came to terms with the standard education system. It involved us only to a minimal extent in spelling, tables and how many rods to a pole or a perch and one thing and another. I found myself at Sydney High School with a desire to learn, but no desire to be in the formal situation of a high school. At the same time, John Thompson had been up to the Northern Territory. He brought back tapes of Aboriginal music and film of Aboriginal dancers. I was fascinated by this. Here, right on my doorstep, was exotica. I didn't have to go to China or a South Sea island or to Mars, to anywhere else. Here was a culture dissociated and, at the same time, pertinent. I wanted to go and work in this environment. So that's what I did. At 14, I left high school and went off to work on a cattle station in the Northern Territory. I spent a lot of time with the Aborigines. They taught me a lot about their way of life and they introduced me to the outback. And from then until I was 20, when I joined the Army for a while, I spent my time in the outback.

PLAYBOY: You were a jackaroo, a horse breaker's assistant, you worked in the shearing shed — all by the time you were 17. And you were, in fact, a boy kicking around in a man's world. Did this teach you a lot in a short time?

THOMPSON: It taught me a hell of a lot. It taught me things that I am only beginning to realise the significance of.

PLAYBOY: They are hard drinking people out that way, in that sort of job. Were you on the bottle by the time you were 14, knocking it back with the big boys?

THOMPSON: By the time I was 15 I certainly was. Out there the first two buildings in town are the pub and the jail, usually in that order.

PLAYBOY: Have you been in both?

THOMPSON: I've been fronted in both. They've kept me longer in the pub than they have in jail, and I think that's to my credit.

PLAYBOY: For what sort of things were you thrown in jail?

THOMPSON: In those outback towns you go into the pub and get a skinful, and if you can't handle it you get thrown in the jug. I have never done time and I never want to. I don't think it would ruin my pride to spend a night in the can, as a number of my friends have for having too much to drink or for making too much noise, but I can think of more comfortable places to spend the night.

PLAYBOY: Your decision to go bush must have shortened your boyhood.

THOMPSON: I had to grow up fairly fast in the sense of physical work. I was barely 15 and, as was pointed out to me when I went to the station, there was no work there for boys. And there wasn't. You were expected to carry as much as anyone else and do what anyone else did. I suppose I automatically grew up fast in some other areas. If you are 15 and out on your own, you are beginning to learn the lessons of the world very rapidly. I remember the deputy headmaster of Sydney High School saying to me when I left: "You are leaving, Thompson. Well, you know your education is just beginning." I thought that was an intelligent thing for him to have said.

PLAYBOY: Living among men, did you have to earn your spurs quickly?

THOMPSON: No, I spent most of my time among the Aboriginal stockmen. They were tribally-oriented Aborigines. Only about four of them spoke pidgin. A couple of them spoke English fairly fluently, but they were still very much involved in their own language and their tribal way of life. On recollection, they treated me very much like a young brother and very much like a guest in their country. I couldn't have been in better company. When I moved into western NSW there were a certain number of the young bloods in the town deciding where you stood in the pecking order. I found much more of that abrasive, win-your-spurs thing in the white man's town. When you're out in the stock camp no one worries whether you've won your spurs. You just ride a horse all day and crash at night. The Aborigines were still involved in their song cycles. They used to sit round at night and sing corroboree. To me, fresh from town, I could have been on Mars, in fairyland, or whatever. It was just so different.

PLAYBOY: How involved did you become with Aborigines?

THOMPSON: To the extent where eventually I was dismissed from the cattle station! I don't mean fired, but I was dismissed on the charge of fraternising with the Aborigines. Those were the terms of the man who sent me packing.

PLAYBOY: And that was frowned on?

THOMPSON: Well, I don't question his morality. What I suggest is that the way he saw it, he didn't know whether John Thompson would want his son behaving the way he did. That infuriated John Thompson at the time, and I was certainly innocent of there being any of that going on. All I knew at the time was that he said I couldn't. I asked why, and he said he felt I couldn't accept the responsibilities of a white man in the Territory. I didn't read white. I read the responsibilities

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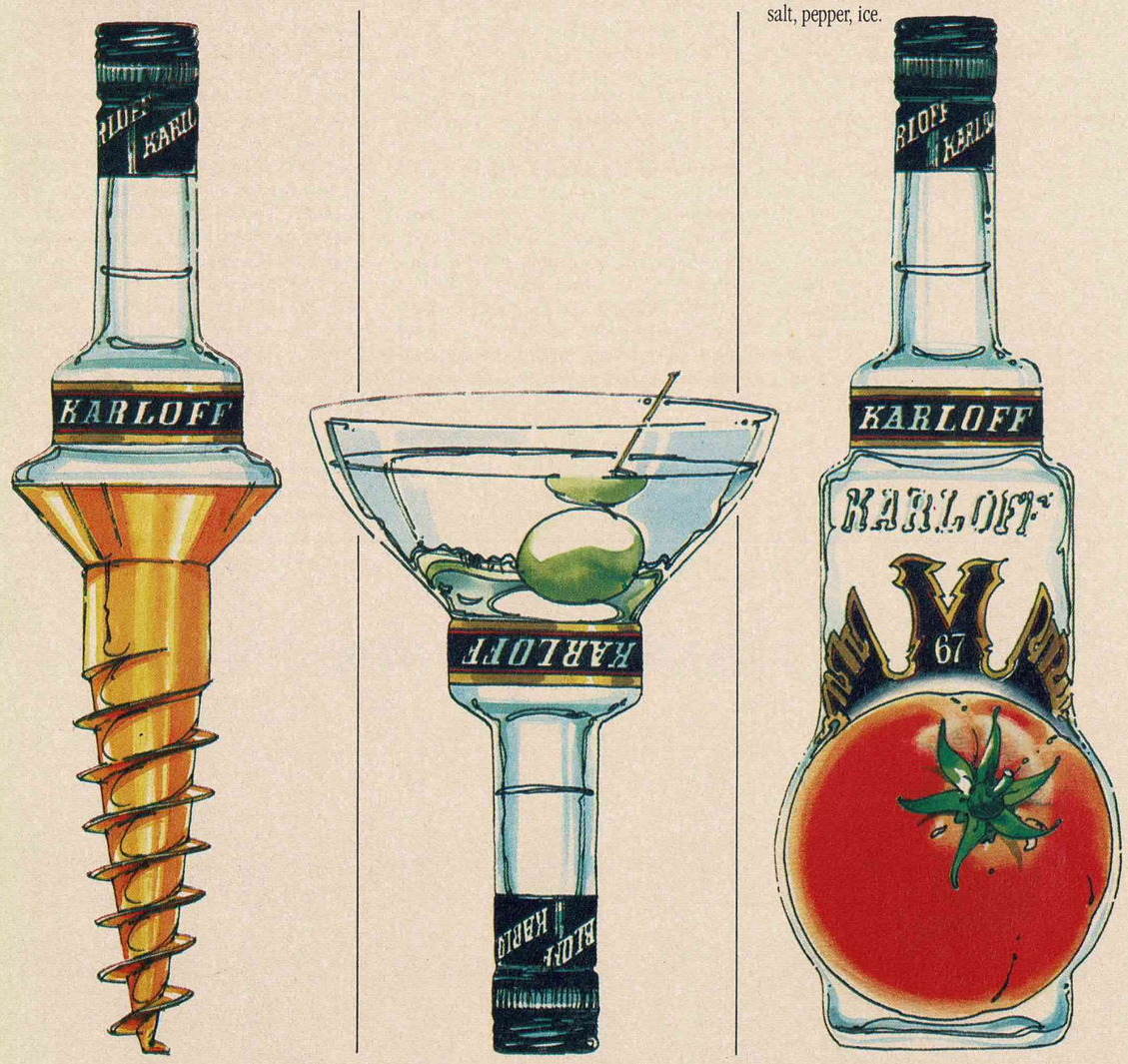

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of a man in the Territory. I remember he said: "There's no jobs here for boys." I was grief stricken.

PLAYBOY: Did they get worried that you'd get a reputation as what is called a gin jockey?

THOMPSON: Yeah, of course, and one of the things that might have worried them was that I wasn't involved in that. I mean, if I had been, it would have been a worry of a different sort! I was just fascinated by these people who formed most of my life. Out at the stock camp there was me, nine full-blood tribal Aborigines and a half-caste who had been virtually adopted tribally.

It was their world. They treated me very gently, as a young person with a lot to learn. They were generous, they taught me my lessons and they looked after me.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn bushcraft . . . tribal law?

THOMPSON: After a relatively brief time they accepted me as being comfortably privy to their way of life. They didn't attempt to hide their way of life from me and they allowed me to sit with them at night and beat on the ground while I sang their songs and tried to pick up the rhythm of the music and some of the words – as I would have done had I been anywhere else in the world.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier that you joined the Army. Wasn't that the opposite to your sense of freedom and the anti-war stance you have publicly taken since?

THOMPSON: To a certain extent it was. On the other hand, I was interested at the time in laboratory research. I reasoned that the Army would provide me with the education requirements I needed to get into research. I also knew I had very little discipline in the conventional sense. I was relatively incapable of self-discipline and, rightly or wrongly, at the age of 20 I decided that spending some time in the Army would provide me with the education I wanted and help me to achieve an understanding of discipline, both from outside and within.

In retrospect, it provided me with all of these things. I spent six years in the regular Army, where I learnt to swallow my pride at very significant moments in my life, where I learnt to say "yes, sir" when my mind was saying "stuff you".

PLAYBOY: But what good does that necessarily do a person?

THOMPSON: It provided me with the self-discipline which allows you to pursue the real paths of freedom. If you're ardent, adolescent and involved, as I was at that stage of my life, I would deliberately say outrageous things, deliberately be involved in outrageous activity, because I felt that was what I needed to do or say.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by outrageous activity or behavior?

THOMPSON: I mean radical activity in the area of social reform – like "ban the bomb".

PLAYBOY: But that can't be called outrageous!

THOMPSON: It's not now, but there was a time when it was, and at that time I was involved in it. And the time when radical activity in the area of student politics was considered outrageous, I was involved in it. Surely the definition of ultra-conservatism in our society is the way of life of the military and, having been involved in that way of life, at least I have come to have a fundamental understanding of conservatism at its extreme levels.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, do you consider the Army another brick in the building of Jack Thompson?

THOMPSON: I have no regrets about that experience. I made great friends in the Army. I met fascinating people.

PLAYBOY: The Army may have sent you to Vietnam. How would you have reacted to that?

THOMPSON: During my time in the Army I let those who would listen know that they would have to find me if they wanted to send me to Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: In other words, you would have shot through?

THOMPSON: I would certainly have done my best to stay well out of the way.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a reputation of being a rabble-rouser, a radical?

THOMPSON: I have no doubt that during my time in the Army they were well aware that I was a square peg in a round hole.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into hot water?

THOMPSON: A bit, but I was never put in a position of direct threat.

PLAYBOY: You weren't thrown into the slammer?

THOMPSON: No. I managed to avoid that, but certainly my reputation was that of six years of undetected crime, rather than six years of good conduct.

PLAYBOY: After the Army you went on to get a university degree?

THOMPSON: I didn't get a degree. I went to Queensland University and I did two years' science. I transferred from the science faculty to the arts faculty and did two years of arts. I was headed for a Bachelor of Arts degree when I decided I would be an actor.

PLAYBOY: While at Queensland University, I understand you became involved in theatre and produced one of your own shows. Tell us about that.

THOMPSON: I was involved with a girl in the University of Queensland Dramatic Society, and every time a dramatic performance was put on she would listen to my criticism and say: "Why

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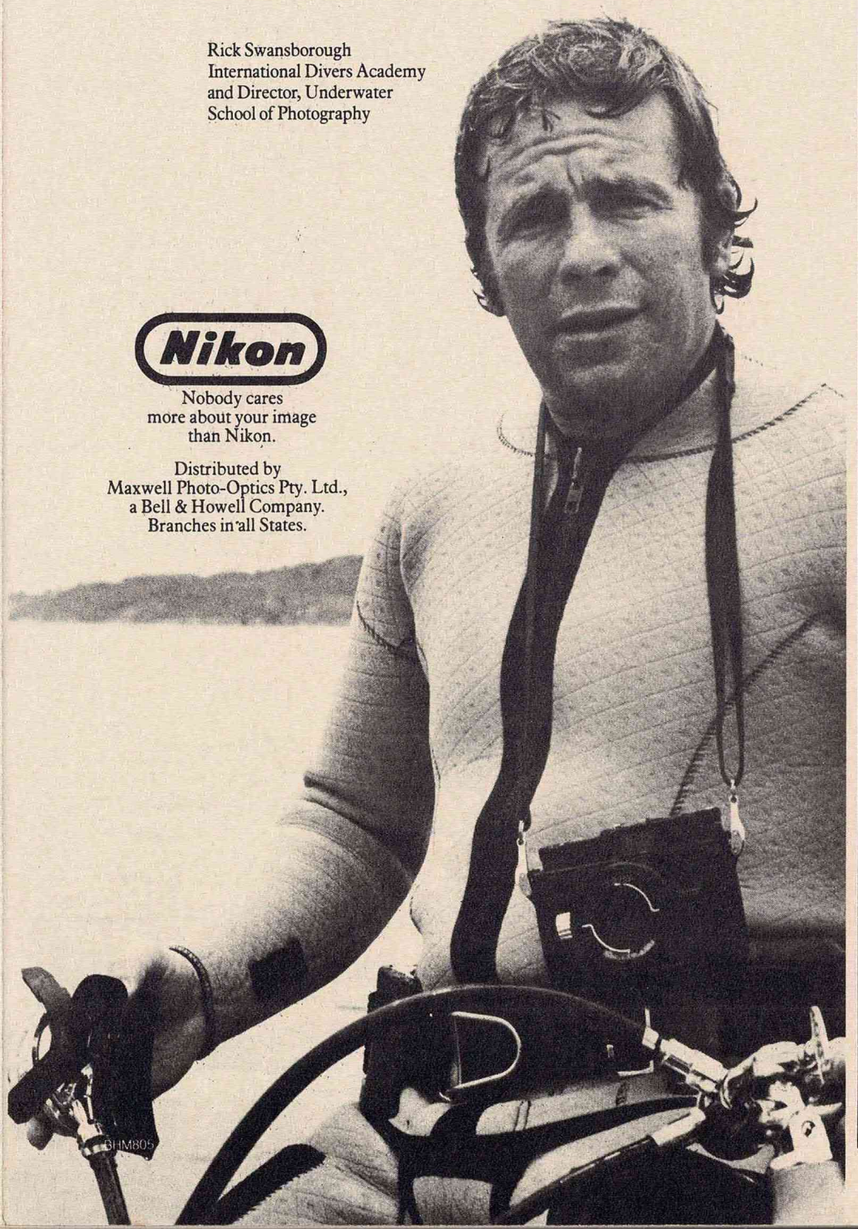

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don't you do something about it? You think you can do this and that. Why don't you do it?" And I'd say: "Oh, I would love to, but . . ." And she'd say: "Look, don't worry . . . I'll produce it, we'll put it on." Eventually we put together a totally experimental production involving a rock group called The Wild Cherries. Between the three of us we borrowed $12,000 to pay for the rock group and all the production expenses. On opening night a court injunction was taken out against us because of the volume of the music.

PLAYBOY: Was the noise annoying the neighbors?

THOMPSON: Apparently.

PLAYBOY: What did that teach you besides checking out your neighbors?

THOMPSON: It certainly taught me that! And to be very careful about the investment of your own money, as well as your own time, in a production of your own.

PLAYBOY: Was the $12,000 spent on the show your own money?

THOMPSON: No, it was all borrowed money, and we paid it all back. It took me about two years.

PLAYBOY: How long did the show last? Only one night?

THOMPSON: It went into rehearsal. We never ran the show. There was a journalist, who shall probably not forgive me to this day, who came out, saw the rehearsal, said: "Fantastic. I can't make it tomorrow, mate. I've got to do something else." He wrote a review of the first night that never was. It was published the next day – and it was a glowing review!

PLAYBOY: He's probably an editor by now. And speaking of editing, *Spyforce,* your first TV role, was made under extreme difficulties.

THOMPSON: Yes. *Spyforce* was made under circumstances that could not possibly be repeated today. It was made for $20,000 an episode, it was an hour, color, all done on film. Actors did their own stunts – which they would never do today – wages were low, and there was one scriptwriter writing something like 38 of the 42 episodes.

PLAYBOY: Who was that?

THOMPSON: Ron McLean, and my vision of Ron was always of a man sitting at a typewriter with a script appearing from a slot in the top of his head. One time we were standing on the set and Ron was phoning in the script! It was being typed up by the secretary and passed on to us as carbon copies. That was instant film-making.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a time when you all went to Thailand?

THOMPSON: Thailand was fantastic. There was an occasion in Thailand when Ron had a story outline, but we didn't have the actual incidents of the script. We were up first thing in the morning. There was Howard Ruby as director, myself and a number of our actors. Ron said: "We don't have anything to shoot today." And Howard said: "Well, I know so-and-so has to die and I know that we have to capture so-and-so." So we went out and shot somebody shooting someone else, and we came back and Ron said: "Thank God you did that. I can write that into the script." Somehow, the whole thing came together.

PLAYBOY: A war film with a difference?

THOMPSON: Yes, and without any ammunition. We did 42 episodes, mostly with fake Sten guns. It was always done with the end of the barrel being out of shot so you couldn't see whether it was firing bullets. Peter Sumner and I used to call them palsy sticks because you would grab hold of the prop and start to shake and they would dub the sound of the gun over it. Once a week we had the opportunity to use proper Sten guns with a police officer in charge of the action.

PLAYBOY: For all its criticism, it was a very good series.

THOMPSON: When *Spyforce* first appeared it received a negative response because people weren't prepared to believe that Australians said bloody or bastard or behaved like Australians. But it played in more than a dozen countries and, oddly enough, it was popular in Japan – considering it was about the war against the Japanese.

PLAYBOY: Your first feature film was *Wake in Fright.* After that came *Petersen* and then *Sunday Too Far Away,* which was a stunning film. But I've heard criticism that it was badly mauled in the editing.

THOMPSON: The film, as it was scripted, was the story of a group of men, the centre of whom was Foley, the gun shearer. I believe the producer wanted a story about Foley. He felt that a continuous narrative about a central character was required. What was presented was a much more homogeneous affair. The awful thing for those who would argue that it should have been otherwise is that the film was finally successful. I felt a number of scenes were cut when they should not have been. I would be prepared to argue to the end of my days that the final cut of the film excluded particular scenes that I thought were valuable. But I imagine I would have that argument on any film, and I will probably have it on *Welcome Stranger.*

PLAYBOY: We'll hop on now to *Scobie Malone,* which laid an egg. What went wrong with it?

THOMPSON: It's difficult to say. I think it failed to pull together the strong narrative line.

PLAYBOY: It has been some time since you played a leading role. Has the fact that *Scobie* wasn't a success had anything to do with you not playing leads until *The Journalist*?

THOMPSON: No. With *Scobie* I wanted to involve myself with a great craftsman in the industry, Casey Robinson, and Casey presented the most narratively comprehensible script I'd seen. I think we needed more time to make the film honor the script. We needed more money and money buys time. You can't win every time. *Scobie Malone* was an interesting experience for me. I don't think I failed as a performer. You can look at every film and say I would have done this, I would not have done that. *Scobie Malone* was not a strong film, but it had strong moments.

PLAYBOY: Why did the public stay away?

THOMPSON: It just didn't appear slick enough.

PLAYBOY: You played a part in *Caddie,* which was a great success, and then you went on to *Mad Dog Morgan,* which was a very interesting film but a box office failure.

THOMPSON: It was a box office failure in this country for the same reasons audiences responded in a half-hearted way to *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith.* I think *Mad Dog* revealed something about ourselves historically

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that we are not actually prepared to admit in the same way *Jimmie Blacksmith* did. *Blacksmith* has been criticised as a violent film.

But we slaughtered the Aborigines in this country in an unmerciful way. Most of the deaths of Aborigines were started by women in our society who fed them flour laced with arsenic. You pushed them into the bloody gullies in the mornings. Those are the facts. We are not prepared to watch a movie in which a lone Aborigine is treated indifferently and turns around and slaughters a few people.

PLAYBOY: It shows a brutalising of the white population?

THOMPSON: Indeed. We are a white slave society. The emancipationists refused to allow black slaves to be used in British penal colonies, so what we got was white slavery. The first 180,000 acres of this country were cleared and ploughed by men in chains. They were taken out of the barn in the morning, harnessed up in teams of eight or nine, with a man standing over them with a stockwhip.

If we were to present accurately on the screen the monstrosity of the beginnings of this society, even the most liberal mind would refuse to accept it. And to present something as outrageous as *Mad Dog* or as conservative as *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* is still totally unacceptable to filmgoers.

PLAYBOY: The title role of the bushranger Mad Dog Morgan was played by Dennis Hopper. Wasn't there quite a bit of controversy about an American playing the role?

THOMPSON: I think the controversy was ill-founded. Mad Dog Morgan was a man of the 1840s. There were no Australians – we were all immigrants – and it was legitimate that anyone from anywhere play that part. Hopper was well able as an actor to present a man of Irish origin. He is, by his own description, a Bible-belt communist, a wonderful phrase if you analyse it: full of protestation, with a sense of social realism, a religious belief in professing the truth. And I think that he was well cast in the part. Danny Morgan was that sort of person. He felt he was out there saying something. At that stage in the development of this country the majority of prisoners were, in fact, political prisoners. It was a Protestant penal colony by charter, and there were a lot of Roman Catholic prisoners. It's not by mistake that the names of our bushranger heroes are Hall, Kelly, Morgan – you can almost sense the Irish accent in every name. These were the rebels of the time, and I think it was with remarkable acuity that the director of the film chose probably the greatest rebel in film in our day to play that part. When Dennis first came here we talked and became friendly. I said: "You've been brought in to play Mad Dog Morgan – you can do what you like, but don't you dare betray him." And I don't think he did.

PLAYBOY: How was Dennis, the friend? I believe he was frequently very much the rebel.

THOMPSON: Dennis was regarded with a great deal of suspicion. He is an eccentric, and I still maintain that Australia does not welcome the eccentric. It will worship the madman – it will even elect him to power.

PLAYBOY: By eccentric you mean somebody a little outside the norm?

THOMPSON: Dennis is outside the norm. All the time he was here the rumors grew around him.

PLAYBOY: What rumors were these?

THOMPSON: That he was a madman. That he had a destructive attitude to life and to people around him. He was, after all, involved in a film – and once before he was involved in the making of a film that actually changed the face of Hollywood.

"I maintain Australia does not welcome the eccentric. It will worship the madman – it will even elect him to power."

PLAYBOY: That was *Easy Rider*?

THOMPSON: Hollywood may never forgive him for creating a film as producer, director and performer that was an enormous box office success around the world. If we, in this country, were prepared to recognise him as a madman, it says something about our ability to dismiss him as a film-maker. If we ever make a film of the standard and with the social statement of *Easy Rider* we will do what we have set out to do – crack the lucrative international movie market.

PLAYBOY: I remember an evening when Hopper stayed awake and drank rum all night to achieve the right tiredness and worn out appearance for his role the next day. Did you see much of this side of Hopper?

THOMPSON: Hopper was devoted to the pain of the character, devoted to the character being "wasted" by his experience – the pursuit by society and his lone, desperate position. He encouraged people to think of him as mad, outrageous and beyond redemption. I think it was the closest thing we have ever had in this country to a portrayal of the bushranger as he actually was.

PLAYBOY: Do you like bushrangers?

THOMPSON: I don't think we honor what the bushrangers were. I don't mean they were the Robin Hoods of the time, robbing from the rich and giving to the poor, but remember the historic context in which they lived. It's a penal settlement, a slave labor settlement. The majority of bushrangers chose a life outside that world, running free in the bush. As such they were a thorn in the side of the administration. People like Ben Hall set up little farms out in what was a sort of frontier settlement. But instead of being rewarded in the sense that the frontiersmen were in America during the same time, they were seen as being opposed to the Establishment, and eventually hunted.

PLAYBOY: You've chosen to live in the bush. How did that come about?

THOMPSON: Quite simply – it's a natural love of the bush.

PLAYBOY: Tell me about your place in the Dorrigo Ranges. Was it pretty primitive when you went there?

THOMPSON: It's still relatively primitive. I suppose that has to do with my lifestyle and sense of security.

PLAYBOY: What, of owning your own bit of dirt?

THOMPSON: Not simply owning a piece of dirt. I knew that when I had that place I'd have everything I'd ever need. I had a roof over my head. I had an environment in which I could, if I was prepared to, supply my own food and most of my requirements. And that, fundamentally, is my form of security.

PLAYBOY: It may be security, but it isn't luxurious. No electricity, an old wood stove, bathing in a cold creek. Why?

THOMPSON: They're secure to me. No electricity means no electricity bill. The fuel stove means that if I want fuel to cook my food, I am solely responsible. I am not dependent on you, or anyone else. Bathing in the cold creek is because I haven't yet arranged a hot water system. I will eventually.

PLAYBOY: But you've been there five or six years. Most people would put in a hot water system the first week.

THOMPSON: As a priority? Yes, I understand. They are not my priorities. I have the fundamentals – fresh water, clear water, fresh food and a roof that stops the rain getting on my head, good company – and I have never been without good company.

PLAYBOY: Have you made the place self-supporting?

THOMPSON: It's not entirely self-supporting because I've been unable to spend as much time there as I should have. I run 30-odd head of cattle, I planted a whole lot of macadamia trees and if they don't get eaten by stray

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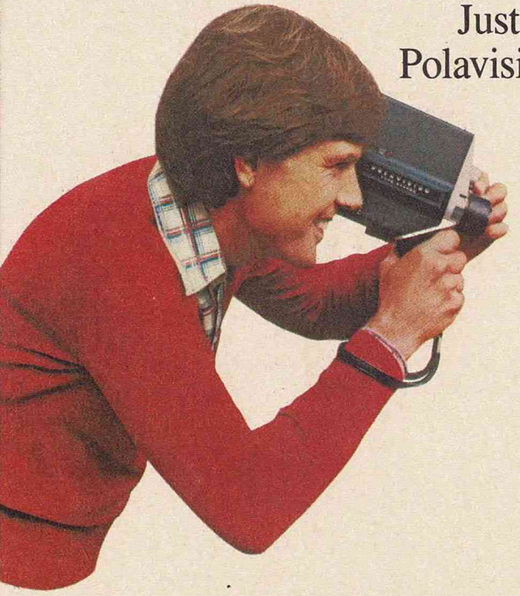

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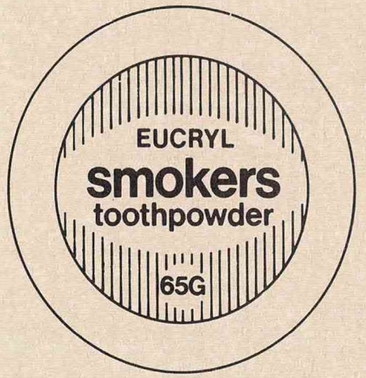

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cattle or destroyed by drought, they should develop. I have the meat I need. I have the vegetables I need . . . I have everything I need.

PLAYBOY: I notice you grind your own wheat. Are you a health freak?

THOMPSON: In a curious way it's involved with the background we've already discussed. At school at Narrabeen we used to grind our own wheat for the porridge, bread and cakes we ate at school.

PLAYBOY: And also, it is damned good exercise.

THOMPSON: It doesn't hurt. When I went to the farm we used to cut all our wood with a crosscut saw. It was no problem for me. I was finally talked into buying a chain saw. The only difference between the chain saw and the crosscut saw is time.

It's an environment in which you have time. Two days spent cutting firewood makes no difference to half an hour cutting firewood. And if it's a warm day and the sun is shining I'll quite happily put the saw aside and we'll all go down to the waterfall and spend the day. If it's a beautiful day, you take some time off from work to appreciate that day.

PLAYBOY: Are you considered eccentric in some circles — business circles — when you conduct business while living in such a remote area without a telephone?

THOMPSON: Yes, I am considered slightly eccentric, but fortunately even Australians are prepared to accept that artistic people might be slightly eccentric. They say: "An actor? Well, he might be a little eccentric, so we'll allow for that." I'm allowed a certain amount of that within my community. People don't expect me to be out there doing what a lot of farmers are trying to do, which is to make enough money to provide not only for their families but to improve their position in life.

PLAYBOY: It's not just a hobby?

THOMPSON: It is a way of life.

PLAYBOY: You live on the farm with two sisters in what has been a widely publicised lifestyle. What has been the reaction?

THOMPSON: Largely it's been accepted. I suppose it has to do with the fact that I am an actor involved in a nonconservative area of employment.

PLAYBOY: They expect the eccentricity we just spoke about?

THOMPSON: Yes. My neighbors at the farm have accepted that my relationship is eccentric in their terms. But it doesn't take them long to understand that I am not a city mug running a continual orgy. They respect the fact that I want to run my life in a particular way. They know I am a person who doesn't get into town and get stuck into their sons or daughters and try to convert them to my way of life. I get on with what I am doing and I involve myself at the communal level in what they are doing, and they respect that.

PLAYBOY: Did all the publicity affect you in your business?

THOMPSON: Not very much. But it is still unacceptable to some people that if I have to go to Melbourne, instead of just taking my wife, I take my wives. Instead of shooting on location and requiring accommodation for two, it is required for three.

PLAYBOY: What do the hotel or motel keepers do?

THOMPSON: My favorite story is being booked into a hotel which rang the producer and said: "Look, there's a bit of a problem here — Mr Thompson is booked into a room with two Misses King. We don't know how to resolve this." The producer replied: "I hope you haven't said anything to Mr Thompson." And the manager said: "No, no, no, we thought we would check with you first." The producer said: "Oh, thank God for that. Mr Thompson is a Moslem."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever used that line since?

THOMPSON: No, I've never needed to. But when we left that hotel the people at the reception desk said: "Good morning Mr Thompson, Mrs Thompson, Mrs Thompson."

PLAYBOY: There is, in this country oddly enough, a great amount of tolerance in hotels compared with America or even England.

THOMPSON: Oh, without a doubt. America is probably the most puritan society I have ever been in. If you were there with your wife you would hardly admit that, at the same time, you were there with your mistress. And since I live with both of them, they would find it very hard to deal with.

PLAYBOY: You have been to America with both ladies?

THOMPSON: Yes, and at hotels it has always been very difficult.

PLAYBOY: Have you booked two rooms?

THOMPSON: I have always booked two rooms. That's more or less the nature of our relationship. It's essentially a monogamous relationship. Neither of the girls is homosexually involved, so neither finds it terribly much fun being in the same bed with her sister and the same man.

PLAYBOY: You don't book two rooms for the sake of being nice to the hotel booking clerk?

THOMPSON: No, certainly not. If the three of us enjoyed the same bedroom, then it would be one room. The fact that we don't enjoy the same bedroom means that we book two rooms.

PLAYBOY: Most people will wonder not only how you go about it, but how you

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manage to control the expected enormous jealousy between two women.

THOMPSON: The jealousy between those two sisters is nowhere near the jealousy between my fellow men and myself. The men are either jealous of the relationship in the sense that they are moralists and regard it as intolerable – no one can have more than one woman – or they are jealous of the fantasy that all men indulge in. We all fantasise about having more than one woman. I am thrust into the position of being the defender of my moral situation more often than most men. Sooner or later you are going to find your relationship with a woman threatened by the fact that another man finds her attractive. But if there were two women you would find it far more threatening because the man will accept one of them as being your mate, but he thinks the other will be available. So the threat to a relationship with two women is almost constant. There are also those who see the situation as enviable and, therefore, do their best to disrupt it.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet Lee and Bunkie together?

THOMPSON: No. I had actually met them separately by chance. At that stage I did not connect with them. I met Lee, the elder, and I formed a very loving relationship with her. Then I met Bunkie, and although neither of us set out to do it, we began to find an equally strong, loving relationship. It was a situation in which, for the first time in my life, I decided not to say it is either you or her, not to pretend to either one of them that the other didn't exist. I simply said: "Look, this is the situation in which I find myself, what can we do?" The decision among the three of us was to maintain a relationship for as long as we could. None of us wanted out. I loved Lee, I loved Bunkie, and both of them were in love with me. It was a situation that none of us wanted to end. So we maintained it.

PLAYBOY: Was there any agonising?

THOMPSON: I think we were as adult as we could be, but it was not without agonising. Coming to terms with that sort of thing presents a considerable amount of agonising. It requires an enormous amount of tolerance, and a quality which, to me, is the heart of the entire relationship. It is love which is gentle, love which is embracing, love which is cared for and cares for. Without that, the relationship will inevitably fall apart.

PLAYBOY: Love comes in various degrees, depending on various conditions of the human heart and mind. There must be difficulties for you. A swamping of love for, say, Lee must mean that at that moment Bunkie is not being so swamped.

THOMPSON: I don't think it is difficult. I've attempted – the three of us have attempted – to come to terms with that. Any man who is in love with a woman will have to justify his love at some time. If it is not for another woman it is for another cause or another attitude, such as "why are you spending six weeks away from me?"

PLAYBOY: Yes, but that is hardly answering what I'm saying. You give one person you love so many lollies, so to speak, and you must give the other so many.

THOMPSON: No, no, no. I said from the word go: "You must understand that I regard love as qualitative not quantitative. I do not have a bucket and a half of love of which one will receive three quarters and the other will receive three quarters. I am capable of loving one as I am of loving the other, or loving my father, or loving my mother, or loving an idea. I believe this is as honest as I can be about love." I do love them, and that is accidental, not a result of opportunism or design.

PLAYBOY: It is not the fulfilment of a fantasy?

THOMPSON: No. If I fantasised it would have been about a single person. I have always been fairly practical, and I would have said the silliest thing you

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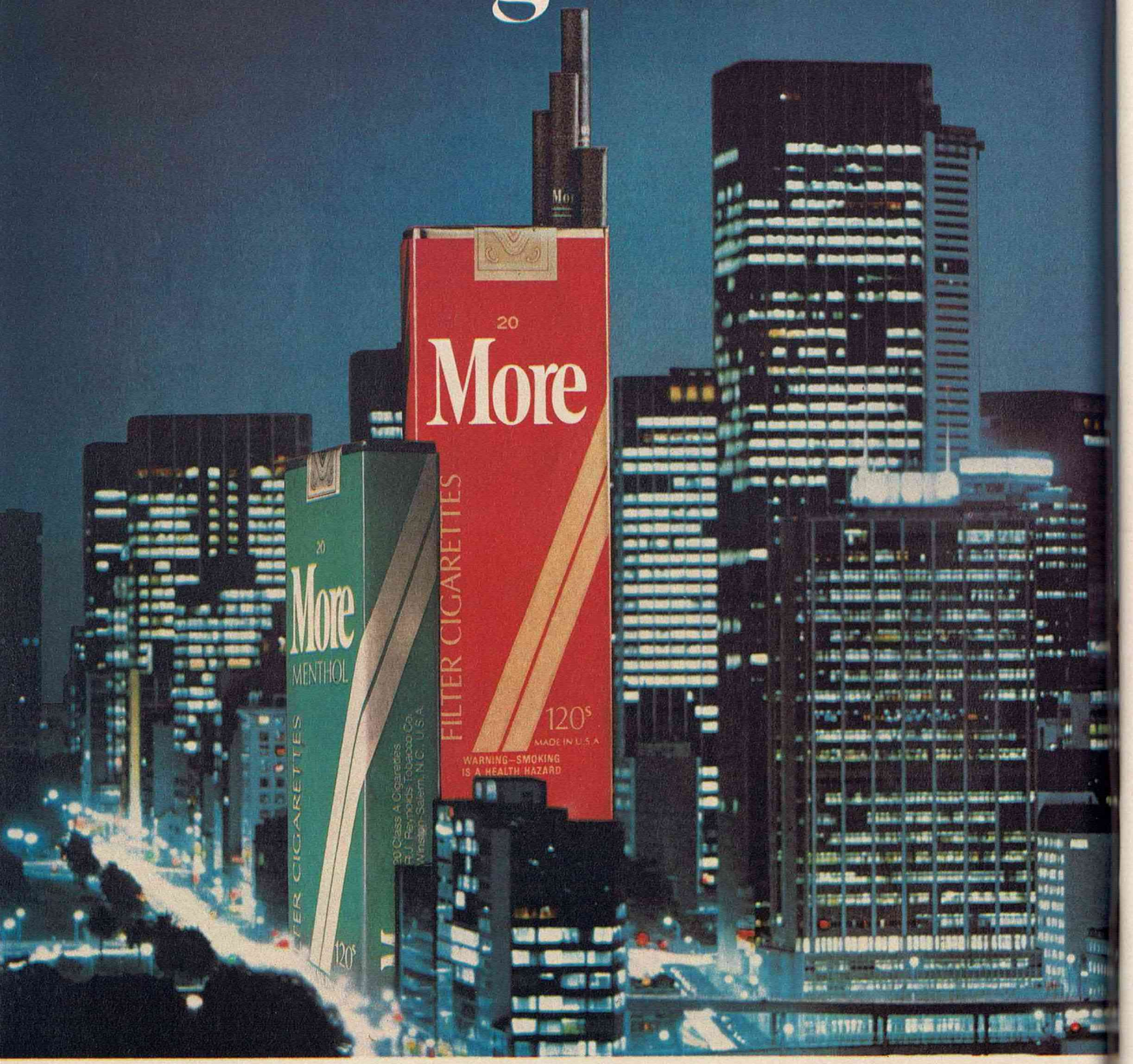

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could possibly do was to involve yourself with two people in the same way because you couldn't resolve it.

PLAYBOY: On the purely physical side. Some guys, particularly as they get older, find difficulty in looking after one woman. Do you have, or foresee, any problems in this area?

THOMPSON: No, I don't. There is no great problem on the physical side; I think the problem is much more at a sociological and intellectual level. As I get older, one of the two women will possibly decide she wants to know what a monogamous relationship is.

PLAYBOY: What you are saying is that one of them might drift away?

THOMPSON: Oh, they both may. I don't regard the relationship as being eternal. I regard it as being fulfilling as it stands. But it may not go on for ever.

PLAYBOY: That's a fairly startling thing to say at this stage of the relationship.

THOMPSON: Well, it would seem so after 10 years. But the 10 years of the relationship have not been without threat, and that threat informs me that it may not go on forever.

PLAYBOY: What sort of threat could end the relationship?

THOMPSON: When it began I made it clear that, as far as I was concerned, it would be for ever. It has been, and is, a wonderful, enriching, loving experience. It will end when one of the girls – not me – decides to leave. I am not a sexual animal. I've had only four meaningful relationships in my life.

PLAYBOY: I believe you were married before you met Lee and Bunkie.

THOMPSON: I was married in 1963. Bev and I were married for six years and then we separated. We have a son. Bev and I have seen each other since then in what remains a decidedly friendly relationship. She's built her own little summer house on the farm.

PLAYBOY: What went wrong?

THOMPSON: I suppose there came a time when we looked at each other and said: "I don't think we can work it out at this moment. I think we have to go somewhere else, do other things."

PLAYBOY: For what reasons?

THOMPSON: I suppose we had a communication breakdown over a period of time. There didn't seem to be anywhere for us to go but away from each other. We had discussed it over a period of about 18 months.

PLAYBOY: Were you still married to Bev when you set up house with Lee and Bunkie?

THOMPSON: I am not divorced. I am separated.

PLAYBOY: What is the relationship between your wife, Lee and Bunkie?

THOMPSON: While we were living at the farm, Bev and our son, Patrick, came and stayed with Bev's boyfriend. It was not a three-woman situation. I think all of us enjoyed it. There wasn't much friction. There has been friction among them, but there is bound to be in any sort of situation.

PLAYBOY: Are Lee and Bunkie close as sisters?

THOMPSON: Yes, but they are not the closest of sisters. They are separated in their family by a brother. They are two very, very different people, and both have very different ideas about life.

PLAYBOY: How did their family react?

THOMPSON: Their mother behaved in a very intelligent fashion. She asked me, with all her love and affection, to look after her daughters. Their mother and father are separated. I have spoken to their father on a number of occasions, and he has always treated me with affection and civility.

The girls felt a certain amount of embarrassment when the situation became public. One effect was to erode the relationship because it was persistently viewed in a public way; but, on the other hand, it has tended to hold us together. The girls felt: "Well, damn it, to hell with it – we'll stick together. We won't let the attention get in our way." But being associated with a public figure is corrosive.

"I don't think I have the right to present myself as some sort of person worthy of making a political statement."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever discussed having children?

THOMPSON: We have had that discussion several times. I am sure the three of us want children. I would very much like to adopt children, but that is not likely under the present circumstances because the relationship is regarded as an unsuitable environment in which to bring up a child. I don't really believe that is true. I think we would be as capable as any other parents of providing comfort, love, education and socialisation. But I am certain that if either of them wanted children they would have them. Ultimately, as always, it is the woman's decision.

PLAYBOY: As a popular figure, have you ever been approached or have you ever used yourself politically?

THOMPSON: I have been approached. Not long after my return from the US, I was asked to do ads for a political party. And I had to sort out my position in terms of what I regard as the didactic. I think the public accepts a popular figure saying "B brand toilet paper is the best thing to wipe your bum with". They feel it doesn't matter all that much *what* you wipe your bum with, but B brand is probably as good as anything else and if old Jacko is in there, well, you can understand he's saying it because he gets a quid for it. But right or wrong, the popular belief is that a statement about politics or religion comes from your heart, and what you are doing is advocating, from your position of influence, that the rest of the people should accept your credibility and follow you.

PLAYBOY: Which political party asked for your services?

THOMPSON: Oh, here we go. It was the Labor Party. I said no because I would have had to recommend voting for that party. I found it highly suspect that anyone would capitalise on the sort of popularity they had achieved in areas which had nothing to do with politics.

PLAYBOY: You were widely quoted as praising Fraser's last, rather drastic, Budget. This, I am sure, wouldn't have endeared you to some of your friends.

THOMPSON: When it comes to the support of the film industry, that praise is accurate. Whether by purpose or by default, the current government has managed to leave very few taxation perks, and the only one worth mentioning is money invested in films. As a film-maker I am bound to support that argument. That doesn't necessarily mean I support the entire administration. I certainly didn't agree with their arrogant, opportunist manipulation of the parliamentary system.

PLAYBOY: They are strong words. To what specific issue are you referring?

THOMPSON: The coup that occurred on November 11, 1975. Whether arrogance is a property one admires in politicians is another matter, but I don't think even a politician of whatever persuasion would argue with the fact that it's arrogant to get in there and say: "Right. We've got you. We've got the rules on our side and we're going to make you bend." And opportunist? It certainly was. They spotted a hole in the wall and they jumped in. Manipulated? I don't think anyone doubts that it was. I felt strongly about what happened in November, 1975, but I regard myself as a public figure, and if I attached my opinion to the popular protest I would be suggesting I have political weight. I don't have political weight. I never have. And though I may feel things should have gone otherwise politically, I don't think I have the right to present myself as some sort of a person worthy of making a political statement.

Comment ça va? Ça va bien.

ça va

FHF1256

THE UNFAIR ADVANTAGE IN SPORTS AND LEISUREWEAR

RATTLE BANG

it wasn't a bed where you slept like the dead, but a real brass antique with knobs on

fiction By MORRIS LURIE

THERE were 30 women lying on the floor in Lois Axelrod's living room when the front door chimes sounded that fateful morning – 30 suburban women of all shapes and sizes and varying degrees of attractiveness, and all wearing – except for Honey McManus, who was in jeans and a skivvy, and Helge Peterson, who today was in just bra and pants – black leotards.

Dee *doh!*

"Oh bother!" Lois Axelrod said, skipping annoyed to her feet. "Don't move, anyone!"

Don't move?

The 30 women on Lois Axelrod's floor were doing that exercise known as The Bicycle: hands tucked firmly into your hips, legs straight up into the air, then get into the action: bend them slowly, rotate, clockwise

first. Lois Axelrod opened the front door a careful inch and peeped out into the bright sunshine, where two men were standing expectantly.

"Mrs Axelrod?"

"Yes?"

She blinked. She couldn't see. There was something flashing.

"I've brought your bed!"

Lois Axelrod opened the door a further inch, still blinking. What was that flashing?

"My bed?"

And then she saw it.

"Rappaport," he said, smiling hugely under his moustache. "Joe."

All gleaming knobs and sparkling stars, and in the front the figure of a bare-breasted woman with hair streaming back riding in a chariot drawn by four golden lions.

Flashing in the sun.

"Oh," Lois Axelrod said.

She frowned. She smiled. She didn't know what was happening.

Lois Axelrod realised suddenly that she was standing in the sun in her leotards, which had a run in a most unfortunate place.

She clapped a hand there.

One end of the bed fell to the ground with the most tremendous clang.

"Shit!" said a voice.

"Oh," said Rappaport quickly. "This is Albert, my – um – assistant."

Albert was a hairy young man wearing a pair of loose denim overalls and nothing else.

Lois Axelrod blinked some more.

"How do you do . . ." she said.

Rappaport looked at his watch. "Whoops, I've left the shop completely open," he said, suddenly brisk, seizing one end of the bed. The chariot flashed in the sun. Each knob gleamed and glowed. "You got it, Al? Which way's the bedroom, Mrs A?"

"Well, it's just through here," Lois Axelrod said. "But –"

Over her shoulder Lois Axelrod saw, for one flustered second, the 30 women lying on the floor, frozen like statues with legs aloft.

"My yoga class . . ."

The bed began to move forward.

"But Mr Rappaport," Lois Axelrod said. "I was only looking . . . I mean . . . I haven't completely decided . . ."

But Rappaport didn't stop.

"I know," he said, smiling and serious at the same time, red-faced with strain under the weight of the bed, the words leaking from his mouth as the bed came steadily in, "I understand . . . I *know* this is not a bed you can just leap into . . . this is a bed you have to *experience* in your own home . . . that's why I've brought it, Mrs A . . . so you can . . . and don't worry about money, we can arrange all that . . . the important thing is to . . . hmmm . . . what a lovely room . . . exquisite taste . . . whoops, pardon me, ladies . . . coming through . . ."

Rappaport moved on through the legs-aloft yoga ladies as if this was something he did every day of his life.

They were almost at the bedroom.

"But what about my bed?" Lois Axelrod said.

Over his shoulder, Rappaport said: "We'll fling it in the garage for you, no sweat. Easy there, Al. Mind the door." All over the floor the 30 women were beginning to collapse.

Lois didn't know what to do.

"But my husband –" she said.

They were in the bedroom. Rappaport, with a grunt, put down his end of the gleaming bed. He turned to Lois Axelrod. He smiled. In fact, he laughed.

"What a nice surprise for him, Mrs A," he said. "When he gets home."

He looked quickly at his watch again. And then, leaning close to Lois Axelrod, he winked.

•

So here was Lois Axelrod, 34 years old, an attractive woman, in a quiet way, sitting at the table in her kitchen, waiting for her husband to come home. He was late. He was always late. He was building an apartment block. Before that it was a supermarket. Next there would be a car park. Brian Axelrod worked very hard.

The children had been fed. They were watching TV.

Lois sat quietly at the kitchen table, smoking a menthol cigarette and leafing through a magazine. Every half-minute her eyes flicked up to the clock on the wall.

It was after eight when she heard his car coming up the drive. She heard the scratch of his key in the front door lock. His footsteps on the carpet in the hall. The bedroom. She looked at her magazine. Silence. And then his voice.

"What the hell is *that*?"

Lois Axelrod looked up slowly, smiling her sweetest smile.

"Do you like it?" she said.

Brian Axelrod stood in the kitchen doorway. Lois saw that his knuckles were white clutching his briefcase.

"Where's my bed?" he shouted.

"Ssh," Lois said. "The children."

"Bugger the children! Where's my bed?"

"*Our* bed," Lois said.

He slammed his briefcase on the table. His eyes were hard with anger.

Lois sighed, controlling herself. "It's all right," she said. "It's in the garage."

"The garage!" Brian shouted. "Oh, terrific! I come home, I've had the most beautiful day in the history of the world. I didn't even have *lunch!* And where's my bed? In the garage!" With that, he tore off his jacket, threw it furiously behind him, and then stood, pointing accusingly in the direction of the bedroom.

"And what, may I ask, is *that*?"

Lois spoke carefully, fighting to remain calm. "It's an early Victorian brass bed," she said. "It's an antique."

"So's your mother," Brian snapped. "That doesn't mean I want her in my bedroom. Jesus Christ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Lois said. "Sit down." She went to the oven, took out their food, plonked it down on the table. Brian began to eat at once, wolfing his food. Lois sat down opposite him. She lit another cigarette. "I thought you'd be pleased," she said. "You're always telling me we should do something new –"

"New?" Brian shouted. "That?"

Lois sat and watched her husband eat. "Well, I think it's beautiful," she said at last. "Honestly, Brian, you haven't even looked at it."

"Looked at it?" Brian shouted. "The damn thing just about took my leg off! You can't move in there!"

"But if we put the wardrobe . . ."

"I'm not moving any furniture!" He bent over his food again. And then suddenly he glared up at Lois.

"And how much did you pay for the little treasure?" he said. "And don't give me all that rubbish about you did it with your own money."

The question caught her off balance. "Well, I haven't actually agreed on a price yet . . ." she began.

"What?" Brian said. "You mean you've got that pile of junk in the bedroom – on spec?" He had her. There was no stopping him now.

"Okay," he said. "Okay. First thing tomorrow morning you phone them up, whoever they are – I don't even want to know – and you tell them to get that thing out of here. And while they're at it, they can put my bed back. Exactly where it was. Right?"

Lois opened her mouth to speak, but with Brian glaring at her, triumphant, there was nothing she could say.

•

Honey McManus did it in a motel once a week with an architect she had met at a dinner party. Helge Peterson did it four times a year with an engineer friend when her husband flew to see his mother in another State. Lois Axelrod knew a lot of women who did it, regularly and occasionally, but she never did. Not even once, in the 10 years of her married life.

She did it with Brian, once a week. Which wasn't very exciting. But yoga helped. She spent a lot of time doing yoga. Anyhow, marriages were not meant to be exciting, were they?

Lois Axelrod studied her face in her dressing table mirror. She was naked. Behind her, the brass bed glowed like a secret. Lois applied perfume liberally to the lobes of her ears, the hollow of her throat, the softness beneath her breasts.

And then lower.

She touched her nipples with lipstick, a fiery red. She stood up. From a bottom drawer she took out the short black negligee she had worn in the first year of her marriage, and never tried on since.

Brian was in the kitchen, the table overflowing with invoices, statements, cheque books, the newspaper open at the stock exchange page.

"Brian . . . it's late . . ." Lois said.

He didn't look up. "I'm busy."

She stood behind him, close. She ran her fingers through his hair.

"Do it tomorrow," she said. "Come to bed."

Brian shook his head free, still not looking up.

"Yeah," he said, annoyed. "When I've finished."

Lois walked slowly to the doorway. Her voice was low and husky.

"I'll wait for you . . ." she said.

"Yeah," Brian growled.

Lois was reading a magazine when Brian finally came in. Pretending to read it, that is. She watched him over the top of it as he undressed. His mood, she saw, hadn't changed. Turning to take off his trousers, he bumped into the bed. The bed rattled with gusto. "Jesus, listen," Brian muttered. "It's a bloody death trap." He got into bed. The bed rattled even more.

"Jesus," he said. "Listen, you gonna have that light on all night or what?"

Lois reached over and turned it off.

"God, I'm tired," Brian said. "Waited half the day for the bloody plumber to turn up, the bastard didn't even . . . what are you doing?"

"Ssh . . ." Lois whispered.

"Look, I'm not in the mood." He sniffed loudly. "Have you got perfume on or something? Smells like a . . ."

Lois was a moving shape under the blankets.

"Hey!" Brian said.

She was on top of him.

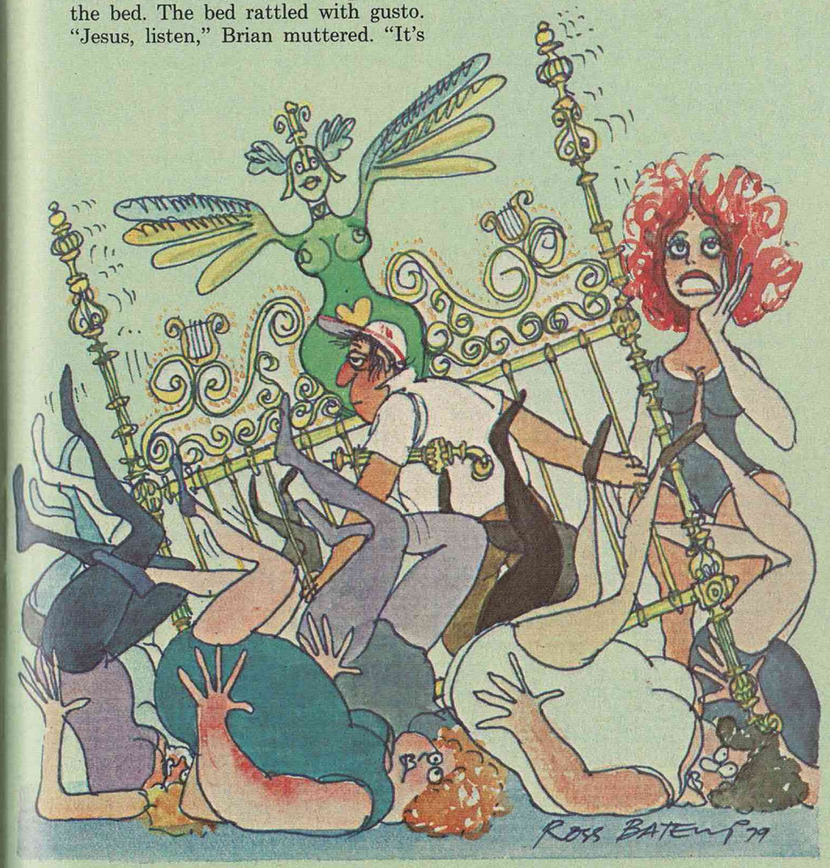
"Hello," she said.

"Aw, come on," Brian said, "I told you I'm not –" The bed rattled grandly. "Jesus, this bed, you'll wake the kids!"

Lois, in the saddle, bouncing, threw back the blankets and lifted up her arms. Her hair spun like a tempest. The sound of the rattling bed was gigantic.

"Jesus," Brian said. "I thought you didn't like it like this . . . Lois! Lois!"

He reached up to pull her down, but she wouldn't let him, locked firmly in her rhythm of bouncing, her breasts dancing high above him, her hair like a tree in a storm, a rodeo rider breaking the wildest horse, oblivious to the



rattling, crying out in orgasm, and Brian crying out too, the ends of the bed leaning crazily over, and then suddenly collapsing, crashing down, a ringing tumult of clanging metal, brazen brass, louder than Beethoven, louder than the Rolling Stones, louder than Napoleon at Waterloo.

"Lois!" Brian cried. "Lois . . ."

For a long minute the only sound was the dying echo of the ringing brass. That, and their exhausted breathing.

Then Brian spoke. His voice was the most tender whisper. "Was that nice for you too, darling?" he said.

•

When Lois heard the car coming up the drive the next afternoon, she was puzzled. It was only four o'clock.

"Brian?" she said. "Is something – why are you home so early?"

Brian bounded into the kitchen.

"Brought you something," he said. "Like it?"

From behind his back he presented with a flourish an ornate antique table lamp, a naked lady with arms aloft.

"Oh, Brian!" she cried. "It's lovely!"

Brian put the lamp down proudly on the kitchen table.

"Picked it up this afternoon," he said. "Little antique shop I came across." Standing behind Lois, close, both admiring the lamp, he cupped her breasts. "Sexy little thing, isn't it?" he said, tweaking her nipples. "I thought you'd like it." He kissed Lois on the neck. "Let's go to bed."

"But I haven't . . ." Lois said. "What about the kids?"

"Ah, come on," Brian said, kissing her neck again. "We'll close the door." He took her by the hand. "Come on."

In less than a minute, the bed was rattling again. They hadn't taken off their clothes. Brian was too urgent.

"You're beautiful," he whispered into Lois's ear.

"I paid for the bed this morning," Lois said.

"You're lovely . . ." Brian moaned.

"I saw the most gorgeous sideboard," Lois said.

"I love you . . ." Brian gasped.

"It was all carved," Lois said.

"Darling . . ."

The rattling of the bed reached a manic crescendo, a sound to drown out the rest of the world. The children, watching TV across the hall, didn't even look up.

•

When the front door chimes sounded a week later, the 30 women in black leotards were lying on the floor in Lois Axelrod's living room once again, though now there was a good deal less floor to lie on. The heavy carved sideboard (with the antique lamp on top) took up a fair slice, as did an art nouveau screen, and next to it a

Victorian cast-iron hatstand, to say nothing of the three large Edwardian ceramic pots, each on a pedestal, each with a huge sprouting fern.

"Oh dear!" Lois said, skipping to her feet. She had just opened the door when the telephone began to ring.

"God!" Lois cried.

At the door were four men in grey dustcoats. And behind them . . .

Lois, blinking and bewildered, was speechless. She ran to the telephone.

"Hiya darling!" Brian boomed. "It arrived yet?"

"Brian!" Lois cried.

"A little beauty, eh?" Brian chuckled. "Snapped it up at an auction. A real steal."

"What is it?" Lois said.

Brian chuckled again. "Fantastic, that's what it is," he said. "Bloody fantastic."

"But it's a mile high!" Lois cried. "We'll never get it into the house!"

"So where's the hassle?" Brian laughed. "We'll buy a new house."

•

It was 4.5m high (if you didn't count the carved wooden cherubs that adorned the top), and just over 8.5m in length, a glass-fronted bookcase of a size to swallow a library, an awesome piece of furniture, the wood black with age and polish and intricately inlaid with glistening patterns in mother-of-pearl, a production of overwhelming majesty. Yet in the house the Axelrods bought it appeared neither awesome nor overwhelming. It looked just right.

"Darling!" cried Brian. "Darling!"

In the palatial bedroom the brass bed boomed like Britain in the Blitz.

•

Lois bought books to fill the bookcase, books by the yard, books by the crate. It was filled in two weeks. Then came paintings for the walls, and tapestries, and mirrors. Brian found a 5.5m long French refectory table that suited the dining room just nicely. It came with 24 chairs. Then came lamps, desks and marble busts, grandfather clocks, Welsh dressers, Persian rugs.

Hand in hand, they went to every auction, every sale. If a mansion was being torn down somewhere, they were there. There wasn't an antique dealer in town who hadn't sold them at least a dozen things.

Gazebos! Spiral staircases! Entire walls of panelled mahogany and stained glass!

And each purchase celebrated in the same way, the bare-breasted woman with hair streaming back riding in a chariot drawn by four golden lions on the front of the gleaming brass bed in virtually ceaseless motion, rattling royally day and night.

Beneath an enormous painting of *The Rape of the Sabine Women,* the children watched TV. They sat glued to the screen, immovable. Brian and Lois were anything but.

"Darling . . ." gasped Brian.

The rattling bed shook the furniture in the crowded bedroom.

The wardrobes rattled. The mirrors rattled. The 24 Staffordshire dogs on the Regency bureau rang like a circus.

And still they bought, Brian scribbling cheque after cheque, the figures a blur before his maddened eyes, the pupils dancing with excitement.

•

The end came one morning at three o'clock – though they didn't know it was the end. No one ever does.

Brian was in the bathroom. Except for the trousers around his ankles, he looked exactly like Rodin's famous sculpture, *The Thinker,* which incidentally sat opposite him in the antiques-crowded space. Brian had been there for almost an hour. He was excited. He was trying to calm down. Then suddenly Lois was knocking on the door.

"Brian!" she shouted out. "It's London!"

Brian was out of the bathroom in three seconds, pulling up his trousers.

"Yes!"

"Mr Brian Axelrod?"

"Yes! Speaking!"

"Your call to Sotheby's of Bond Street – I'm putting you through now."

Lois, her eyes wide with excitement, crammed close.

"What's happening?" she said.

"Ssh!" Brian hissed. "Hello?"

There were some clicks, and then a silence, and all at once he was through.

"Good morning," said an unbelievably cultured voice. "Mr Axelrod? Beavis here. We will be beginning in just a moment."

Lois opened her mouth to speak but Brian shook his head violently, frowning severely.

"Item 42," said Mr Beavis. "One Sheraton writing table, mahogany, inset with onyx, fully authenticated and in perfect condition, a flawless piece, from the estate of the late Sir George Bailiwick . . ."

"I'm going to six," Brian whispered to Lois. "That's my top."

" . . . and here offered for sale under the terms of the trusteeship established," Mr Beavis, in London, continued. "This peerless piece, I need hardly add, is a collector's item of outstanding merit . . ."

"Well, maybe seven," Brian whispered. "I'll see."

"Seven?" Lois whispered back. "Are you sure?"

"Ssh!"

" . . . such as would grace the most discriminating home or collection," Mr Beavis continued. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, clearing his throat, "may I have your leave to commence the bidding at £4000? Do I hear – ?"

Brian Axelrod heard a bid of £4000 before he could open his mouth.

"Five!" he shouted.

"Five what?" Lois said.

"Jesus!" said Brian.

"Pardon?" said Mr Beavis.

"Six!" said another voice.

"Seven!" shouted Brian.

"Seven?" Lois whispered.

"Ssh!" Brian hissed. "*Please*!"

He looked up. His eyes popped. He couldn't believe it. Lois, in her excitement, was . . . fingering herself.

"Lois!" Brian said.

"The bid is against you, Mr Axelrod," Mr Beavis said. "At £8000."

"What?" Brian said, fighting to take his eyes off Lois, who was moaning now, and panting, far gone in her fingering, her head rolling, her mouth agape. "Jesus . . . £9000 . . ."

"Thank you, Mr Axelrod," said Mr Beavis. "Ah, £10,000 . . . £11,000 . . ."

Brian, the receiver tight to his ear, his eyes squeezed to slits, tried to ignore Lois's moaning and panting, concentrating, calculating, £11,000 . . . and then all of a sudden she was on the floor, tearing down his trousers –

"Lois!" Brian cried. "What are you doing? *God* –"

"Are you all done?" said Mr Beavis. "Are you all silent and finished at £11,000? For the first time . . . for the second . . ."

"Naaaaaaaahhh!" cried Brian, buckling in ecstacy.

The last thing Brian Axelrod heard, as the receiver fell from his ear, was that he had paid £12,000 for a desk.

•

The bankruptcy sale was held on a beautiful day, the sky like silk. The auctioneer's podium had been set up on the lawn. The crowd was huge.

Lois and Brian Axelrod stared down at the ground as beloved item after beloved item went under the hammer.

The paintings! The tapestries! The French refectory table!

It was all gone. Everything. The huge house was bare. Silence filled it like ice.

No, not quite everything.

The law of the land stipulates that even in bankruptcy, there is one item that must not be removed.

The children stared at the wall against which the TV had once stood.

Then, from the bedroom, came a doleful sound.

It was a thin sound, thin and plaintive. Slowly it filled the stricken house, a broken chariot limping from the battlefield, the wounded warriors rattling slowly away.

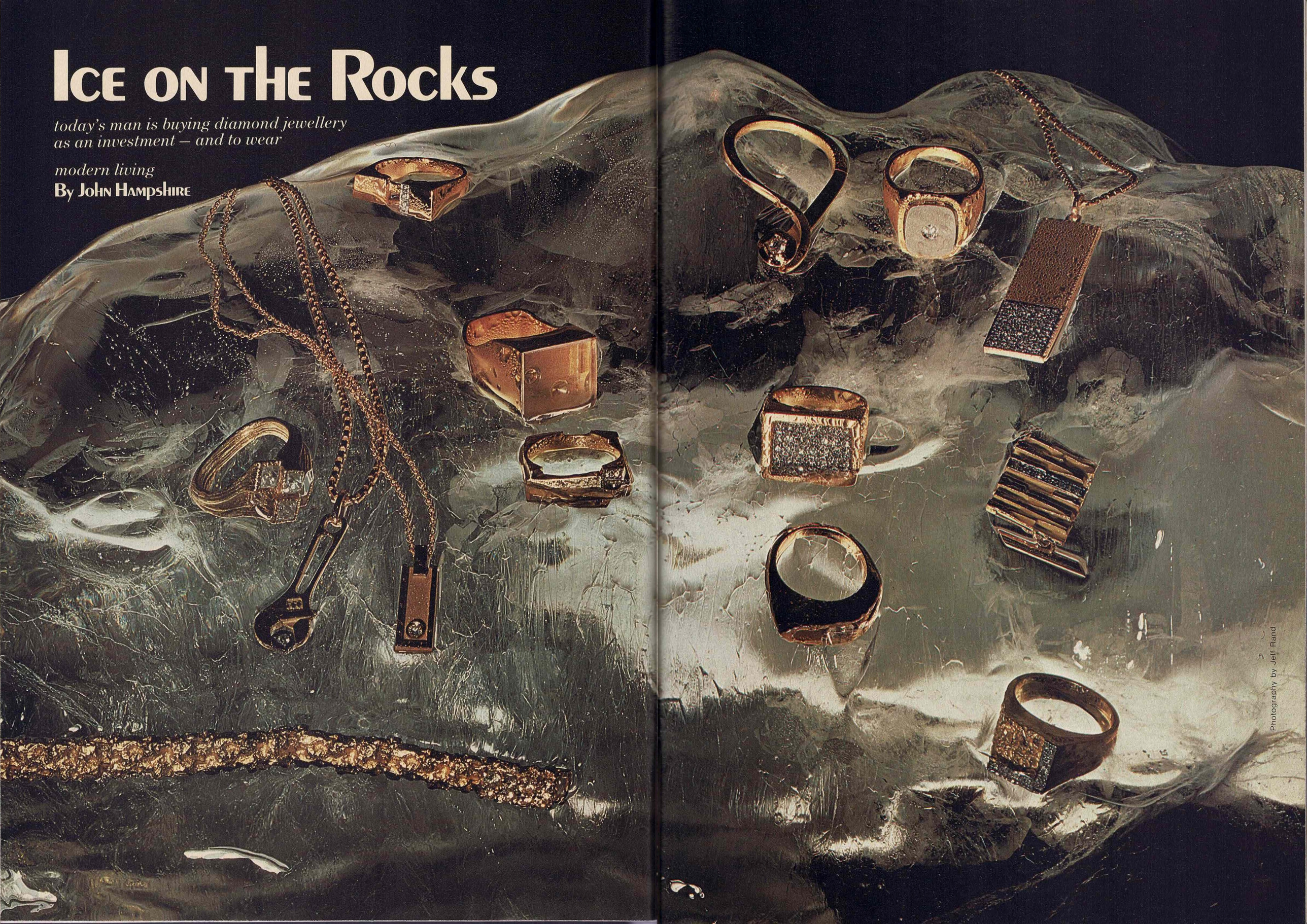
"Gosh, ma'am, when y'look out over this big land and think of the great country it's gonna be some day, it makes everything else seem kinda insignificant, don't it?"

Ice on the Rocks

today's man is buying diamond jewellery as an investment – and to wear

modern living

By John Hampshire



Photography by Jeff Rand

EMPERORS, presidents and lesser men through the ages have tried to melt the sexual ice and cut through a potential bedmate's defences with diamonds. History records some startling successes. These days, men still use diamonds – but now the alluring glitter is likely to be firmly attached to the man's hand.

Australian men, probably more than most, might like the idea of catching a discerning female eye with a piece of diamond jewellery, yet feel a little uneasy about appearing less than completely masculine. These fears are largely unfounded, but we're not alone in having them.

In response to a US survey, 74 percent of married men said they would be happy to wear diamond jewellery, while 62 percent of single men would express only an "interest" in owning it.

A few years ago it wasn't considered worth the bother to ask Australian men if they owned a piece of diamond jewellery. But in a recent questionnaire – surprise! – one in 12 claimed to have one.

It's a market with plenty of potential. In the US, where one in five men owns a piece of diamond jewellery, 12 percent of retail sales in one year were to men buying for themselves. Here, figures show diamonds have made the biggest impact among younger men: 60 percent of new purchases are made by men between 20 and 29 years of age.

Undoubtedly, an increasing awareness of the investment value of diamonds has helped make them more acceptable to men considering buying jewellery. There's no question that the right type of diamonds, up to now anyway, have proven very good investments. As an example, a one carat fine white stone bought, say, 18 months ago for $4000 to $4500, depending on clarity, might now cost you between $6500 and $7000.

The big rise in price is the most important reason people are now opting for the smaller half and three-quarter carat stones. If the diamond is to be a worthwhile investment, it must be of a good quality. If you can't afford $7000 for a one carat stone, you are better off buying a smaller stone than a one carat of lesser quality.

One diamond investment expert we asked went as far as to say she would advise a client with $50,000 to buy perhaps five stones. The smaller stones are also increasing in value very well, but if the client wants the biggest rock on the block he won't have any trouble getting it.

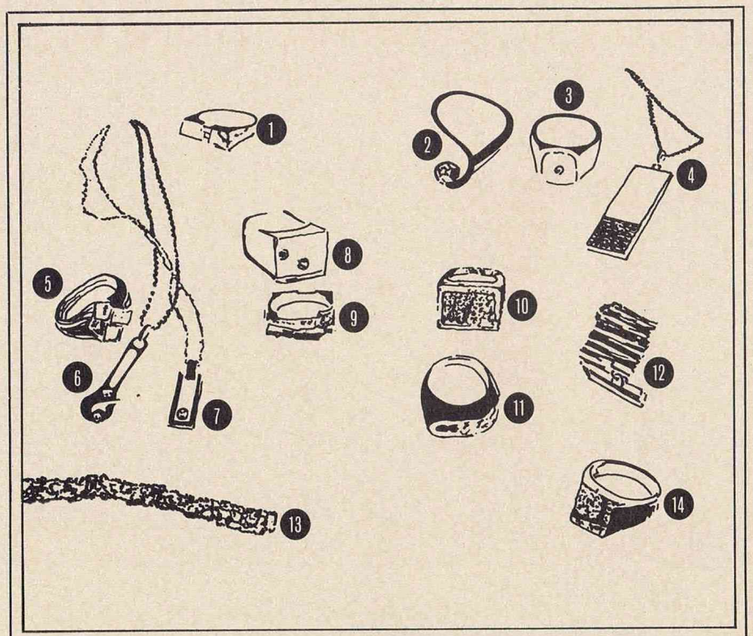
And he might buy that big stone because he wants to wear it. His decision will include an element of bravery, because an Australian man wearing diamonds was once placed firmly in the gay scene. Now we have designers producing macho designs such as a diamond gripped in the jaws of a gold shifting spanner, but can a man sporting a diamond be "macho"?

Here are some opposing views.

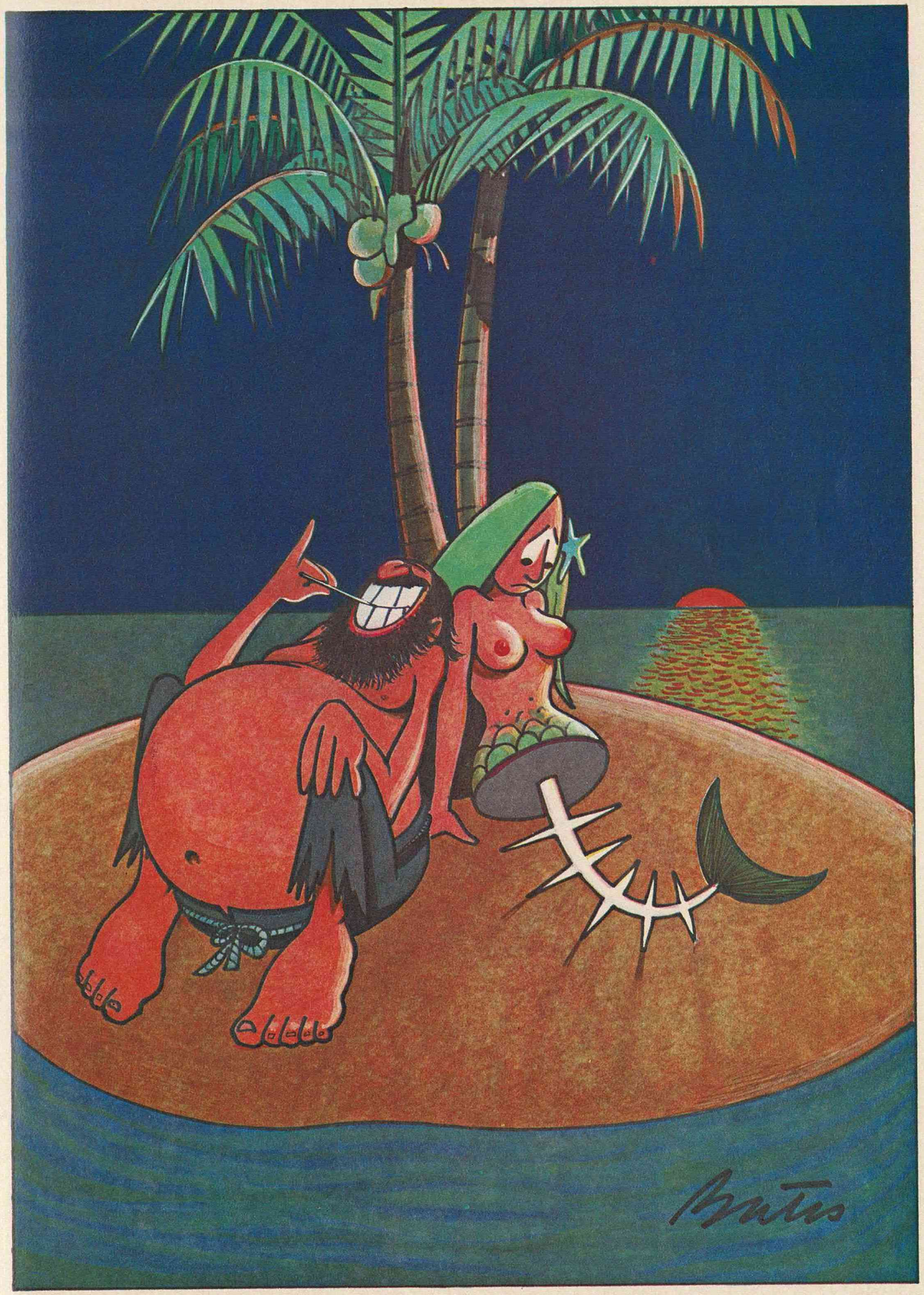
Dennis Lillee: "I can't picture myself wearing diamond jewellery. I like diamonds, I think they can look great, but I just feel they basically belong to women. I don't think there is anything strange about a man just because he wears diamonds. During my tours of England I noticed a lot of men wearing big gold rings with big diamonds, and good luck to them. I just don't think it's something that I would care to wear."

Belinda Green: "I'm afraid I don't like men to wear diamonds. It's understandable for a man to buy diamonds as an investment, but I don't think he should wear them. It's not that I think it looks feminine – I simply don't think diamonds are the most attractive type of jewellery for men. And if they're trying to look smart with a big, flashy stone – yuk! A small diamond in a ring may be okay, but I once went out with a man who wore a big diamond ring and I had to tell him it was ugly – too pretentious. I prefer something like a simple gold chain around the neck, and I'm definitely not into men wearing earrings or studs. It's a different story for gay guys; they have a different type of fashion co-ordination. They might look good with an ear stud."

Viv Richards: "Yes, I wear diamonds. I have a gold chain, shaped like a zip fastener, and it's set with a couple of small diamonds. People these days just want to look good. All the old distinctions are breaking down – you know what I mean, sometimes men look like women, women look like men. It doesn't matter if a person wants to look good by wearing diamonds."



1. *Gold and four diamond ring by Diamond Traders, $310*
2. *Gold single diamond key ring in shape of nail by Nicola Cerrone, $539*
3. *Yellow and white gold single diamond ring by Estrella, $530*
4. *Gold and diamond pendant by Ross Fraser of Anina, $1500*
5. *Gold ring with five rough diamonds by Kenneth Mansergh, $990*
6. *Yellow gold shifting spanner with single diamond encased in white gold nut by Diamond Traders, $170, chain, $115*
7. *Gold with single diamond pendant by Estrella, $130*
8. *Gold two diamond puzzle ring with crystal face by David Fowler of Diamond Traders, $990*
9. *Gold diamond-set ring by William Hicks of Michals, $600*
10. *Gold pave-set diamond ring by Ross Fraser, $950*
11. *Gold ring set with oval-cut diamond by William Hicks, $1600*
12. *Gold and seven diamond cufflinks by Nicola Cerrone, $736*
13. *Gold bracelet with diamond-set clasp by Kenneth Mansergh, $1720*
14. *Gold diamond-set ring by Nicola Cerrone, $841*



THE POEMS OF *Ronnie Biggs*

RONALD Arthur Biggs sat in his rented villa outside Rio de Janeiro, where he lives with his Brazilian-born son, Mikinho, and two black domestics, and cast one of those knowing looks of the gambler who pulled off the big one – despite seemingly insurmountable odds. The smile was more meaningful because this man got caught, and then stuck it up one of the world's most efficient law agencies by jumping the wall to freedom.

The Great Train Robber confessed: "They say best men are moulded out of faults, and for the most become much more the better for being a little bad. That about sums me up."

The greying criminal's choice of a quotation from *Measure for Measure* had a touch of the ridiculous about it. Here was a man who had lived by obliquity, deception and downright thuggery extolling a maxim of civilisation from the words of one of its greatest literary exponents. He must have sensed the surprise, maybe suspicion, for almost apologetically he said: "I've read quite a bit. I discovered Shakespeare when I was in jail."

Biggs' enforced resort to reading while in the "nick" has, ironically, proved to be of benefit now that he's living a life of still-fearful freedom. For he's writing, putting pen to paper to finally record his feelings.

Interest in poetry has been a Biggs family affair. His divorced wife, Charmian Brent, now with their two sons in Melbourne hopefully living down their association, has a poem mounted on the wall next to a color photograph of their other son, Nicholas, who was killed in a motor accident in January, 1971. Nicholas wrote the poem some months before he died:

Lonely was Ned Kelly,
Lonely am I
In a crowd of other people,
Lonely is a wife without a husband,
Lonely is a lost child
In the street.
Lonely is a parent without a child
. . . Nicky Brent

Poetry is not the only forte of this most unorthodox family. Biggs the punk rock star caused an uproar in Britain last year when he promoted his joint singing effort with the Sex Pistols by appearing in a film dressed as a Nazi officer. But the record was a hit and would have made him rich – if he'd got the money. The exchange control department of the Bank of England had other ideas. He still owed society 28 years. **– BILL BEMISTER**

Illustration by Mark Tremlett

ON ARREST AND REMAND

"Act smart," hissed Mr Butler, "while you've got the bleeding chance.
"A prison cell's a'waiting you, not the South of fucking France.
"Turn against yer mates lad, and I'll get you off with ten.
"Just write down their names for me; here's my fountain pen."
"Do you know what you can do?" I said, shitless grey and grim.
"You can go and write yer favorite fag," and I pushed it back to him.
"All right, I'm going to charge you with conspiracy to rob.
"I know the phrase is fancy, but then so was the job.
"You're going to get 20 years," his voice rose to a shout.
"You won't be fit for bugger all by the time they let you out."
Well charged I was and printed, my soul suffuse with pain.
I'd gone from rags to riches – and back to rags again.
Then swiftly off to Bedford nick, into the flowery dells.
Late night slumber silence – foul familiar smells.

ON PRISON LIFE

All too soon the shouts of the screws:
Unlock the ones. Unlock the twos.
Empty your pisspots and bang up your doors.
Unlock the threes. Unlock the fours.
Downstairs transfers for Dartmoor and Norwich.
Hold out your plate boy – here comes your porridge.

•

Clang, clang, clang! The prison bell – ask not for whom it's pealing.
Clang, clang, clang! The gates of hell have slammed on you for stealing.

•

All correct, sir! Three bags full!
The same old screws, with the same old bull.
The same old chief – still scratching his balls;
The same old wit on the whitewashed walls: McGuiness was here. Ten years' hard labor.
Do yer bird and love yer neighbor.
The same old Doc, and the brief inspection,
"Do you have vee dee, or any other infection?
"Just drop your pants lad, cough, say arrh –
"No sign of shingles? Crabs or catarrh?"

ON COURT

The Prosecutor's on his feet, a silk handkerchief peeks at his sleeve.
"May it please your Worship, and with the Court's good leave . . .
"Hold up the Testament and repeat after me:
"Rhubarb, rhubarb – in a rhubarb tree."
The Prosecutor's in his stride, the jury sits agape,
Exhibit Nine – the Knickers – of the victim of this rape.

•

The Defence is deeply dozing. They don't hear the buzzing flies.
They don't hear the copper's claptrap, or the Chief Inspector's lies.

DEAD MEN'S SILVER

intrigue and heartbreak disrupt the search for sunken treasure

article By RUSSELL DEILEY

ALAN ROBINSON is the only man alive who has stood on the floor of the ocean shovelling silver bullion into gunny sacks until the sweat coursed down the inside of his wet-suit. Others have dug for it, dredged for it and killed for it, but only Robinson has crouched in an underwater cave beneath a reef off the West Australian coast scooping coins worth thousands of dollars into a bag.

While other divers have chilled in the eerie submarine world of the 323-year-old wreck of the *Gilt Dragon* – first of the treasure ships to give up her secrets off the Australian coast – Robinson exalted in the remains of the Dutch merchantman, her relics and her silver. Many men, from the original crew to those who helped pick the ship's skeleton, have perished through the years – victims, old salts say, of the curse of the *Gilt Dragon*. Robinson lives on, 52 years into his allotted three score and ten, but the exaltation that welled with his discovery of the wreck of the *Dragon* has long since passed. The wreck-lust her discovery spawned has bewitched his life. His obsession with shipwrecks – by his own count he has discovered 96 and worked on more than 600 – has cost him his marriage, his home; involved him in years of hardship and ushered him into jails.

As he wrote a couple of years ago in an introductory paragraph to the manuscript of a still unpublished book: "Treasure! That magic word that conjures up thoughts of boundless wealth and a life of ease. The word to turn the best of friends into hated enemies, to corrupt officials, to create jealousy, to

Photography by Hugh Edwards

undermine a person's love-life and break up his family. After finding wealth in excess of $50 million under the sea, I write this book not knowing from where my next pay packet will come. After taking the history of Australia through shipwrecks of the *Zuytdorp* (1712), the *Gilt Dragon,* the *Tryal* (1622), a Chinese junk of the 12th century and a Phoenician ship from 500 BC, I find myself without recognition. However, while the sea is kind and my health allows, I intend to continue the search."

Harsh, bitter sentiments, but Robinson has 100 reasons to repent on those three prophetic words with which Perth photographer Maurie Hammond greeted the first coins recovered from the grave of the *Gilt Dragon* in 1963, the year of the wreck's rediscovery: "Dead men's silver." Hammond, whose camera recorded the first recovery dive on the wreck, died in a car crash in 1965. He might have foreseen his own death that day on the deck of a bobbing craft above the encrusted wreckage of the *Dragon,* but it is doubtful that he could have imagined the pain and misery which would stalk Alan Robinson.

Certainly no living man has walked deeper than Robinson in the shadow of the *Gilt Dragon* since that day he claims to have discovered her wreckage in 1957. This discovery, with a young friend, Bruce Phillips – now a highly-qualified scientist with the CSIRO – was recorded in newspaper headlines round the nation. But because Frank Douglas, the skipper of the boat which had taken Robinson and Phillips spear-fishing off Ledge Point on that day in August, 1957, could not remember the exact location where he had dropped anchor, the *Dragon* was lost. To Robinson's acute embarrassment and frustration, she remained lost until Easter, 1963, when Robinson led another team including a Perth journalist, Jim Henderson, Henderson's sons, Graeme and Alan, and John Cowen in another dive off Ledge Point. This time the wreck stayed found and high drama as well as silver entered Robinson's life.

In those first euphoric months following the discovery of the wreck, those months in which Robinson hauled a ransom in silver, brass cannon, priceless Bellarmine jugs and other historic relics from the underwater time capsule that was the remains of the *Gilt Dragon,* he might have had reason to mock the curse. They were good days – days of spreading fame and pieces of eight.

The first hint of trouble was a dispute over who had actually discovered the wreck – a dispute that was publicly aired in the West Australian press amid stories of explosions on the wreck and rumors of violence. The stories were the first in a war of millions of words, many of them a matter of record on various court documents. Even to this day – almost 16 years since the champagne corks popped and the beer flowed like a geyser to celebrate the positive discovery of the elusive wreck – Henderson bitterly denies Robinson's claim to title. But the fact remains that it was Robinson, through his lawyers, who declared the discovery of the wreck to the Commonwealth Receiver of Wreck in Fremantle as required under the old Navigation Act. It was also Robinson who signed a salvage agreement with the Dutch Government as the inheritor of all ships, wrecks and relics once owned by the long-defunct Dutch East India Company. As Robinson recalls, under the terms of the agreement he was permitted to retain 80 percent of all the material recovered from the wreck, 20 percent was to go to the Dutch Government, and the WA Government was empowered to make a comprehensive selection of coins and relics for the WA Museum. It was the sort of agreement dreams are made of. But if Robinson ever considered it a passport to easy street, he was on the brink of a nightmare.

The private furore that flared over salvage rights to the *Gilt Dragon,* the evocative stories of the use of explosives to blast open the reef to lay bare the silver, with resultant damage to historic artefacts, and the use of explosives to scare off pirate divers stirred the WA Government into legislative action. Says Robinson: "I'm the only person in Australian history against whom four Acts of Parliament have been passed to curtail his success." Robinson makes the comment with more rancor than pride. "Why," he asks, "did the WA Government take the unprecedented step of grabbing control of the shipwreck? Why didn't the Government offer me, as rightful owner of the wreck, protection from the pirate divers who plundered the wreck? It was always my intention to give the Government and the museum all the coins and relics they could have wanted. Why was invalid legislation passed against the very principles of international law?"

Robinson uses the term "invalid" advisedly. He challenged in the High Court the validity of the 1964 Museums Amendment Act, and subsequent State legislation, which was patently designed to wrest control of the *Gilt Dragon* wreck from him. In September, 1977, the court upheld his challenge. But it was a hollow victory, because by the time the High Court had made its decision, the Federal Government had passed the Historic Shipwrecks Act.

The Commonwealth legislation authorises the Minister to declare the remains or material from any sunken ship an historic wreck. The legislation also requires the finder of a wreck to declare it to the Government which can issue a permit for the exploration and recovery of relics subject to rigid conditions. Sponsors of the Bill as it passed through both the Lower House and the Senate attached great importance to the need for legislation to protect the wrecks.

Introducing the Bill on October 20, 1976, Senator Reg Withers said there were more than 500 wrecks which had been located and identified, and about 1500 more ships were known to have been wrecked round the coastline. "The ships are an important part of Australia's heritage and a vital part of its history," he said.

"The Government shares the committee's view that these shipwrecks must be protected – from acts of outright vandalism, from indiscriminate looting, from impetuous souveniring and from accidental damage and destruction. Already future research in marine archaeology has been severely impaired because of the many shipwrecks which have been damaged by accident or design in the last two decades.

"There have been many cases when shipwrecks of immense historical interest have been wantonly destroyed."

Robinson is in no doubt that many of the barbed innuendoes unleashed by Senator Withers and other speakers in the debate were aimed at him. But he did have a champion of sorts in West Australian Senator Gordon McIntosh.

Senator McIntosh noted that the discovery of the *Gilt Dragon* had been officially declared in Robinson's name and that the first WA legislation had stemmed from a constant press campaign, much of which vilified Robinson. He traced, too, the seizure of Robinson's salvaged coins and the ultimate return of those coins to Robinson by the State. Senator McIntosh also told the Senate that Robinson's battle for compensation from the State Government had proved fruitless and that the diver's offers to assist in official wreck-salvaging expeditions had been spurned.

By Alan Robinson's naturally biased yardstick, the senator was only scratching the surface of his deeply-felt grievance against officialdom in general, and the WA Government, the WA Museum and the WA Police Department in particular. Primarily, he blasts all the legislation and especially the abortive WA legislation as being not only a launching pad for his personal harassment but as counter-productive. Both the State and Commonwealth legislation included provision for a reward – $2000 in the case of the State and unspecified in the over-riding Commonwealth Act – to be paid to the discoverer of a wreck considered historic. Robinson claims that despite the bait of a reward, divers are taking their chances with the law and refusing to declare the wrecks they find.

> *"Dead men's silver," said Perth diver and underwater photographer Maurie Hammond as the first silver coins from the wreck of the Dutch merchantman,* Gilt Dragon, *tumbled on to the deck of the first salvage boat to work the wreck in 1963. Two years later Hammond died in a car accident – another entry in the* Gilt Dragon's *log of death. Of the crew who sailed aboard her, only seven lived to see Holland again. One hundred and eighteen perished when the ship foundered on a reef north of what is now Perth on April 28, 1656. Seven of the 74 survivors made it to Java in the ship's gig on June 7. The next day, two ships sailed south from Batavia to rescue the other 67 survivors and try to salvage some of the treasure and cargo. The crews of the mercy ships,* Witte Valk *and* Goede Hoop, *found neither the wreck nor the survivors. Historians presume that they had struck inland and were either slain or adopted into an Aboriginal tribe.*

The evidence certainly suggests he is right. Prior to the first legislation, wrecks were being found and declared at an average rate of 11 a year. Since the legislation, the only wreck of any significance to be found and declared was that of the first known English ship to sink off the Australian coast, the *Tryal.* This ship, believed to have been carrying a fortune in gold, went down in 1622. Her wreck was discovered by a 1969 expedition organised by Robinson off the Monte Bellos, 1600 km north of Perth. Ironically, when Robinson went to the WA Museum a couple of days after finding the wreck to declare his find, the then director, Dr David Ride, told him the discovery of the *Tryal* had already been declared – by Eric Christianson, who had joined the diving expedition at the 11th hour as the team's cook.

Independent sources also indicate that at least 86 other wrecks have been found round the Australian coastline in the intervening years. They have not been declared to any authority and some of the most important historic wrecks have been secretly worked by their finders. Says Robinson: "The Government authorities have been foolish. They have cheated themselves out of so much by their abortive and oppressive legislation, which has succeeded only in stopping people from declaring wrecks."

He is supported in this by Hugh Edwards, Perth author, shark hunter and explorer of wrecks. "The future is going to be a protracted and prolonged series of recriminations and litigation concerned with events in the past," he says. "The main wrecks have been found. The WA Museum diving team under the curator of marine archaeology, Jeremy Green, are efficient and honest. They are doing a very good job. They also know all the divers involved.

"It's a bit like smuggling. Divers are guys who would never break the law in anything else, but they break it in terms of wrecks because they feel they have been badly done by. But what they are doing – taking silver from the wrecks and selling it – is still against the law."

Bitter though the adventurers and divers are at the legislation which compels them to operate outside the law, the current cut-and-thrust fights between privateer and bureaucrat – even those involving Robinson – are quite genteel compared with the bloody early chapter written into the history of Australian shipwrecks amid the eddies of violence and terror set up by the sinking of the *Batavia.*

Edwards, who worked very closely with Geraldton diver Max Cramer in locating the remains of the *Batavia* and setting up the first expedition to work the wreck in 1963, relives the fearful story in his prize-winning book, *Islands of Angry Ghosts.* He sets the scene in his documented account of the *Batavia's* voyage of doom, which ended on the lonely coral islands of the

Abrolhos, 72km off the West Australian coast, in the opening passage of that book ...

"It was obvious enough. A glance at the skeleton in the shallow coral island grave – even before we found the sword cleft in the skull – showed that the man had not died a natural death. The backward twist of the head with the jawbone fixed in a gruesome laughing yawn, and the legs and arms obscenely sprawled, told their own story."

His research led Edwards to the reasonable conclusion that the bones were the pitiful remains of a 20-year-old Dutch East India Company employee, Andries de Vries. This young clerk was one of the 316 men, women and children who had boarded the *Batavia* in Amsterdam in October, 1628, for the nine-month voyage to the Spice Islands. Instead of finding a new life, he was hunted down by the *Batavia* mutineers who cornered him and hacked him to death on the narrow end of the island on which the wreck survivors sought refuge, leaving his body to the gulls and his bones as a grisly signpost to be discovered 334 years later by Edwards and his party. The unfortunate Amsterdamer was one of 125 to be slaughtered by the gang which tormented the wreck victims.

The savagery that unfolded on the Abrolhos atoll overlooking the *Batavia's* graveyard in June and July, 1629, is without parallel in Australia's maritime history. It was the final act in a plot hatched during the voyage eastwards across the Indian Ocean.

Captain Conspirator was Jeronimus Cornelisz, a company agent and, in Edwards' words, a "strange, deadly creature". Obsequious above decks to the President of the Fleet and commander, Francisco Pelsaert, Cornelisz played another game below decks: mutiny. His plan was to overthrow Pelsaert in the shadow of the Great Southland, seize the ship and her treasure and feed the witnesses to his treachery to the sharks.

His primary plan was foiled at four o'clock on the morning of June 4 when the *Batavia* speared on to the Abrolhos coral outcrop. Cornelisz proved himself an adaptable villain. Biding his time, he waited until Pelsaert and the *Batavia's* skipper, Ariaen Jacobsz, and the officers sailed north in small boats to Java to seek help. Touching the fuse of greed, he gathered about him a brutal band to kill the children, the plainest women and the non-followers. Others like de Vries were pressed into murder and killed when they had done Cornelisz' bidding. The prettier ladies were raped. All the while Cornelisz planned an ambush for Pelsaert's return. When Pelsaert and his mercy fleet did return to the Abrolhos from Java in late August, Cornelisz was sovereign of all except for a loyal pocket of soldiers under the command of Weibee Hayes. Hayes was able to spring the mutineers' ambush and warn his captain. Cornelisz and his henchmen paid due price for their crimes.

Confession, reasoned the Dutch, was good for the soul and justice. One by one the mutineers were tortured into admitting the truth as independent witnesses painted it. The canvas was a bleak one for the accused. Cornelisz was hanged on the Abrolhos, but not before his hands were first severed from his arms. Four of his henchmen had their right hands chopped off and with the blood still dripping from the stumps were hanged. Three other rebels were hanged, their limbs intact.

Two more of the mutineers, Wouter Looes and Jan Pelgrom, were given a beach-built scow, food and water and marooned on the mainland, never to be seen again by white men. They were the lucky ones. The other 25 who had signed an oath of allegiance to Cornelisz were taken back to Batavia aboard the *Sardam* – a voyage on which some were subjected to interim punishments such as keel-hauling, 100 lashes and being "dropped from the yardarm". In Batavia they died in agony and public shame. Let us leave it to Edwards to record the end of the men who had raped, tortured and committed murder most foul ...

"There were spectacular hangings outside Batavia Castle on January 31, 1630, with drums rolling, bright flags flying from the battlements, soldiers in rows and the whole town turned out to hiss and screech their vituperation as the wretched men drew up in the carts. Salomon Deschamps was among the condemned, with a halter around his neck. 'Lieutenant-General' (self-styled) Jacob Pietersz, a chalk-faced shadow of the beefy 'Stone-cutter' of the Abrolhos after his torture and imprisonment, was given star billing. He was to be 'broken from upwards and the body exposed on a wheel'. The others received savage sentences 'on account of their abominable gruesome cruelties and such-like unheard murders of men and raping of women'."

Three hundred and fifty years on, the blood might not be flowing as freely, but emotions are still fully charged. Despite the protestations of all involved, and their insistence that they have acted altruistically and in the cause of the national heritage, there is little doubt that greed has gnawed at all of the principals at some point in the saga of discovery and working of the wrecks. Looking back on 20 turbulent years with all the detachment of a man who has known and come to terms with a deep and consuming bitterness over a succession of what he sees as injustices and persecution, Robinson coolly admits that he took about 16,000 coins off the *Gilt Dragon* alone.

For five years he slept with an estimated 12,500 of those coins – about half a tonne of silver – beneath his bed until they were seized and held by the West Australian CIB for five years. In 1973, 2500 of those coins were returned to Robinson by police in what can only be described as an extraordinary deal. Robinson got the coins back only by signing an agreement by which he undertook to withdraw a Supreme Court action against the then Commissioner of Police, Athol Wedd, and Detective-Sergeant (now Superintendent) Francis Balcombe, alleging, among other things, malicious arrest.

Publicly aired as it was at the time and accepted by most with scarcely more than a raised eyebrow, that agreement stands as one of the most incredible in the history of kangaroo justice. It raises questions which have never been satisfactorily answered by police or politicians. How many coins were seized and under whose authority? If the coins were taken from Robinson in the name of the State, what right did the police have to buy him off with 2500 pieces of silver held in trust for the people? And, if the ancient coins were rightfully his, what right did Robinson have to barter?

Although they let press speculation about the deal go unchallenged at the time, police today deny that they were party to any agreement in the return of the coins to Robinson. They insist that they were only caretakers of the coins until a court ruled on their ownership. The police claim the coins were handed to Robinson in accordance with a Supreme Court decision.

Robinson stays for a more expansive answer. Yes, he agrees, he was morally, if not legally, wrong to sign the agreement. Yes, he says, he should have proceeded with his action against the police force. "I fully intended to restore the action after my coins had been returned," he says. "In my mind the agreement I signed was illegal. Lawyers had assured me my charges against the police would be reintroduced and would be heard. But, as it turned out, no member of the legal fraternity was prepared to have a go at the Police Department."

Was it the old devil greed rearing its head again? "I was never infatuated with treasure," says Robinson. "I always thought I could make more out of my other activities than I could treasure-hunting. Looking for treasure ships is like standing under the shower

"Sir Galahad, you're a bastard."

trying to light a $50 cigar with a $100 note. I certainly wouldn't recommend it as a means of making a living.

"If we can get some sense out of the legislation, and the authorities are prepared to give me recognition for discovering the wrecks I have found, and they agree to pay me compensation for all I have spent, they can have the coins. I don't want the bloody things. The *Gilt Dragon* and the *Tryal* are history. A lot of wrecks have been found since. Do you think I give a damn about the wreck of a ship I found half a lifetime ago?"

It was less than half a lifetime ago that Robinson took Jim Henderson to court in a successful libel action over a story Henderson had written in the Perth tabloid Sunday newspaper, *The Independent,* in which the author gave the credit for the discovery of the *Gilt Dragon* to his son, Graeme. Robinson continues to profess that he sued Henderson and *The Independent* to establish once and for all that he was the discoverer of the wreck. "Who," he asks, "is the discoverer? The person who has done all the research, the planning, and the slogging or the guy who goes along for the ride? Does anyone remember the names of Burke and Wills' black trackers?"

If it was Robinson's intention to re-establish his credentials as the discoverer of the *Gilt Dragon* wreck and to undermine the journalistic credence of Henderson, he succeeded. In May, 1970, Mr Justice Virtue awarded Robinson damages of $2000 in the WA Supreme Court. In a reserved decision, the judge said that the article in *The Independent* gave a distorted picture which was untrue and which put Robinson in a much more unfavourable light than was justified.

But if Robinson was genuinely interested in the historic rather than the silver coin contents of shipwrecks, why did he resort to the use of explosives on the wrecks, and why has he been suing the Western Australian Government for $2.5 million?

Robinson smiles a tired-looking smile, shrugs a frame tautened by kilometres of swimming and rigorous daily work-outs, and pleads his case ...

"Of course I have used explosives. I have never denied it. But I do deny that I have used them irresponsibly. Those lurid stories inferring that I had set explosives and destroyed the wreck of the *Gilt Dragon* are too ridiculous. How the hell could I have destroyed the wreck, as some journalists wrote in 1963, when in 1972 the leader of the WA Museum expedition, Jeremy Green, described the excavation as an unqualified success?

"I did use explosives on the *Dragon,* but not before I had run tests for 10 weeks on the opposite side of the reef. When I finally used explosives on the wreck I knew what every particle of the charges would do. Explosives are a legitimate method of working a wreck as long as you know what you are doing. I do. In one of my many court appearances I was described as the underwater explosives expert in West Australia. Maybe a feather duster and a teaspoon are the approved tools of the land archaeologist, but they are not much bloody use when you are in a surging five-metre sea."

Put to him the thinly-veiled allegations that he once used explosive charges to scare Henderson off the *Gilt Dragon* wreck and he bristles.

"That is complete fabrication," he says. "The allegations arose from an incident involving an old cray fisherman who took a group of pirate divers out to the wreck. I dissuaded them by dropping a detonator on an explosive cable into the water. I just lit a 30-second fuse and dropped it over the side of my boat. Those charges wouldn't harm a fly, but anyone in the water hears a hell of a loud crack. It is enough to scare the Christ out of most people."

The 1970 defamation decision was a victory of sorts for Robinson, but by his count it was just one of 16 separate court appearances since the discovery of the *Gilt Dragon* changed the course of his life. Some, such as the libel action and the High Court challenge to the State legislation, and his successful defence of allegations that he blew up the wreck of the *Tryal,* he has won. Others – notably his conviction and sentence to six weeks' jail in Fremantle Prison for resisting arrest and a $400 fine on a charge of fraudulently representing reproduced coins to be genuine coins from the *Gilt Dragon* – he lost. Then there has been the trauma of his wife and daughters leaving him – a breakup that flowed directly from his infatuation with ship-wrecks and the web of intrigue in which they enmeshed him.

The breakdown of the marriage, in turn, had savage repercussions that surfaced with Robinson's recovery of his senses in a barred room of a Perth mental asylum, where he was told he had gone to his wife's sister's home, wrecked the house and assaulted everyone in it. Today Robinson maintains he still has no recollection of the incidents which led to the police arresting him, the ensuing spell in the mental hospital and convictions for aggravated assault.

By any standards, Robinson has paid a fearful price for disturbing the ghosts that have guarded the treasure ships for 300 years, but he refuses to accept that the ships or their silver are cursed. The death of his son in a car accident last year he attributes to a senseless craving for speed by other drivers, not the wrath of the gods.

He lays the blame for all his other troubles and trials at the door of the WA Government and its servants. And he wants retribution. He cannot and will not forgive the Government or the WA Museum authorities for what he alleges have been years of persecution, humiliation and ridicule. For singling him out and ignoring others. He won't forgive them for refusing to recognise him as the discoverer of historically-important wrecks or their scepticism of his claim that the Phoenicians discovered Australia 500 years before Christ trod his sacred path or that the Chinese were regular visitors four centuries before the Dutch.

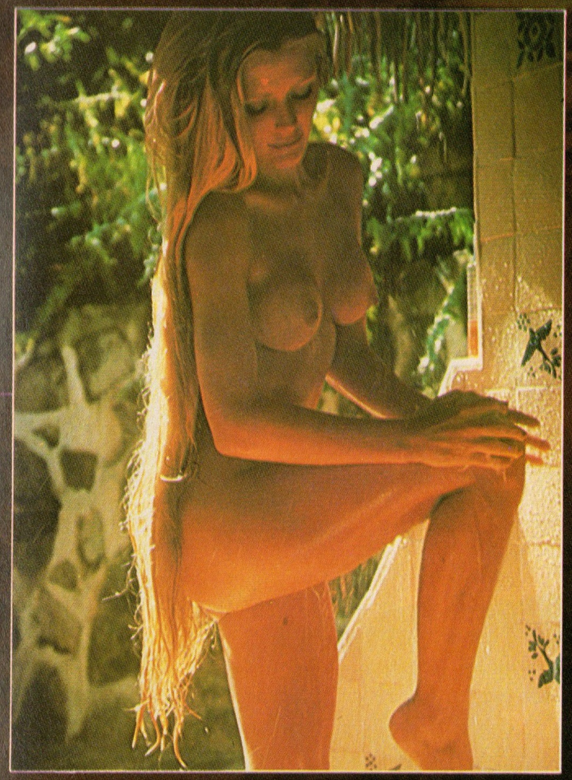
"I am an adventurer, not a treasure hunter," he says. "If they give me the ship, I'll personally finance an expedition to find and declare all the historic wrecks on our coast. But I also want a Queen's pardon for everything they have done to me, recognition for what I have already achieved, and recompense. Four years ago they tried to buy me off with an OBE. That's not my style.

"Nor do I want vengeance except in the exposure of the truth. That is why I recently withdrew my action for $2.5 million damages against the Government and its agents. I withdrew the action to clear the way for the story to be told. If I don't get any satisfaction I will resume the action."

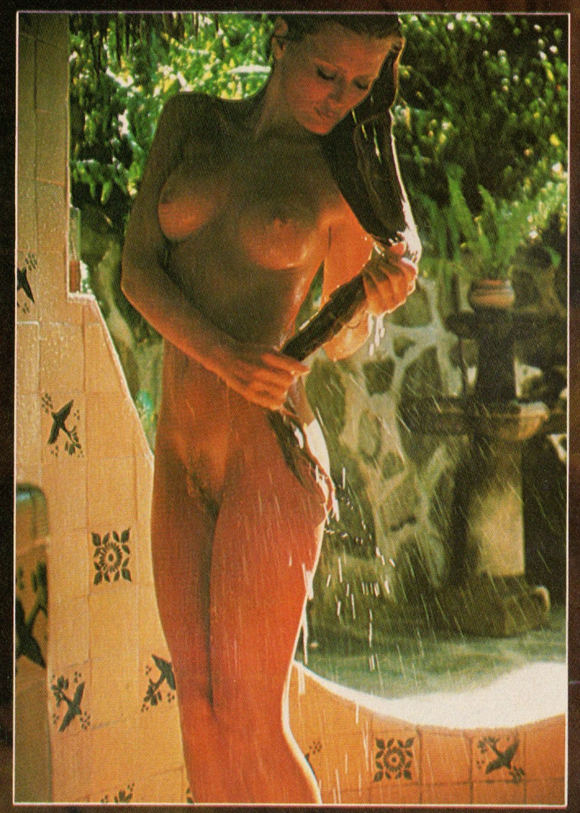
Robinson is not destitute. Despite the privations and costs of the past 15 years, he claims to own land valued for taxation purposes at $335,000. And, of course, he still has those 2500 remaining coins. When they were returned to him in 1973, an expert valued them at $50,000. At the last independent valuation they were said to be worth $250,000. They are secured in a safe deposit box in a Perth branch of the ANZ Bank and, as far as Robinson is concerned, they can stay there. "I don't want the bloody things," he says. "I haven't set eyes on them since the police gave them back. The only thing I am fighting for now is principle.

"As I have said all along, I couldn't give a stuff about treasure. I am an adventurer. Unless they can come to me, they can stuff their wrecks. I have a greater challenge in mind. I'm planning an expedition to search for Lasseter's Reef. And you can bet that if it is there, I will find it. When I get back I will be able to say whether it is there or not."

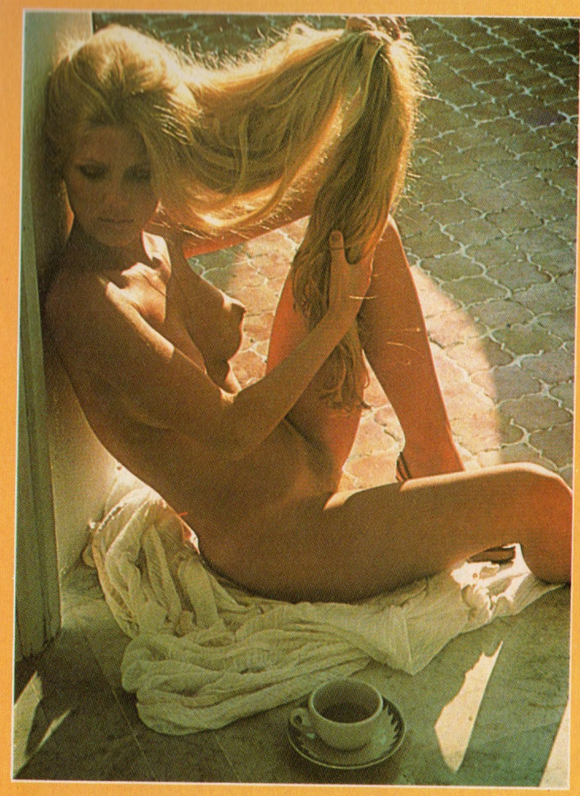
Vainglorious? Perhaps. Maybe he will find the gold. But at what cost?

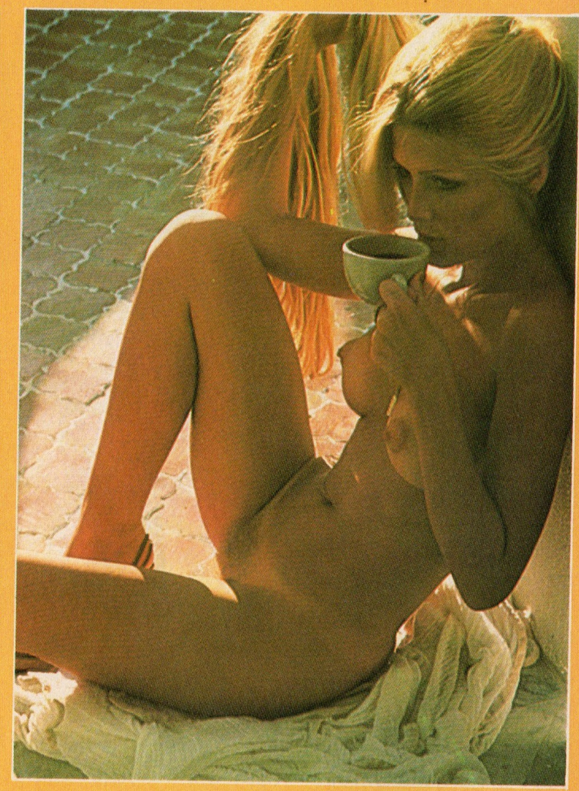


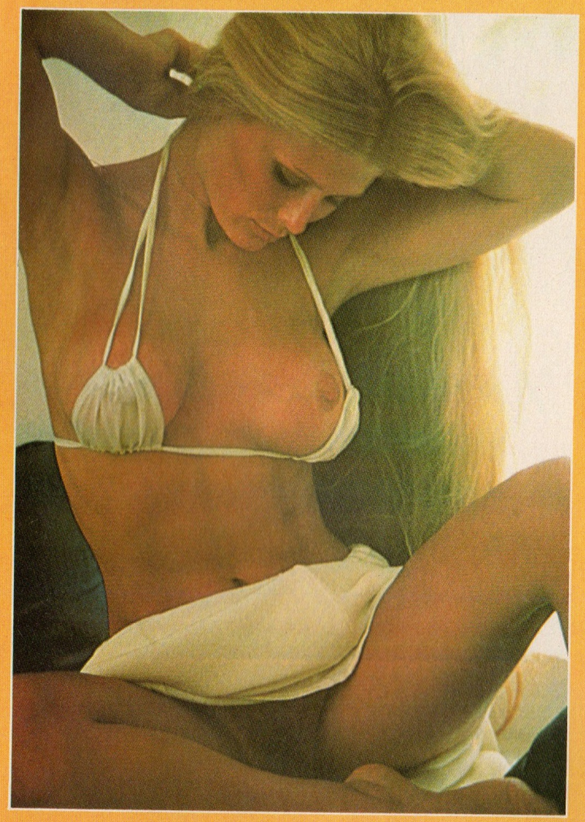
"Australia really is a lucky country. The climate and the people are so warm and friendly. And now that you have your own PLAYBOY, *there's not much else you need. I just hope I can come back here."*



Debra Jo Fondren may have been in Australia for only a matter of days, but it will be considerably longer than that before we forget her. The American PLAYBOY *Playmate of the Year* for 1978 made an indelible impression when she visited us for the launching of our own Australian PLAYBOY. And for those of you who didn't get the chance to see her in







"I used to dream about being in the centrefold, and now here I am, Playmate of the Year. *And it's doubly enjoyable because I know and like* PLAYBOY. *It's always been my favorite magazine."*

person, we present a portfolio to remember her by. In the past few months, Debra Jo has ranged the world on promotion tours for PLAYBOY — something of a revelation for a girl who until quite recently had seldom been outside Beaumont, Texas. In Australia Debra Jo was kept busy with official functions, but she saw enough of

"Everywhere I go, people ask me how I feel about having men look at my body. I tell them I feel very good about it, and I love to pose for top photographers. It's when they don't look that I start to worry."

Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane to realise that she had found a home away from home. Then she flew off to Queensland's beautiful South Molle Island for a week of relaxing in the sun and surf. Debra Jo loved Australia – and, just between you and us, the feeling was mutual.

GO FOR BROKE TO BEAT INFLATION

real estate's as safe as houses if the dollar takes a dive

article By MICHAEL SOUTHERN

THE GREEKS had a mythological character called Sisyphus. His job was to push a huge boulder up hills. Whenever he paused for breath, the boulder ran down to the bottom again and the poor guy had to start all over.

In our time, we have all become like Sisyphus, only our boulder is inflation and more and more people are going under it every day.

Probably the worst example of inflation in modern history was in Germany. Before World War One, Germany had a stable currency. Then, in the days of the Weimar Republic, inflation hit at such a rate that people began taking their pay away in

Illustration by Keith Davis

suitcases, only to find that the value of their money had dropped even further while they walked home. The value of the German mark plummeted by a factor of one trillion.

There was suffering all round. The poor simply became poorer; the middle class got used to potato peelings and went out to work; many of the very rich got richer. So did a few of the smarter middle class.

Inflation has not yet reached the same rate in Australia. But remember that in the heady days of 1974 it did peak at more than 16 percent a year. There were debates about it being due to cost-push and wages-pull, but in Federal Parliament it was more simply described by a former Treasurer who knocked all the fancy talk and told his fellow politicians: "All I know is that prices are going up."

There was another way of expressing the problem – simply, the value of money was going down.

Consider: at a 12 percent a year inflation rate, the value of a dollar shrinks by half every six years. At seven percent (about the current rate) the value shrinks by half every 10 years. At five percent, and that is considered comfortable these days, the value of a dollar halves every 15 years.

So you get a pay rise to counter it, and then discover that Malcolm has changed the tax laws to the point where even though you earn more, you take home relatively less. At the end of the financial year, when you do your tax return, you find that all the good old deductions like your wife and kids are no longer deductions.

That means you can tell your friendly banker who greets you with a "how's your tax deduction these days?" (being one of those funny banker-type jokes meaning how is your wife, etc) that "Malcolm did them in, thank you". It is worth noting just what has been happening to your salary and living standards.

Remember 1972, when you were a youngish rising star, greatly talented and, because of that, earning $14,500 a year? Your tax was around $4000, leaving you $10,500 to spend on motor cars and the girl next door. You were aiming for a salary of around $25,000 by 1978, and by golly you made it, just like you made the girl next door, who is now your wife, mother of your two kids, and one of the many reasons your car is now eight years old.

But when you sorted out your tax returns in 1978, you discovered you paid around $9000, leaving you some $16,000 to live on. Your net gain then was only $5500. And where in 1972 you took home 72 percent of your pay, in 1978 you took home less than 67 percent. Inflation ran at an average of 11.2 percent over that time, so your after-tax $10,500 in 1972 was the equivalent of $22,076 in 1978 money.

So, seven years and a wife and family later, you were just $6076 behind. You have fewer tax concessions and a combination of inflation and indirect taxes is pushing the price of everything up. That nice car you wanted to buy for $5000 in 1972 costs around $10,000 now. Even the price of a basic car like a Holden is $7000 and upwards these days.

Further, if inflation averages seven percent over the next five years, you will find that just to maintain par, to continue living in your present seemingly parlous state, you will need to be earning $22,500 *after* tax – or something upwards of $40,000 depending on the tax rates and the ability of governments to keep promises.

Inflation is not going to go away. Successive governments the world over have said it would, and that they could cure it. President Johnson said it, so did Nixon, so did Ford, so does Carter. Whitlam said it, so does Fraser, and at the cost of massive unemployment and a policy of making the poor poorer, Fraser is trying to cure the problem. But without getting into a political-economic debate, Fraser will sooner or later realise that inflation will not just go away, and we shall all simply have to revise our ideas about the level of inflation we consider acceptable.

Now if you think this all sounds a bit like being up the proverbial creek without a paddle, you're right. But don't despair. Remember history. Remember that during the Depression a lot of people did get rich. Remember the Weimar Republic, and the fact that some people made a lot of money. Remember that much as inflation can be seen as a menace, it can also be a means of getting richer.

We do not give in to it; we simply learn to make it work for us, and join the ranks of people who, every night, pray that God will stop inflation, but not before it peaks.

A fairly average Australian who in 1970 had an average job, average sort of salary, no inheritance and a wife with no dowry could, today, be worth about $200,000. So if you sincerely want to be rich, like him, read on.

The first thing to do is buy a house. Home units, those little holes in the sky, are also fine, and sometimes offer a cheaper way into the real estate business, which is the cornerstone of any fortune. Friends of mine bought into home units while singles, lived in them with their partners and, after marriage, set up larger homes, using the unit either as collateral or selling it and using the cash. One couple kept the unit on because it paid rent, and became an ideal retreat for one when the marriage folded.

A modest house in Sydney could have been bought in 1972 for between $20,000 and $24,000 on only $6000 deposit – less if one was on good terms with a banker. The same house today is worth about $70,000, or up to $90,000 if it has been extended and renovated.

As the value of the house went up, a sensible owner would have borrowed money on the new value, used that as a deposit on a second home, or home unit, and then put in a paying tenant.

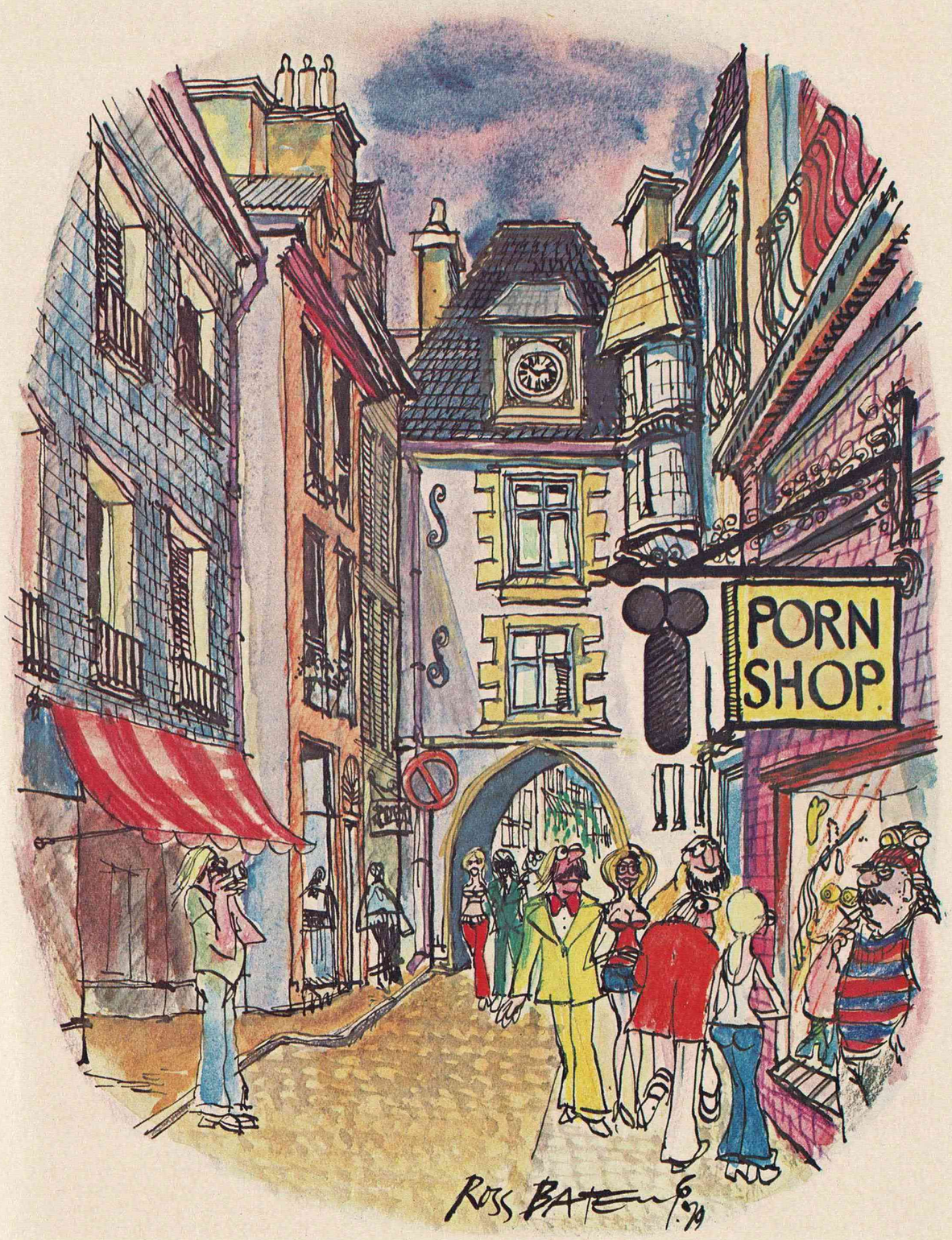
Why concentrate on real estate? Because the rise in value of real estate has outstripped the rise in inflation every year since 1945, averaging more than eight percent annually – better than any other investment. What's more, the value of houses and units will continue to increase, particularly as a result of government policies which put the country into a slump and keep it there while they try to cure inflation. Fewer homes and units are being built, yet demand increases as youngsters grow older and get married and tire of living with parents.

High interest rates are slowly coming down, and with each decrease the number of people able to afford deposits and repayments increases. Consider these facts: the average price of a not-so-special suburban Sydney house rose from $41,800 to $51,200 during 1978. In the same period, the average rise in the city was 22 percent.

Now here are some of the nice things about buying a house. First, you always repay with tomorrow's money, which is worth less than today's. Better still, as the value of the house increases, so does the amount that can be borrowed on it. So, as the value goes up, one does as we suggested earlier: borrow money for another piece of real estate. The advantage is that, if it is for rental, all costs are tax-deductible (just as the income is taxable). But the capital gain is still there, and there is no capital gains tax.

Quite often, one finds people in desperate need of cash and with no obvious means of getting it. Take the case of one young couple with their own home. They had paid much of it off (they bought in the low-interest, low-price days) and needed cash to go to the UK to assist their careers. A visit to a broker saw them able to raise a second mortgage on their house of about $25,000. They put a tenant in to pay it off for them, and went to London. Their first move in England was to buy a small flat and, later, a larger flat in a fashionable suburb with their borrowed money.

Another couple I know always made a policy of buying a small house in some countryside place when they



travelled and planned to stay for two years or more. In every case, they sold it for more than they paid, covered all costs, and therefore lived rent-free while they were away. Meanwhile, someone else paid them rent for use of their home base. Such are the virtues of real estate. But that's only a part of the enrichment scheme.

Each week, people who work for a salary or wage see at least a third of their money going out in tax, grabbed before they can use it or just touch it. So, if one can set up a small business, even become a consultant to the firm, the taxman's fingers can be kept itching for quite a while, and many things which are not available to ordinary people as tax deductions become just that. An office in the house, the telephone, booze and entertainment can all be charged against the tax bill. More importantly, it makes the next stage of enrichment much easier.

That is, buying a car.

Not an Australian car (sorry, Commodore), but a German car or a fully-imported Japanese model. Patriotism is fine if you can afford it, but the track record of local cars is poor when their second-hand values are examined closely.

Imported cars, however, are a bundle of money on wheels: mobile, functional and appreciating. Further, the Australian Government helps protect your investment by restricting the numbers of these cars entering the country, and putting the prices up even further with discriminatory taxes.

In 1970, a Mercedes Benz at the bottom of the range could have been bought for around $7000. In 1977, that same car was selling for $7500, even $8000. The financial magazine, *Rydges,* published a survey which showed that, on average, a five-year-old Mercedes sold in November, 1978, for 106.4 percent of its original price. Using *Glass's Dealers' Guide,* the bible of the car trade, it also noted that a Porsche Carrera, worth $28,000 in 1976, was worth at least $1000 more in 1978, while the Porsche 930 Turbo, which cost $38,500 in 1976 when new, was bringing upwards of $45,000 on the 1978 second-hand market. (A new one costs about $66,000.) If you can't afford a Merc, buy a Volkswagen or an Audi.

The price of new cars is pretty high. But for the self-employed (and some employed people might like to use the system as well), there is an easy way of getting into one. It is leasing. For a down payment of around $340, one can enjoy a $16,000 motor car. Doctors, accountants and lots of other people do it. For them, the advantage is that the lease payments are tax deductible. And here is the best part: not only are they paying for it in tomorrow's dollars but, after four years, the car has what the leasing company calls a residual value – usually around 50 percent of the original price. So a $16,000 car can be bought in four years from the leasing company for $8000. If it's a good one, it has a market value of – wait for it – around $16,000.

So far, the recurring theme has been to buy now and pay in tomorrow's dollars. That's the crucial factor when inflation is running: borrow, and pay back with devalued dollars. If you think that the repayments are too high, then consider that while $200 a month may be a pinch when earnings are $1000 a month, how much easier it will be in a year or so when the average earnings are $1500 a month and the repayment is still only $200. If you don't believe wages rise like this, look at Australian averages since 1973.

If you doubt the principles, consider this: I know a bank manager who is buying a home unit to rent out, and an accountant who drives Porsche cars. The one he has is six years old. Since he bought it second-hand, it has increased in value by 40 percent. To celebrate, he got rid of his English family car and leased a BMW.

So these are the basic rules:

- Buy real estate using borrowed today's value dollars.
- Repay the loan in tomorrow's devalued dollars.
- Buy a German or Japanese car (German for preference).
- Buy more real estate, particularly the income-producing kind.

There are some whose immediate reaction is that there are other forms of investment to stave off the evils of inflation. It is certainly not the time to be investing at four percent in a savings bank when the inflation rate is higher. Many look to building societies, where rates are much higher, or to longer-term interest-bearing deposits with the banks. These are useful in creating goodwill with your banker for times when you want to borrow.

Stocks and shares are becoming increasingly less attractive to small investors. Many either burned their fingers during the boom, or were turned away by brokers who are now anxious to get them back. It is the sort of investment that requires constant watching to decide when to buy and sell. What's more, the taxman can declare you a trader if you make money, and tax your gains, and decide you are not a trader if you lose and want concessions on losses. There are some long-term stocks one might consider, or even government bonds. But why bail out the government when it is hell-bent on screwing you? So you might like to try antiques, or other forms of collecting. The main trouble is that you buy retail and sell wholesale, and it can take a long time for an article to appreciate to the point of giving you a profit.

Antique furniture, however, is a good proposition, particularly if you purchase things you can use. When you come to sell, you'll get something back, hopefully more than you paid. With antiques, as in all collecting, one needs to be aware of what is good (antique shops are full of items that just are not antiques, and in fact are little more than a load of rubbish) and what the market wants. Big things currently are out of fashion because houses are getting smaller.

Bullion is fashionable, but again, one is buying it at retail price, well above its market value. Gold, silver and so on are fine, but before considering them, look at a graph of gold and silver prices over a 10-year period. It has gone up – and down. And how will you be if you need to sell during a downturn? Again, fashion is important. It is useless having a collection of beer bottles if whisky bottles are the thing to have.

Stamps are a proven investment; they are for the long-term, and have great international currency. Good investment stamps, like the five-shilling Harbor Bridge, can be sold anywhere. They are easily transported and there are no controls on their movement abroad. It's a good way to get money out of the country. The Bridge stamp cost $200 three years ago. Today, it is sold by dealers for $1400.

Mint and unhung stamps are the best buy – particularly as losses are limited to 10 percent because the Post Office will buy them back at that rate. But do not join the hordes who buy sheets of modern stamps with high hopes of quick gains. They don't all do that. The older classic stamps represent top value and, frankly, it is an investment best looked on as a hobby so that one ultimately knows what is good and what is not.

Boats are proving fine investments. They give a lot of pleasure, but cost plenty to maintain. A Sydney broker reckons boats increase in value by 12 percent a year.

But the ultimate cornerstone is real estate. Collections are burdensome and subject to fashion (look at Australian art these days – just ring a dealer and try to sell a painting).

To make money, remember where the real gains are, remember the German experience, and remember that if you give in to inflation, it will swamp you. If you are positive, and make it work for you, you can get rich.

Gee, I wish I'd said that

in which you can match wits with the writers of filmland – and that means you're half way to winning already...

humor **By Graham Goodman**

AS ALL avid viewers of soap operas and late night movies on television are well aware, the use of the cliché has been refined to an art form; an exquisite kind of torment by trivia. The dialogue in these programs provides a perfect example of déjà-vu. You really have heard it all before.

In fact, the cliché connoisseur knows instinctively what the characters are going to say next. If he is dedicated to his art, he can even turn down the volume and deliver all the dialogue himself. (When you reach this stage, the men in the white coats usually come to take you away.)

But even you, the casual viewer, should be able to match these 25 classic statements with the correct responses. (After all, you only have to pick one out of three – you can do it during the commercials.) Anyone worth his picture tube should get at least 20 right; 15 to 20 is not bad but you can't be paying enough attention to the set – just what are you doing while it's on? Below 15 – sorry, you're just not watching enough television.

1: "Sonny – this is the big one. This is your crack at the world title. We're all behind you."

(a) "I wish you were all in front of me. Have you seen the size of that guy?"

(b) "Don't you worry, Rocky. I won't let you down. I can take him."

(c) "I want to go home!"

2: "What do you make of it, sergeant?"

(a) "Looks like a clear-cut case of murder to me, inspector."

(b) "Looks like a clear-cut case of manic-depressive neurosis manifesting itself as anti-social behavior to me, sir."

(c) "Mmm, I think that anyone who hangs chartreuse drapes with puce upholstery deserves to have a knife stuck in his horrible, tasteless little back."

3: "Hi, I'm Doctor Kildare."

(a) "I don't care if you're Albert Schweitzer. No one passes through Customs with four kilos of heroin."

(b) "But I called a plumber."

(c) "Thank God you're here. He's going fast. Only you can save him."

4: "Miss Higgs, Peter Bancroft's parents have reported him as missing. We think he has run away. You're his teacher. Can you think of anything that might help?"

(a) "I knew he was having problems at home, sergeant, but I just didn't realise the situation was this bad."

(b) "If I lived with those creeps I

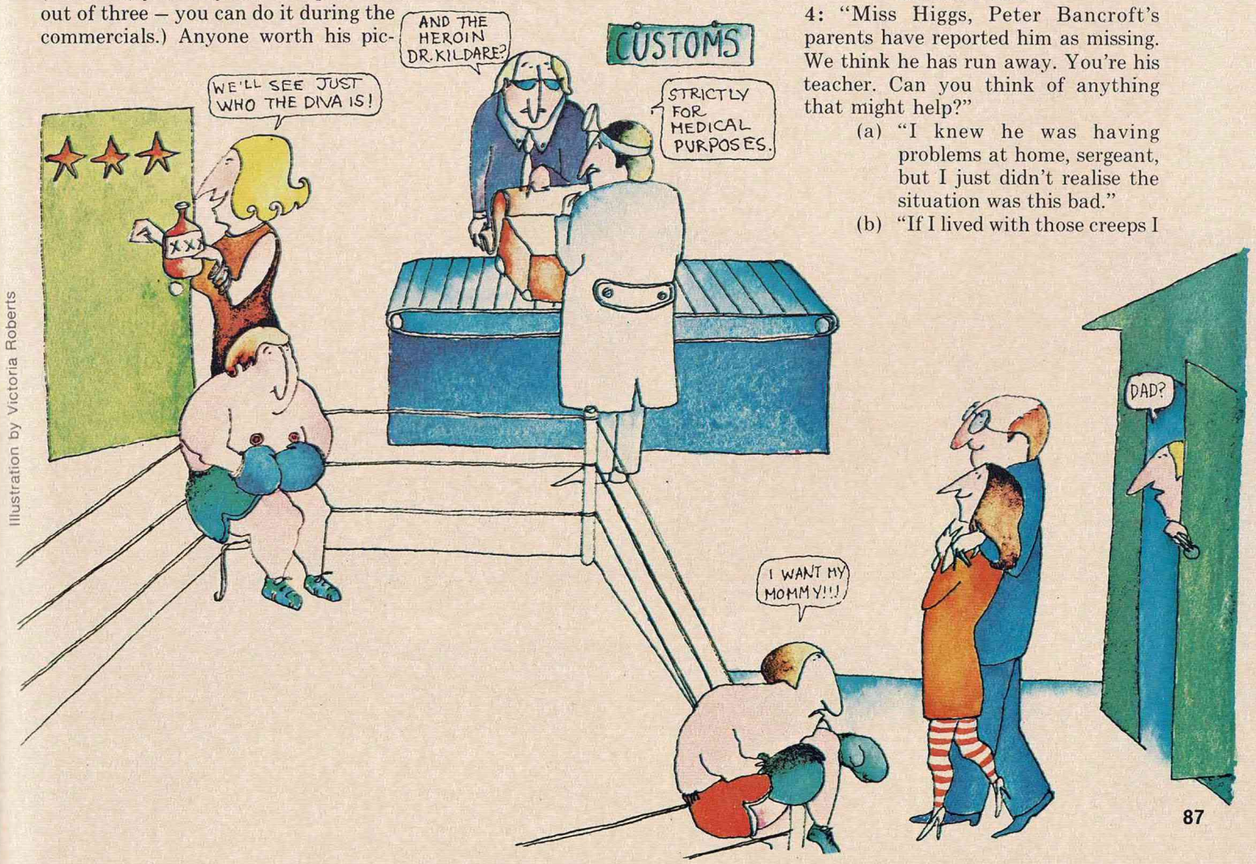


Illustration by Victoria Roberts

would have run away from home years ago."

(c) "I've got the horny little bugger locked up somewhere you'll never find him, pig."

5: "I'm going up there after him, Charley."

(a) "He's Charley. I'm Cecil."

(b) "I know, Bill. I know you have to."

(c) "Give him a break, Bill. Give him another 10 minutes. You know how long it is since he had any."

6: "Mum, you're crying. What's the matter?"

(a) "Something's happened to your father, son."

(b) "I don't know how to tell you this, son. Your father has run away with your girlfriend."

(c) "I don't know how to tell you this, son. Your father has run away with your boyfriend."

7: "There's a man trapped in that sewer. You're going to have to go down and save him."

(a) "Ooh, yucky-poo. I've got my good clothes on."

(b) "Don't hand me that shit."

(c) "Don't worry. I can get him out. It's all part of the job."

8: "This town ain't big enough for both of us."

(a) "All right, Claude, let's find another nice little town."

(b) "Look, don't be so damned impatient. The council has promised to consider the development proposals."

(c) "OK, Jake. But I'm not leaving."

9: "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do."

(a) "Not with my son you don't, you pervert."

(b) "I understand, John. But for the sake of me and the kids, please be careful."

(c) "Get your hand out from under my skirt, you bum, or I'll break off your arm at your elbow and stuff it up your left nostril."

10: "All right, Louie. This is your last chance. Throw down your gun and come out with your hands up."

(a) "No way, copper. You'll never take me alive."

(b) "I'm sorry, you must have the wrong address. There's no one called Louie living here."

(c) "Listen, just because I killed a couple of dozen people and raped your wife, there's no need to turn nasty."

11: "Will we ever meet again, Rachel?"

(a) "Not if I can help it, you creep."

(b) "I don't know. How often do you visit Timbuktu?"

(c) "I think it is better that we don't, Robert. It would only mean more pain and suffering for both of us."

12: "Doctor, this time you've gone too far."

(a) "I *thought* I should have turned left at the last intersection."

(b) "Fool! I am pursuing the secret of eternal life. I cannot be concerned about a few bodies."

(c) "I'm sorry, nurse. My hand slipped."

13: "Mr Wilson, I have just found out that one of the girls in your class is pregnant."

(a) "Oh God. You try so hard to protect them."

(b) "Jesus. They all told me they were on the Pill."

(c) "But I've had a vasectomy."

14: "You've got a really pretty wife, Arnold. I'd hate to see her face looking like hamburger mince."

(a) "Really? Why?"

(b) "Oh yeah. You're not that good a butcher. What about that lousy sirloin you sold me last week?"

(c) "Is that supposed to be some kind of a threat, Luigi?"

15: "My liege, the mob has broken past the inner guard and is making its way to the castle!"

(a) "They are my people. They will not harm me."

(b) "I knew we shouldn't have held out against that last general wage rise."

(c) "Is that supposed to be some kind of a threat, Sir Giles?"

16: "But it's been so long. I don't know if I'll be able to recognise him. Has he changed much?"

(a) "Not a hell of a lot. Those sex operation doctors can work miracles."

(b) "Not much. Just a little older and a little tireder, I suppose."

(c) "Yes, but for God's sake don't say anything about the penis growing out of his forehead. If you call him dickhead he'll probably kill you."

17: "All right, kid. The star is sick. You have to go on in her place. It's your big chance. Can you handle it?"

(a) "Frankly, no. I think I'm going to vomit."

(b) "I knew the cyanide would do the trick. What's the name of this show again?"

(c) "I can handle it, Mr Aaronson. I've been waiting for my chance for years."

18: "This is it, corporal. We're down to our last few rounds of ammunition and here they come again."

(a) "I want my mummy!"

(b) "We're with you to a man, captain. Let 'em come."

(c) "How do I resign from this outfit?"

19: "How was your day at the office, darling?"

(a) "Oh, pretty busy. It's nice to be home."

(b) "Oh, pretty busy. I screwed Louise three times and Linda gave me a great blow-job at lunchtime."

(c) "Oh, pretty busy. I shot that mongrel managing director and garotted the company secretary. The police will be here any minute."

20: "He's in bad shape, doctor. I think we should run an ECG."

(a) "A what?"

(b) "Right, make it fast. We can still save him."

(c) "Don't be silly, nurse. I'll pull it out with a pair of tweezers."

21: "John, please . . . please be gentle."

(a) "Relax, will you? I told you, I've done this a million times. Just turn over on your stomach and take deep breaths."

(b) "I love you, Susan. You're just going to have to remember that . . . always."

(c) "You're kidding. Tell me you're kidding. This really isn't your first time!"

22: "Oh God. My baby is trapped in there. He'll be burned alive."

(a) "Well, that's the breaks, lady. You win some, you lose some."

(b) "Don't worry, madam. We'll save your son for you."

(c) "Well, I'm certainly not going in there to get him. There's no sense both of us being barbecued."

23: "Captain, we can't go on. The men need rest."

(a) "The men will rest when I say they can rest."

(b) "Already? Gee, it seems as though we only started. All right, chaps, the drinks are on me."

(c) "*They* need rest? Listen, sergeant, I was at a party last night and my head feels like the Red Army is holding battle exercises inside."

24: "Look, screw, they haven't built the jail yet that can hold me."

(a) "I know all that, Charley. You're just going to have to go on a diet."

(b) "The only way out of this place, Charley, is in a box."

(c) "Oh, come on, Charley. The filet mignon wasn't all *that* bad."

25: "Will he ever forgive me?"

(a) "Would you forgive someone who broke all your Mantovani records?"

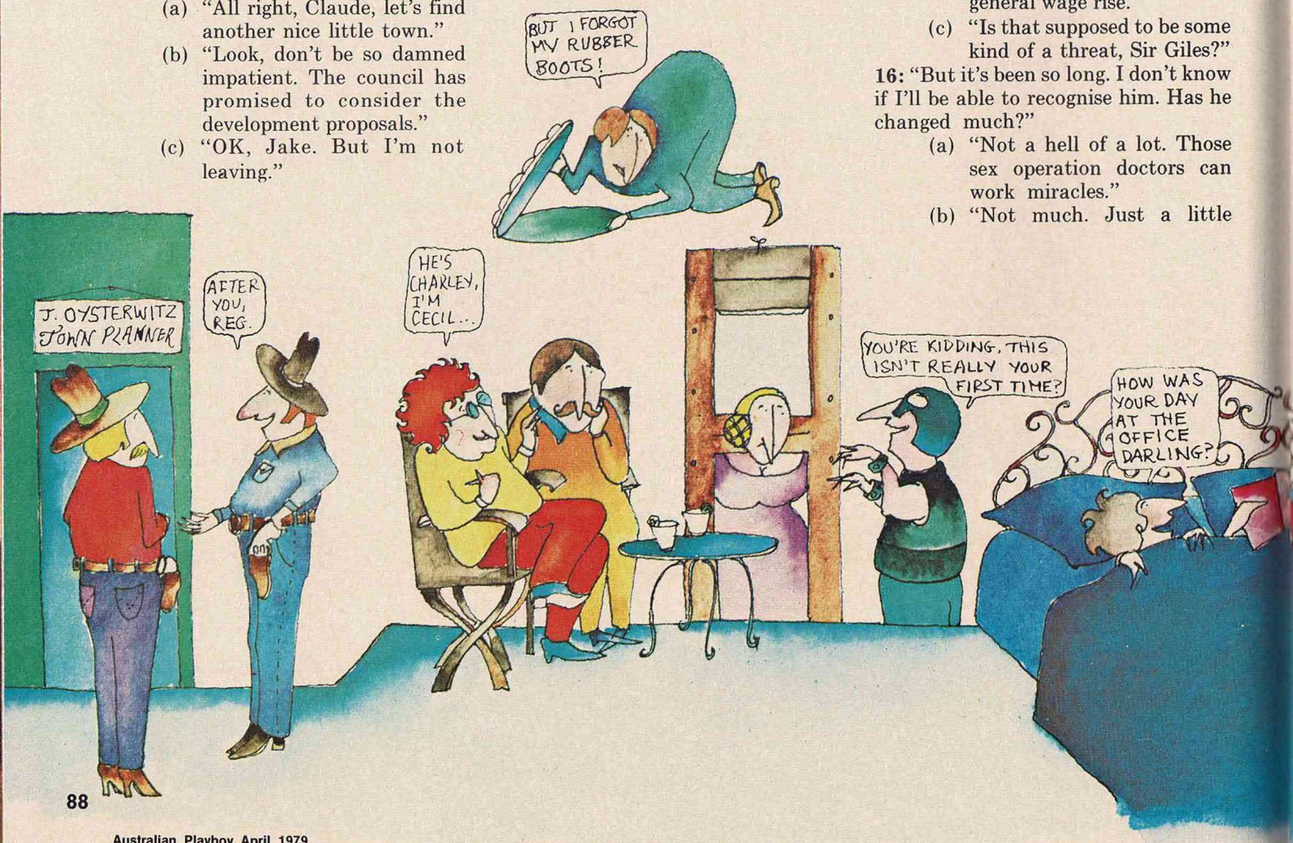
(b) "In time, perhaps. You will have to be patient."

(c) "Gee, I just don't know. He really liked his wife and those kids."

CHECK YOUR SCORE

Now check your CQ (cliché quotient, that is). Here are the answers:

1: (b). 2: (a). 3: (c). 4: (a). 5: (b). 6: (a). 7: (c). 8: (c). 9: (b). 10: (a). 11: (c). 12: (b). 13: (a). 14: (c). 15: (a). 16: (b). 17: (c). 18: (b). 19: (a). 20: (b). 21: (b). 22: (b). 23: (a). 24: (b). 25: (b).



PRIVATE EYEFUL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICHOLAS DESCIOSE AND POMPEO POSAR

all wanted men beware – playmate denise mcconnell is a real-life sleuth

THERE'S no trench coat, no dingy office with a bare bulb hanging over an ashtray full of chain-smoked Camels. Yet if Denise McConnell ever screamed "Freeze!" it would be a hardened criminal, indeed, who wouldn't stop dead in his tracks. Although it may be hard to believe, this

"I'm loyal, really loyal to my boyfriend. I look around, sure, but I really couldn't cope with infidelity. There would be too much guilt built up inside me."

"If someone approaches me the wrong way, I immediately dislike him. I want to be respected, not toyed with because I'm pretty."

"I am very realistic. No fantasies. That's how I was brought up; don't overreach yourself and never spend money that you don't have." Denise earns her *money as a sleuth (below).*

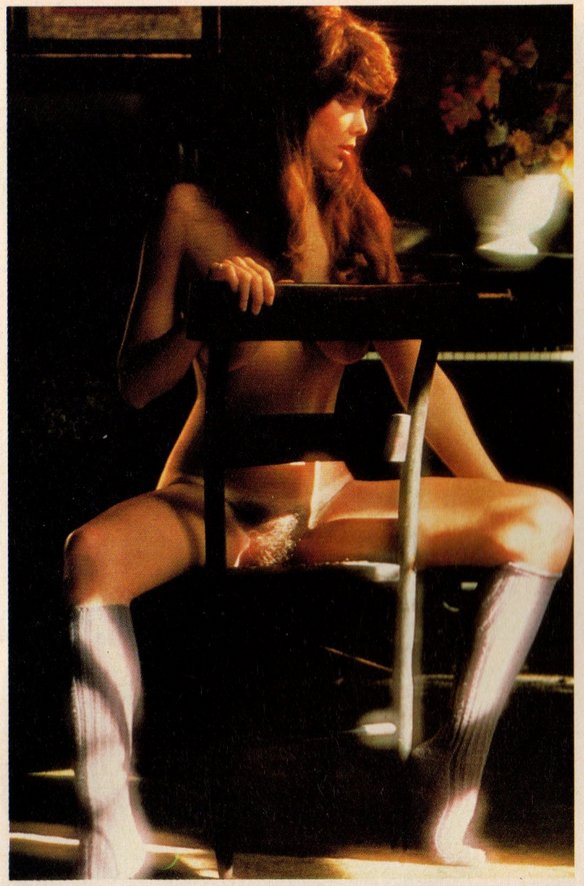
softly-spoken, doe-eyed lovely is a licensed private investigator, a true-life counterpart to the best operators in *Charlie's Angels.*

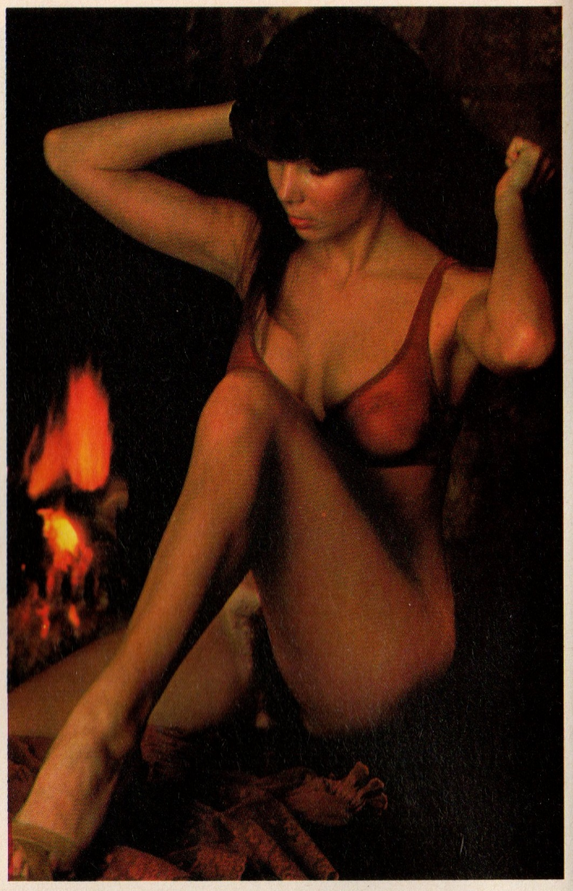
Surprisingly, just as in the fantasy TV series, being a beautiful sleuth has its advantages. We suspect that most of Denise's subjects end up following *her.* A canny ploy when effective and one that sets her technique apart from the crude tactics of, say, Mike Hammer. Says she: "It's a real advantage being a female in this business. If I want to talk to someone, especially a man, it's not hard to get his attention."

Denise was born in Wiesbaden, West Germany, to a US Air Force officer and a Puerto Rican mother. She started in the private eye business as a secretary, found it extremely boring and decided the streets were where the action was. After a bit of training, she found she had a Holmesian knack for tracking down the bad guys and she is

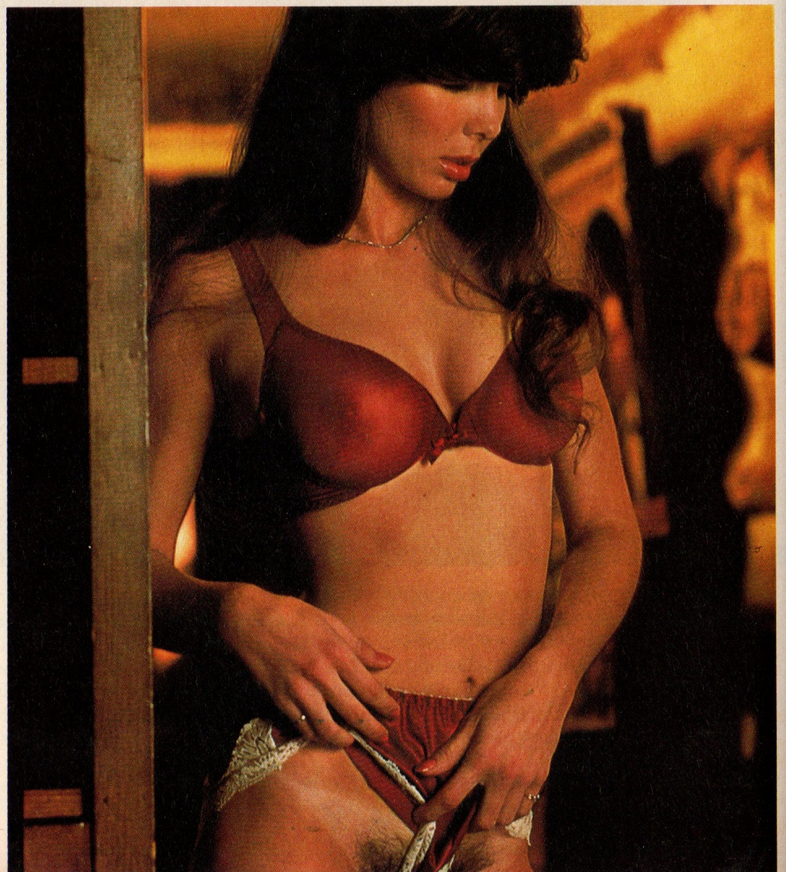
"I don't think women should compete with men. I certainly don't – that's not me at all. I'm a very feminine person, basically, and I like feminine things."

now a partner in an agency specialising in missing persons, child custody and divorce cases. She lives in Norman, Oklahoma, a town that Denise finds satisfyingly tranquil. "You can always find a place that's quiet. In a large city, with all the noise, I can't get to sleep at night." The fact that the gumshoe racket can get extremely exciting for someone who likes quiet is lost on Denise. "There really isn't that much to it. The people are different, but each case is pretty much the same; you follow somebody, you dig up information, you question people. It can get scary at times, but I don't think about that." Won't PLAYBOY, uh, blow her cover? "No, I often use disguises. Sunglasses and a wig and I'm a different person." With that, Denise





"People think that just because I'm soft-spoken, I don't have a temper. I do keep things bottled inside me, but when I blow my cool, I really blow it."



took a long, hard pull on her soft drink. It was time to go to work. She ran her handkerchief around the glass to remove the fingerprints, felt for the bulge under her left arm and quietly stole away into the night. The stake-out could last until morning. Somewhere, a lone dog howled in the fog.

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Denise McConnell

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Denise McConnell

BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 104 SIGN: Capricorn

BIRTH DATE: 23-12-58 BIRTHPLACE: Wiesbaden, Germany

GOALS: To be more outgoing; I'm much too shy.

TURN-ONS: Anything green, the outdoors, directness in people.

TURN-OFFS: Phonies, dishonesty, people who don't come through after a promise.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Star Wars, The Sting, all Woody Allen movies.

FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS: Monty Python

FAVORITE FOODS: Lobster, chocolate ice cream

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Willy Nelson, Charlie Daniels, Rolling Stones, Marshall Tucker Band.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: George Carlin, Woody Allen, Steve Martin

IDEAL EVENING: Any time I can go off alone with my boyfriend; nobody else, just us.

age 3

Any time, Dad!

age 5

new Xmas dollhouse

age 19

Caught eating again!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A North Queensland fisherman was going home one evening when he saw a crocodile making off with one of his many children. When he rushed inside to tell his wife, she replied apathetically that they could have another child to replace the lost one. When the same thing happened nine months later, his wife had the same reaction. And then the following year he witnessed a third child being carried away in those horrible jaws. He flung himself through the door and blurted out the news.

"That's all right," said his wife. "Come bedtime, we can make another one."

"Gawd, woman," exclaimed the man, "if you think I'm gonna work all day and then root all night just to feed that damn crocodile, you're crazy!"

Having undulated suggestively into the bedroom on their wedding night, the sexpot bride slipped off her negligee to reveal that she was stark and ripely naked. "My dear," she purred, "what was your manhood planning on doing tonight?"

There was a silence, a groan and then more silence. "Darling," the groom finally sighed, "I'm afraid to say it's already done it."

Scene: the book stacks of a university library. "You may have research privileges," giggled the attractive librarian, "but they don't extend to your doing *that!*"

"But you told me to keep my voice down," mumbled the young man from under her skirt.

Word has reached us of a dissatisfied transplant patient who demanded that the surgeon replace his brand-new penis. It seems that it rejected his hand.

My girlfriend is a sex-experimentation freak," the drinker told his local barman, "and her selection of positions goes from the supine to the ridiculous."

The couple went wearily but happily to bed after their golden wedding anniversary party. After a while, the woman said, "Tell me, dear, now that we've come this far together – have you ever cheated on me?"

"I can't lie to you, darling," replied her husband. "Yes, I did – just once."

"Well," sighed the woman wistfully, "how we could use that *once* right now."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *dildo* as a fucksimile.

Perhaps you've heard of the Territory raver who gives such prodigious head that she's known as the gulp of Carpentaria.

According to our resident French expert, savoir faire is telling your best friend to carry on when you catch him screwing your wife. Real savoir faire is your friend being able to carry on.

While Titian was mixing rose madder
His model was perched on a ladder.
Her position, to Titian,
Suggested fruition . . .
So he went up the ladder and had 'er.

The abbot was paying one of his rare visits to the convent. After a painstaking inspection, he returned to the mother superior.

"I have some distressing news for you," he said. "I have discovered a case of syphilis in one of the cells."

"Thank God for that," responded the mother superior. "I was getting sick of that bloody moselle."

Emerging from a spur-of-the-moment visit to the museum, one of the office girls giggled: "Didn't that old Greek marble statue have a tremendous penis?"

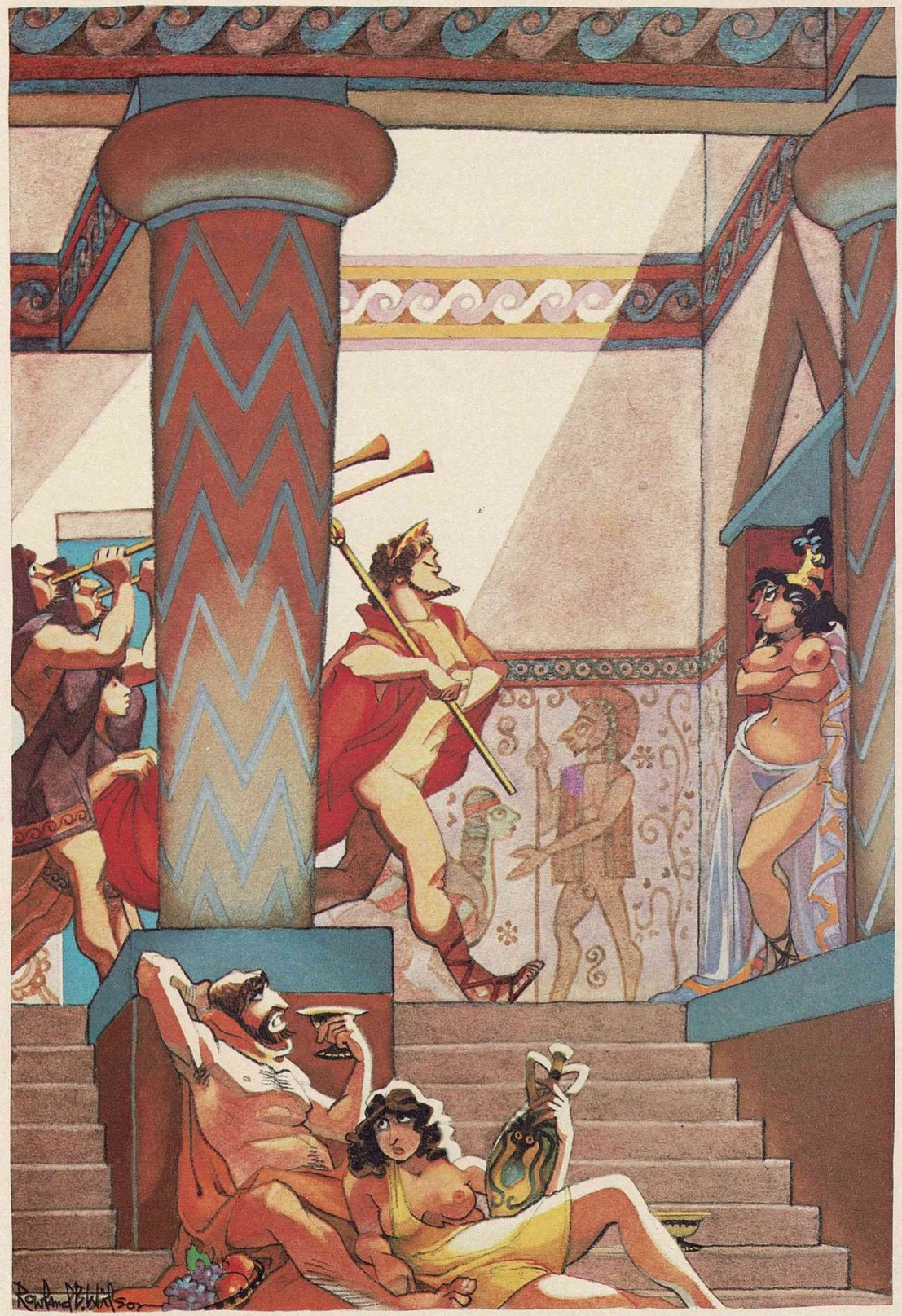
"Yeah, it certainly did," responded her co-worker, "and wasn't it cold?"

No, Miss Layton," snapped the professor, "biological balance does not consist of eating natural foods and performing unnatural acts!"

And then there was the blonde who had to be dumb. She thought the union jack was a disease you caught from a trades hall official.

In the early days with my wife," confided one drinker to another, "it was screwing at the drive-in, blow jobs in the bathroom, quickies in the kitchen. But now," he went on morosely, "the romance has gone out of our marriage."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"I should've been king – but mum always liked Oedipus best."

THE CROSS ANDREW COWAN HAD TO BEAR

you can't hang on to the champion's mantle if your golf's below par

article **By PHIL JARRATT**

"THERE'S no question about it," said Andrew Cowan, more tired than emotional in his seventh hour of a boozy post-mortem. "The Germans have a bloody lot to answer for."

Cowan, 41, the Scottish rally ace, six times winner of the Southern Cross Rally, twice the victor in the gruelling London to Sydney Marathon, in 1977 voted "Driver of the Year" by the British Royal Automobile Club, and just back from a convincing win in the Rally of South America, lit a cigarette and looked out of his holiday home window at a grey Port

Photography by Graham Long

Macquarie Sunday afternoon. He quietly cursed the gods of the forest, stubbed out his near-new, one-owner smoke and said to his dwindling band of supporters: "Come on, lads, let's go and have another dram."

It hadn't been a good weekend for the man generally acknowledged as the best rally driver in the world. Just 18 hours earlier, at the wheel of the outside chance, Volkswagen's Golf GTI, he'd been forced out of Australia's premier event before it had really begun. It was the earliest retirement in Cowan's long and illustrious rally career, made all the more painful because he badly wanted to cap his Southern Cross record with a victory in an untried car. The icing on the cake. Real proof that Andy Cowan was the master of the Cross.

Cowan is far too good to make stupid mistakes on the first night. No, it was quite simple. The car had screwed up and Cowan was pissed off. Over dinner, with a couple more scotches under his belt, he mellowed a little. "I'd like to go back and start it all over again," he said: "I don't think I'd drive it any differently ... maybe spend a bit more time sorting out the problems. I'd just like another chance to prove my point."

The point, as far as the bitterly disappointed executives of Volkswagen Australia were concerned, was that they had been sold a lemon. A week after Albury farmer George Fury had romped home in a works Datsun, the post mortems continued at VW's Sydney headquarters. The company's return to rallying after a break of more than a decade had been a costly cock-up, an .investment that had to be retrieved.

Although the cost of the project was kept secret (early press reports valuing the car at $60,000 were way off target) it would be fair to assume that VW itself was into the till for at least $30,000, with Selleys and other sponsors chipping in another $25,000. The cost of building the car, prepared by Müller Tuning in West Germany, was $23,000. On top of that were freight costs, Cowan's undisclosed fee plus expenses (believed to between $4000 and $6000) and the immense cost of maintaining a 17-man support crew during the rally and the week before. Throw in a few drinks for the boys and you're looking at big money.

The broken drive shaft which put Cowan out of the race shortly before midnight was the last of a string of problems that had plagued the Golf since its arrival. In fact Cowan and practically everyone else connected with the project were convinced before the Southern Cross began that Müller Tuning was engaged in some sort of bizarre practical joke. The Golf they prepared was simply not the car which had rallied so well in Europe during 1978. Down on horsepower (135 instead of the promised 160), carried by shonky suspension and burdened with a fuel injection system which was dodgy at best, the little red, white and blue beast was a heartbreaker from the start. The plan hatched by VW public relations man Phil Scott to get his company competitive again was, in fact, thwarted several thousand kilometres away from the Wang Wauk forest road where the big crunch finally came.

Phil Scott, young, moustachioed and adamant that the same crazed blood courses through the veins of journalists and public relations men, does a bit of rallying outside working hours. Loves it, in fact. It seemed like a good idea to him to rally the Golf under Australian conditions, and his bosses agreed. Golf sales were good, but they could certainly be improved, and VW's low-key, soft-sell approach ("a true confession from the makers of Volkswagen") needed a good hit of get-up-and-go to complement it.

Scott went out and wrote a small fortune in sponsorship, helped considerably in this endeavor by the fact that the Selleys people felt the need directly to associate their auto-fixit products with real, live cars. Scott's next move was to find someone to build a rally Golf for Australian conditions. As it turned out, Gerold Wentzke, a German mechanic working with VW in

Sydney, was holidaying in the fatherland. Given a couple of extra weeks, Wentzke came up with Müller Tuning. He showed the Müller people film of the Southern Cross, presented them with Australian specifications and left, assured that they understood what was needed.

Meanwhile, Andy Cowan had made it known in Germany that he was interested in rallying the Golf. Scott got the message through a chain of intermediaries. The plan had been for veteran driver Kevin Bartlett to man the Australian Golf, but a drawcard like Cowan was just what the project needed. An agreement was reached with the Scotsman on the eve of his departure for the Rally of South America. Soon after, Scott signed Canberra rally expert Gerry Ball to head the support crew. Ball, whose driving career ended prematurely after a near-fatal head-on collision in the London to Sydney, is regarded as the top tuner working privately in Australia. Satisfied he had the best men for the job, Scott sat back and awaited the arrival of Müller's Marvel.

The Golf was fawned over for days by VW executives, mechanics and auto fetishists. Cowan followed a week later, having just taken part in the punishing eight-day 30,000km South American rally. Surprisingly, he was in good humor as he swung into the press room at Sydney Airport, pausing at the door to throw on a Selleys rally jacket. The reporters wanted to know if he thought he could win in the Golf. "Oh, aye," he said, patting his paunch and popping an ear back into the right gear for sea level, "I think it's got a very good chance."

The world's tallest woman bounded out of the lift at the Boulevard Hotel as Cowan's party got in. Cowan did a double-take as she stooped through the foyer. When the lift doors had closed he remarked that she'd be a hard lady to take advantage of in the back seat of a Volkswagen. The VW people roared.

Showered and shaved, Cowan was driven to Amaroo Park racing circuit, north-west of Sydney, for his first official engagement – a press lunch and an exhibition run in the Golf. On the drive out he asked Scott if there was any advertising space left on the car, explaining that he had "a nice little arrangement" with a hotel chain for 50 percent off. Jet lag and all, the pro sportsman was firing on all cylinders. Slightly embarrassed, Scott replied that there was not a lot of bodywork untouched. As we pulled into the park, the extent of the problem became apparent. "Christ," said Cowan, "I see what you mean."

Cowan got out and was introduced to the two German mechanics, Gerold Wentzke and Horst Czaja, brought over from Adelaide to assist. He climbed into the driver's seat and immediately complained about the squeeze on his ample backside. "No problem," said the cigar-chomping Wentzke, bending the ridge of the seat past breaking point. "Ve vill get you another seat."

On a patch of grass isolated by the motocross circuit 30 or so motoring writers and sponsors' representatives were huddled under a tarpaulin, drinking the free booze and waiting to meet the world's greatest rally driver. Cowan told and retold some stock stories of his South American exploits, opined that the Golf was a good chance for the Cross, and took the wheel for a demonstration. He had slipped on a pair of red track pants and tucked the cuffs into his businessman's black socks. The word "Selleys" was emblazoned on the high side of his paunch. The Golf revved impressively and spewed dirt over a camera crew as it rounded the first bend and approached a jump. All but the most blatant freeloaders had moved away from the bar to watch.

The Golf hit the track with a sickening thud. Some of the motoring writers took notes and some looked towards Scott, who was trying not to wince. The thuds became louder as Cowan rounded the circuit and went through a dip not 20 metres from the press. No one said a word. The Golf, after all, had been fitted with nitrogen gas pressurised shock absorbers by the competitions department of August Bilstein KG of West Germany. Obviously, this was the way it was supposed to sound,

Cowan and the Golf . . . good, but not good enough. The German experts had a lot to answer for.

Later that afternoon there were heated words in the VW workshop. The suspension was all wrong. The front end springs were too short, the struts too soft. Cowan was tired and he got straight to the point. On the way back to the hotel he said: "This is diabolical, it really is. There's a lot of work to be done."

Car problems aside, Sydney wasn't being very kind to Andy Cowan. The sun hadn't shone in 48 hours when he strode into the Ansett terminal at Sydney Airport with Phil Scott, Gerry Ball and his navigator for the Southern Cross, Wayne Gregson. He'd spent the day doing talk-back radio shows and shaking hands with workers on the Selleys production line. He slumped into his seat for the flight to Canberra and pulled a face at the weather outside. He had a heavy cold and a splitting headache. In Canberra he checked into a motel and went straight to bed.

As it turned out, the Golf was in worse shape than its driver by the time it arrived in the national capital. The mechanics had trailered it down the Hume Highway, breaking the rear struts in the process. A public appearance at a rally in Canberra was cancelled and the Golf went back into the workshop. By the middle of the afternoon Gerry Ball was satisfied that it was ready for Cowan to drive. The crew travelled in a convoy out past the Cotter Dam to a goat-track on forestry land. Cowan got in and gave the car its first real workout, handbraking and sliding sideways around hairpin bends. He arrived back at the Forest Lodge Motor Inn hungry and in good spirits, but over dinner he told the Germans: "I still need more horsepower."

Gerold Wentzke, an affable fellow who chain-smokes cigars, sat on the floor of Gerry Ball's living room and looked glumly down the eye of an empty spumante bottle. "For Christ's sake, Gerold," Ball was saying, "I'm not knocking you, but let's face it, they've sold you a lemon."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The car is a bloody lemon."

Wentzke lit another cigar and opened another bottle of spumante. He looked around the room and decided that if he was going to take the rap for his countrymen at Müller and Bilstein, then he'd rather go down with a spanner in his hand. "I don't know vhy ve are sitting around here drinking. (Swig, gulp.) Ve ought to be vorking on ze bloody thing now." Ball suggested that the morning might be a more

productive time, and Wentzke went back to his bottle. But the German mechanic had made his point. The party broke up soon afterwards. For all the protestations from Ball, Scott and others in the crew, Wentzke was, in a sense, the scapegoat. He had presented the specifications to the Germans, and the Germans had ignored them. The general feeling was that the Germans had screwed up. Wentzke just happened to be the closest German.

•

Cowan carefully turned the Golf around and checked that I was strapped in correctly. "Okay, you navigate," he said. Gerry Ball stuck his head through the window and asked if I was familiar with the navigator's duties. I said I wasn't. "It's easy. You sit there and go 'faaaaaark'." He and Cowan found that terribly amusing.

We surged forward in first and hit the first bend before I'd made a sensory adjustment. Cowan, a slightly manic grin on his face, accelerated into a straight that seemed the length of a cricket pitch but could have been longer. My sense of distance had gone out the window and my lunch was soon to follow. We (well, he) steered into a pothole and bounced clear, handbraking and accelerating alternately to slide through an S-bend. I slammed on the huge imaginary brake pedal beneath my foot and prayed that my cringing presence wasn't putting him off. As he wheeled up an embankment and swung around for the home run, Cowan said: "You can't go quick on a road like this."

I looked down a cliff that fell away to the Cotter River way, way below and thanked God for small mercies. Cowan got out of the car and brushed some dust off the toe of one of his battered brown slip-ons. He patted the roof of the Golf and said: "Aye, I'm happy enough with it now."

Andy Cowan, gentleman farmer (for the record, barley and beef), has a reputation as a bit of a lad. He dresses conservatively in a houndstooth jacket and club tie, but he squints like Steve McQueen and rolls his eyes skyward like Robert Mitchum, and he is not without his own brand of Scottish charm. In two decades of big deal motor sport he's tied a few on and broken some hearts. He was married for eight and a half months some years ago ("it was fine while we were travelling, but a complete disaster when we got back to the farm"), but basically he's a bachelor.

Cowan first came to Australia in 1968 and has been back almost every year since. For some years he kept an apartment in Sydney's Park Regis tower. Later he shared a house at beachside Avalon with racing driver Sue Ransom. Ransom followed him back to Scotland for a bash at more permanent cohabitation, but they found that two competitive spirits do not a marriage make. She was back home within weeks. Cowan now dates a professional golfer.

As a driver, Cowan has critics. European rally experts have commented that he is more safe than quick, and his results in short hauls, where speed is all-important, have been mediocre at best. But on long endurance trials, like Kenya's Safari rally, the London to Sydney Marathon, the Rally of South America, and the Southern Cross, he reigns supreme.

"It's true, I'm a safe driver," he says. "I'm not going to take a chance unless I really have to." In South America in 1970 he had to. High in the Andes he gained on a competitor going through a dirt section at night. Blinded by dust he put his foot to the floor and followed the tail lights. The other car took a hard right and Cowan lost his beacon and the road beneath him in the same instant. "I can remember being airborne," he recalls, "and I can remember turning off the master switch. That's it. Blank." According to his rescuers, Cowan climbed back up the cliff and waited by the side of the road. By the time they got him to a hospital he was paralysed. He'd broken his neck and his spinal cord had slipped. One stumble on that trek back up the cliff and he would have been dead. Cowan and his co-driver, who had fractured his skull in two places, spent months in hospital.

Cowan refilled his wine glass and surveyed the view from the terrace restaurant where he'd just put away a dozen oysters and barramundi. "Oh aye," he said, "I love Sydney. Best place in the world except for London."

A few hours later, at a rather subdued pre-rally dinner, he told a gathering of support crew and VW executives that he would do his best to win. The VW executives applauded and the support crew responded with a rousing chorus, the main thrust of which was that Cowan was not unlike a horse's arse. Cowan shook his head and laughed. Earlier he had told me enthusiastically that Australians numbered among the crudest people in the world. Inevitably the evening concluded in a nightclub with a bunch of rally car rowdies dribbling into their beers about driveshafts, diffs and sexual prowess. Cowan tried unsuccessfully to lure a lady back to his hotel, which, as it turned out, was a lucky break. The power was out and he had to stagger up 14 flights of stairs.

•

There were 56 starters in the Southern Cross, a dozen or so with a real chance of winning and perhaps two dozen with any chance at all of finishing the gruelling 3200km course. Nissan had the strongest works team with four Datsun Stanzas near the top of the pack. Car Number One for Nissan was driven by 1977 winner Rauno Aaltonen, a slightly-built Finn given to wearing cravats. Number Two Datsun was driven by Harry Kallstrom from Sweden, then came Cowan in the Golf at Number Three to wrap up the heavyweight international brigade. Nissan also had Australian drivers George Fury and Ross Dunkerton, but the real threat to the big three from Europe seemed likely to come from the powerhouse Ford team of Greg Carr and Colin Bond.

Carr, in particular, was a worry. A lanky and bespectacled speed freak from Canberra, Carr was, until recently, best known for never finishing a rally. A sixth place in the highly competitive Burmah Rally in Europe changed all that, but Carr still goes like the clappers and thinks about it later. In the face of all this talent Volkswagen Australia had one underpowered, untried Golf with suspect suspension and a hell of a driver at the wheel. Cowan had wanted a backup car, but the budget wouldn't allow it. On the positive side, the front wheel drive looked right for the forest, and the optimists were saying that Cowan could win the Cross blindfolded on a bicycle anyway.

The crowd at Amaroo Park to watch the start of the rally seemed inordinately interested in the Golf. They peered through the windows at the roll cage and the fish net decorating the roof, they stared at the electronic navigation equipment, they rolled underneath and a couple of them were even transfixed by Cowan's bottle of Lucozade stashed behind the seat. Some of them affectionately patted the little car, blissfully unaware of what a naughty little bugger it had been all week.

Cowan missed all this. He was away in the bush somewhere taking a very long leak and ensuring that he didn't come into contact with his rival drivers. He doesn't like to mix with them before an event, and he's not too crazy about it after an event, either. When he eventually returned he was surrounded by telephonists and secretaries from Volkswagen while a photographer clicked away. The girls wore T-shirts that said "Join the club", and all of them were either too tall or too fat.

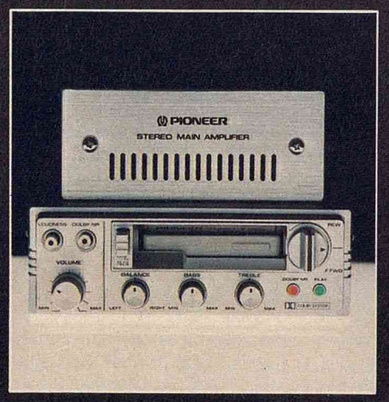
"Do you realise how much it would cost to get models all the way out here?" snapped Phil Scott.

The Amaroo special stage which opened the rally was little more than a

Sweet sounds of success

today, you're not in the highway stereo race unless you can silence your passengers with 25 watts a channel from a stack of sophisticated gear

CAR stereo systems are becoming more powerful and more expensive. This representative selection will show you what's around. Among the latest contenders is the basic Roadstar Mo-Fi system (above), comprising RS1100 tape deck ($175), RS1650 FM tuner ($199.95), RS57 15w a channel amplifier ($99.95) and CO5420 speakers ($79.95). AWA has come up with the Clarion system (centre), which provides 25w a channel. The components are the G-series tuner ($291.75), control amp ($176.50), an auto-reverse cassette deck ($260.95), twin power amps ($77.75 each) and speakers ($217.50). Pioneer's top "modular" team (right) is the KP88G tape deck and GM40 power amp ($390), which turns out 20w a channel, and the new TS168 three-way speakers ($146). Nakamichi (far right) is pretty well the leader in putting good sound systems into cars. The DT250 tape deck ($412) is matched to self-amplified ADS2001 speakers ($850) for performance of 45w a channel.



Photography by Tony Rooley

crowd pleaser, a few kilometres of dirt taking in the motocross track and hill climb. With so much rugged country to come in four days of driving, it was expected that most drivers would take it easy. Aaltonen went through in three minutes six seconds without looking troubled. Cowan took it easy and clocked 3.25 — and the suspension did not sound good.

The first real test came an hour or so later at the Sugarloaf stage near Newcastle. Departing at two-minute intervals, the cars had to negotiate a long and tricky uphill climb. Cowan cruised into the checkpoint at the end of the run at a sedate pace and complained of a misfire. Twenty or 30 seconds later Greg Carr's Escort roared over the hill, almost out of control in the straight, and came to rest centimetres from the back of the Golf. Carr had clipped a minute and a half off Cowan's time in one section. Gerry Ball shrugged it off. "Doesn't mean a thing," he said. But there were already tremors in the Golf camp.

Late in the afternoon a big crowd gathered at Walleroo, outside Raymond Terrace, for the second special stage. The cars charged down a hill and turned hard left into a pool of mud. Cowan took the corner well, but misfired badly coming out of the mud. The spectators cheered regardless. By nightfall things were getting quite boisterous. The fans who lined the goat-track at Myall came armed with beer and flashlights and hooted wildly when the first car rounded a bend and ran a gauntlet of television cameras. The front-wheel drive Golf wasn't built to delight spectators, but Cowan still got a cheer as he eased around the corner.

Moments later Greg Carr flew up the straight at a frightening pace and mistimed a Scandinavian flick. Balls to the wall, he tried to accelerate out of the slide and pulled up with his headlights illuminating a numbed crowd of onlookers. For two seconds there was a real life frozen frame before they scattered, sending empties banging down the track. "Holy Christ," said Volkswagen's Asia and South Pacific Regional Controller, fumbling for a cigarette in his parka. Carr reversed on to the track and took off in search of four or five lost seconds.

Having tarried too long in the Myall forest, the Golf fan club — which consisted of worried executives, worried PR men, a photographer and myself — headed for the notorious Breakneck section near Taree, bypassing the forest run at Wang Wauk. We arrived a good 10 minutes ahead of the first car, which turned out to be Kallstrom. Someone remarked that the pack was starting to sort itself out. Aaltonen followed soon after, then there was a 10-minute gap. The dust had settled and we stood in the scrub and waited for Cowan. Finally there were lights down the track. George Fury sped by in Car Six and the VW people hit the panic button.

Bond and Dunkerton flew past before a spectator arrived with the news that Cowan had struck trouble back at Wang Wauk. The VW worry bus hardnosed the highway back to the service point outside Nabiac, where the Yokahama tyre man with 160 spares in the back of his truck was frantically trying to raise the service crew somewhere in the forest. The Golf had snapped a drive shaft. By the Southern Cross rule book Cowan had 90 minutes to get back into the race, and 35 of them had gone already.

Coming into the Wang Wauk section Cowan was starting to feel cautiously optimistic. A new set of points had rectified the misfire and he'd worked out a pace he felt the car would handle. He was sliding down the ladder but there was a long way to go. He'd won this rally before and taking it easy on the first night was the way to do it. Gregson, the navigator had also settled down. The pair had never rallied together before and in the Canberra test runs Gregson had taken to raising his knees to absorb the impact. Now they'd worked out a good double. Gregson, a non-smoker, had even become adept at lighting Cowan's Silk Cuts on the highway stretches.

They came over a hill and Cowan slipped the car through a left, a right and another left. On the third turn he revved it and nothing happened. "Shit," said Cowan, and reached for the gear stick to put it back into gear. The Golf was already in gear. They coasted to the bottom of the hill and jacked the car up. The drive shaft had gone. As Gregson made ready to walk out of the forest, two spectators ran up the track and offered to radio for help. The support crew arrived and fitted the new drive shaft in 19 minutes, but by the time Cowan made it out of the forest he was out of late time.

Shortly after 2am Cowan climbed into the back of the worry bus, pulled the sliding door shut, and said: "Well, this is a prick of a thing." In a lame attempt to cheer him up I said: "Of course you realise you've screwed up my story." "You've seen nothing yet," Cowan scowled. "How's this for a headline? DRUNKEN SCOT GOES ON WILD RAMPAGE."

The crew had just spent half an hour looking at the Golf, high on a hoist in a Port Macquarie garage. Cowan, looking tired and decidedly snakey, had suggested we all stand under the hoist and let out the air. Inside Room 12 of the Beach Park apartments which VW had rented for the duration of the rally, Gerry Ball spoke to a sombre gathering of 17 losers. He thanked everyone and suggested that the best course of action would be to split first thing in the morning. "We don't want to be seen hanging around here with long faces," he said. He shot me a quick glance. "For the record, drive shaft trouble put us out." Better one foul blow than a history of small disasters.

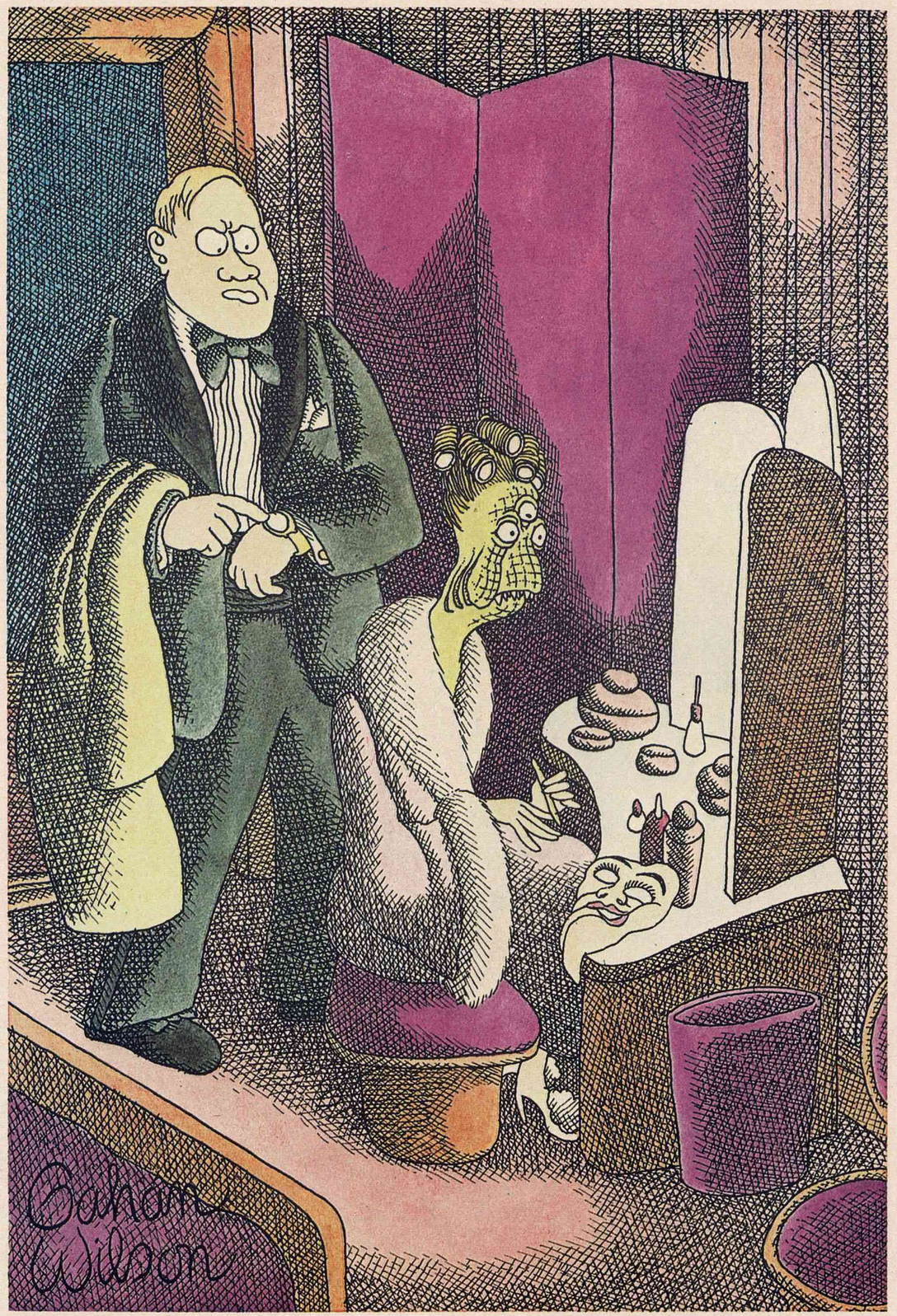
Cowan got up around 11am and took a raincheck on breakfast of lamingtons and starchy white bread. He brightened considerably when Scott came in with the news that Carr had been first out with a blown diff, and that Aaltonen had retired late in the night with all sorts of engine problems. Of the major internationals that left only Kallstrom, who was to take his Datsun past its limits on the second night.

Cowan stated that he was ready for a drink or three and the cover-of-darkness departure plan was overruled. During the extended lunch that followed, the black mood of the crew gave way to a kind of surrealistic relief. It was a cow of a day anyway, and the seafood restaurant overlooking the river was a decidedly more pleasant surrounding than a muddy track in the forest. Appropriately we sat under a frayed Volkswagen pennant suspended from the ceiling.

With a skinful already well under way we called into rally headquarters, the Sand Castle Motor Inn on Town Beach. In a hospitality room put on by the Cibie light people, Cowan started to act the sore loser. A fat guy from a motoring magazine called in for an interview and made the fatal mistake of pausing for a beer. "You're obviously more interested in getting pissed," Cowan called across the room. Aaltonen was standing by the bar with his arm around a painted lady. Someone else was recalling dirty tricks the drivers got up to on the London to Sydney, a crime of which Cowan had been accused. "Oh shit," he said. "I've got to get out of here."

Cowan's early retirement from the Southern Cross, seen in the sober light of the days to come, was hardly even a blot in his copybook. He'd gone for the big one — a victory in the outside chance — and come a cropper. Ten days later he flew out first class for Bangkok, Manila and Tokyo, taking care of business. The Golf lay in pieces on the floor of the Volkswagen workshop.

"Don't vorry," said Gerold Wentzke, blowing a cloud of cigar smoke over the mountain of parts. "Zis little car vill be back."

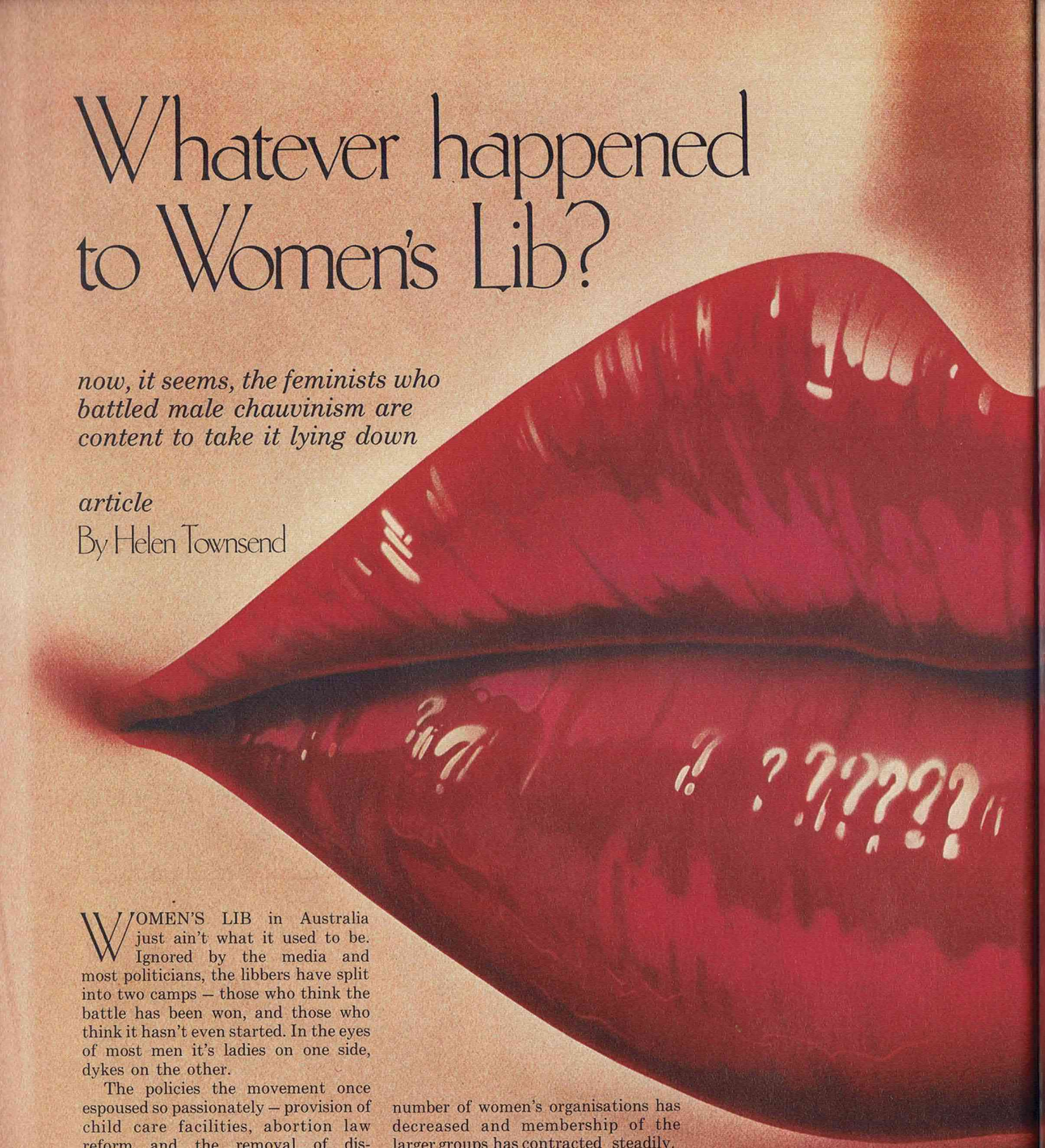


"You mean to say you haven't even put your face on yet?"

Whatever happened to Women's Lib?

now, it seems, the feminists who battled male chauvinism are content to take it lying down

article
By Helen Townsend



WOMEN'S LIB in Australia just ain't what it used to be. Ignored by the media and most politicians, the libbers have split into two camps – those who think the battle has been won, and those who think it hasn't even started. In the eyes of most men it's ladies on one side, dykes on the other.

The policies the movement once espoused so passionately – provision of child care facilities, abortion law reform and the removal of discrimination against women in the workforce – are no longer issues of great public concern, though there has been little real advance in these areas. A small core of feminist activists remains as dedicated as ever, but popular support has dwindled drastically. In 1975, International Women's Year, and, perhaps, the peak of the movement, more than 10,000 women took to the streets in Australian capital cities on International Women's Day. Last year, only a few hundred rallied to the cause. The number of women's organisations has decreased and membership of the larger groups has contracted steadily.

Why? Have they really succeeded in changing men so much? Did they win? Or did they give up? The fact that we have to ask is perhaps an answer in itself. There is no single cause for the decline of the women's movement. On one hand, it has brought about a profound change in attitudes – particularly male attitudes – so that many women no longer see society as loaded heavily against them. Certainly, social attitudes towards women have changed considerably. Supporting feminism no longer assigns you automatically to the ratbag category. The male chauvinist pig is a figure for satirists to play with, rather than the Australian norm. Intelligent, articulate women are no longer regarded as pushy or non-feminine because they oppose a male opinion.

On the other hand, many women have become doubtful about the attitudes and assumptions underlying the women's movement. "I'm not a Women's Libber, but . . ." say many women, and then give a basically feminist opinion. They are reluctant to identify with what they see as an anti-male movement. A few years ago they were discontented enough to join forces with Women's Lib whatever its shortcomings, but it seems that many women were easily placated. These days they are increasingly reluctant to take up an anti-male position.

In the face of this withering support the activists who remain committed to the cause have become even more radical. Any woman who doesn't find men a problem is branded a traitor. This section of the movement is so ideologically inflexible that other women are alienated by it.

There is a strong lesbian element in today's women's movement. The lesbians maintain that their sexuality is the central issue of feminism – the right of women to control their own bodies. And it's easy to see why so many of them are committed feminists. They are often despised by men for their failure to conform to the female stereotype. Lesbians are more likely to pursue a career and encounter male prejudice and hostility, and as women alone they are more likely to find difficulty in negotiating loans or establishing a business.

While many women sympathise with their position, they fail to see why it should be a central issue of the women's movement. After all, the vast majority of women are heterosexual. They may accept lesbianism as part of Women's Liberation, but not as the central issue.

Most women simply do not want to alienate men. "Women are recognising that an antagonistic approach to men really doesn't help them," says Bettina Arndt, editor of *Forum* magazine and one of Australia's best known sexologists. "It's just crazy to attack and threaten men if you want relationships with them."

Radical anti-male sentiments have certainly driven many women from the movement, but they can't be held to blame for the decline of the Women's Electoral Lobby. The average member of WEL is likely to be middle-class,

married with children, pragmatic rather than idealistic. WEL's original function, as the name implies, was to lobby for legislative change. It started with great gusto in the early days of the Whitlam Labor Government, and its future looked rosy. Labor backed the equal pay claim, set up women's health centres and, in 1975, spent nearly $3 million for International Women's Year. But somehow things went sour.

The public, and more importantly the press, decided that the women's movement was a pain in the arse, best ignored. Convinced that they were crying in the wilderness, many women simply gave up. Their disillusionment was understandable, but WEL and the women's movement in general had enjoyed some minor victories.

In South Australia and the ACT, women did manage to force changes in the laws. Nevertheless, abortion in these areas is now much more difficult to obtain than in Victoria and NSW, where old repressive laws have simply been re-interpreted in a liberal way.

Anti-discrimination boards have been set up in a number of States, and one of their primary objectives has been to overcome the discrimination suffered by women. In NSW, due to the board's gentle nudging, women can now become jockeys, join the fire brigade and have gained admission to once exclusively male jobs and social preserves. But such boards are limited in power. They cannot overcome the remaining prejudice against women – discrimination on the part of men, which may operate only on an unconscious level.

So how do women themselves sum up the effects of Women's Lib on men?

BETTINA ARNDT, sexologist

Women's Lib has made many men extremely insecure about their sexual role. Often they've just given up trying or, in some cases, they've become aggressive towards women.

Obviously, it was important for women to be able to express strong feelings, to know their own bodies. But it was a pity this happened at the expense of men. They were blamed for all women's sexual problems. They were accused of being selfish and insensitive. Of course, many of them were, but bitter attacks didn't really help anyone.

ANNE DEVESON, ubiquitous concerned individual

I think the women's movement has had a very powerful effect on men. For one thing, they are no longer locked into the rigid role of breadwinner. They are finding that they now have a choice – they can be the breadwinner or the homemaker or a combination of the two, and I think they are beginning to appreciate the freedom that gives them. Of course, any change of that order means giving up a certain amount of power, and men are very edgy about that. They don't like to see their power base eroded in any way. But that's a very short-sighted view because, in the long term, accommodation will lead to a fuller, richer life.

MARIE OSMOND, TV performer and pop singer

I think men have changed in some ways, but I really don't know. I think a man should still be a man and that a woman should assume her proper role of being a woman. I'm not saying that she's anything less by that. I'm saying that once a man thinks a woman is less, then shame on him.

KIM WRAN, soap opera actress and model

Men have changed, not only because of Women's Lib but because the times have changed. I mean, arseholes will always be arseholes – there's not much we can do about them – but guys who have their acts together are thinking more these days about the way they treat women.

They're not as aggressive as they used to be. Sexually, they have to be very careful because women now want as much out of it as men. We're all looking for the same thing.

NOELINE BROWN, actress

It's given men an excuse not to stand up in trains any more. In my profession we haven't had to fight with men for roles since Shakespeare's day. Wages are pretty much equal and there's no chance you're going to miss out on a part because you're a woman.

On a personal level, I've found that men are more inclined to treat you as a human being rather than a sex object, but that's been a very gradual change. I think some of them feel threatened by women in bib-and-brace overalls – your militant feminists – but that's totally understandable. Generally women are getting a better deal. Men no longer feel threatened by role sharing. They'll take out the washing without freaking out.

One interesting sidelight is that men still don't like women to talk like them. They still get offended when we use the same language. For me it's not a problem. I grew up in a house full of men and I've always talked like a man.

MARGO ST JAMES, prostitute and active feminist

Men have changed: they're much more willing to do the shit work in the women's campaign than they were before – you know, carry out the garbage, clean the floor, cook, babysit, while the women are busy in the caucus rooms.

Men are changing in lots of ways. I'm doing a special training course for men right now, on female sexual potential, and I've provided women guides for them. Most men don't have adequate sexual education. There was a poll, published in *The New Sexual Etiquette For Women* by Pat Holt, which said that only five percent of men are adequate lovers, and that only one percent are really talented. The other 94 percent? They got smothered, there was lack of information, they began to develop all these disabling phobias and secret fears.

Women don't want to live off a guy, with no escape, submitting meekly to him all the time. We'd like both to be financially sufficient; that way both could enjoy each other as equals. We want equal pay, we want no wars, we want a lot of stuff. You know what we want? We want as many orgasms as we can get.

BIANCA JAGGER, jet-setter

Things are changing. Women's education is changing. Change, not liberation; I don't like the words "Women's Liberation". What changes do I see in men's behavior? To be honest, I think that people treat you the way you allow them to treat you, whether there's Women's Liberation or not. If you allow people to disrespect you they will disrespect you whether you belong to Women's Lib or not. Me, I don't allow disrespect

What do I really want as a woman? I want it all.

SUE SMITH, broadcaster

I first experienced a change in male attitudes five years ago when I started to work in television. Until then I'd always played the stereotype female role, being flattered and courted and so on. In TV I was treated just like a male. I was always called by my surname – which came as a bit of a shock – and I was expected to buy my own drinks. Well, it was worse than that. I was expected to troop over to the bar and order a whole round. I got used to it very quickly and I must say I enjoy being treated that way.

I have been annoyed on occasion by sexist articles written about me, but, oddly enough, Professor Henry Mayer took issue with a couple of articles in which I was described as "30, attractive and the mother of two". He held this up to his students as an example of sexist reporting. I don't consider that sexist at all. I consider it to be an example of accurate reporting.

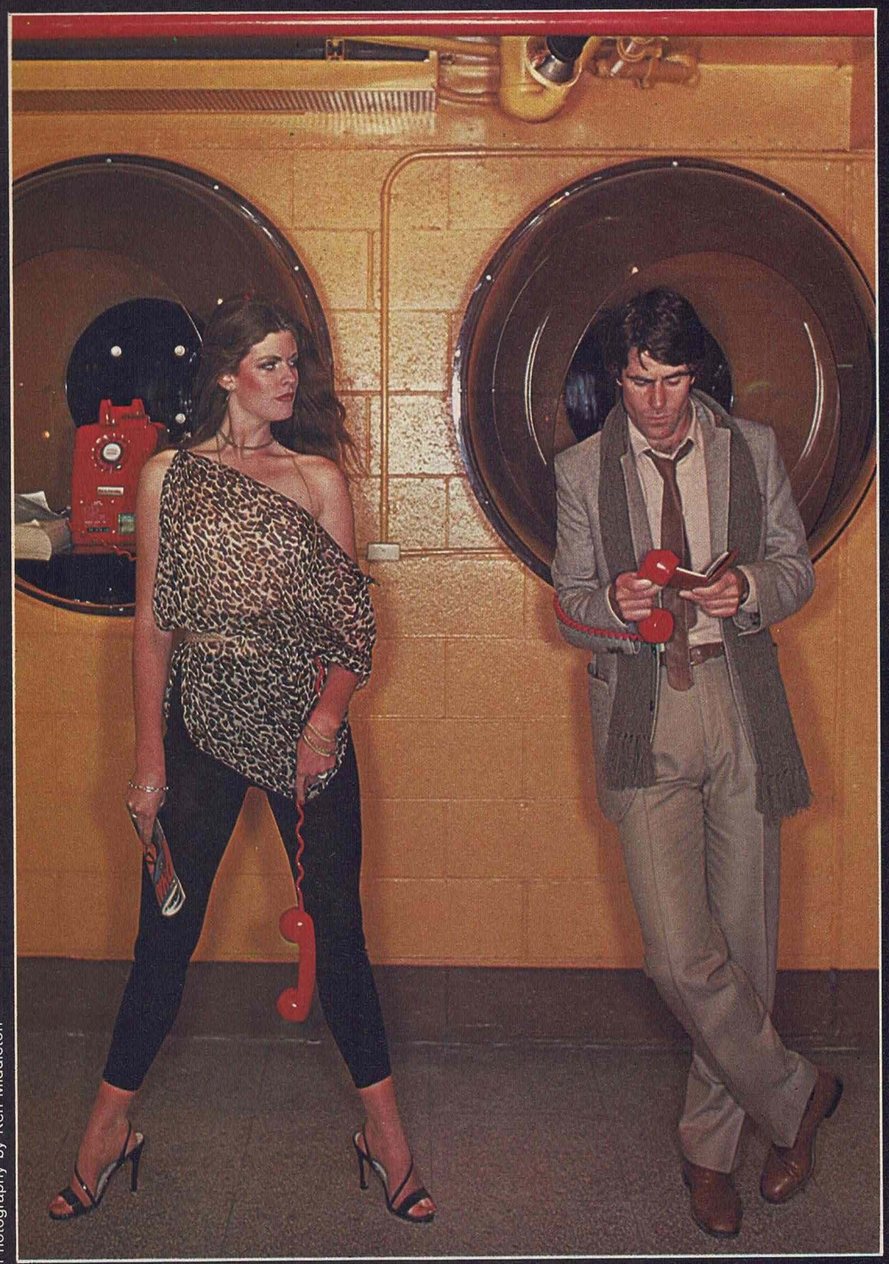
Photography by Monty Coles

TAKE FIVE

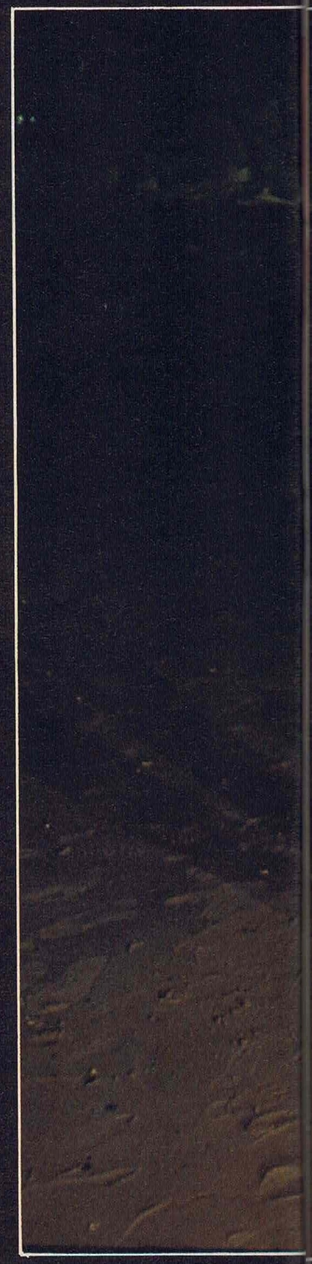
people who have designs on you

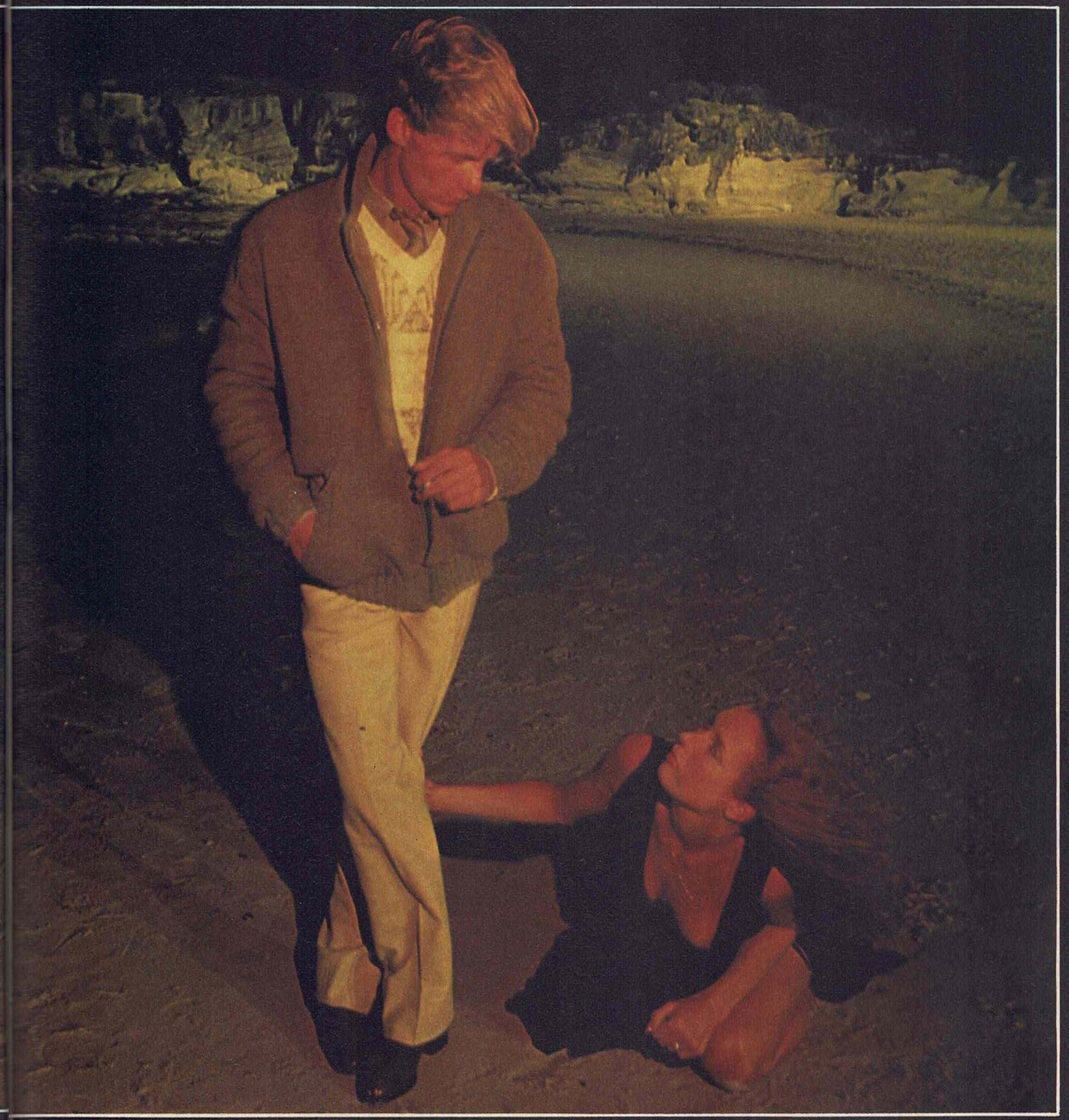
MENSWEAR is undergoing its biggest change since the fashion revolution of the '60s. Here, five Australian designers look at the way it's shaping up. "Fabric and texture will be most important," says Lyndall Hopcraft, of Cuggi. "I believe men want to dress in comfortable clothes that are styled without fussiness and allow for ease of movement. They want a totally co-ordinated range that can handle the realities of everyday living and still come out on top. There is an easy, sensible, more natural approach to clothing, but a man's attitude to the way he wears his clothes is probably his best accessory."

LYNDALL HOPCRAFT

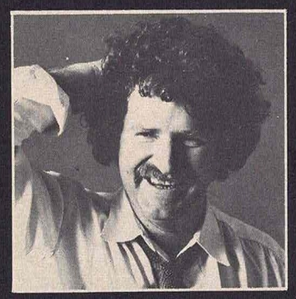


Photography by Ken Middleton





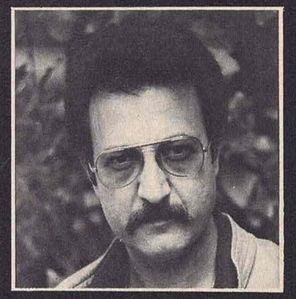
Photography by Jürgen Ryck



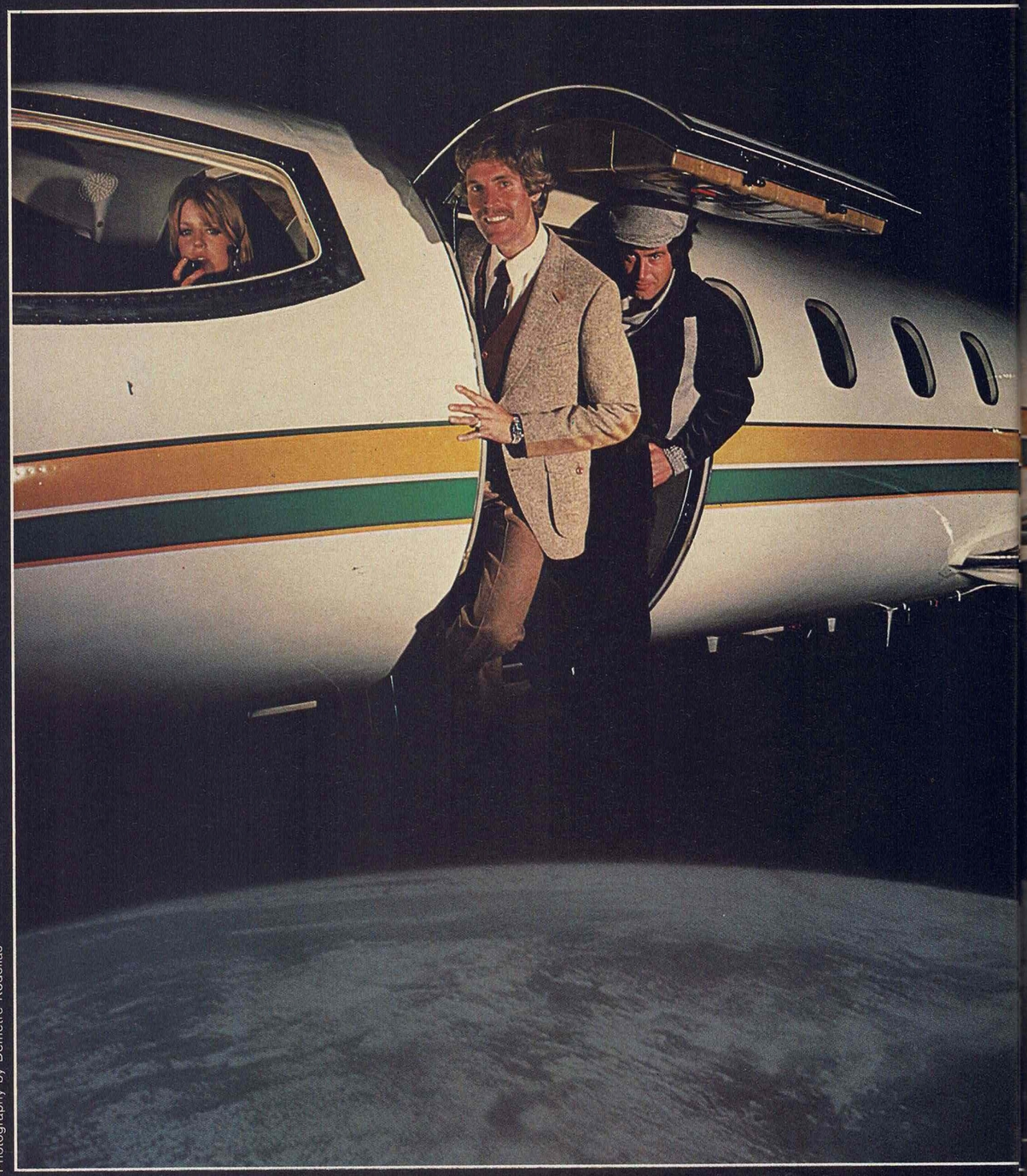
JOHN LEAR

"The unstructured look for jackets and tops will be emphasised," says John Lear, of Très Bon. "Informality has now taken over with the larger, fuller cut of garments. The new suit jacket gives casual elegance in an easy-to-wear garment. Lapels are narrower, collars are smaller, and a fuller, more natural look is given by softer shoulder pads and a lighter fusing (stiffening) in the front of the jacket. Pleated trousers with fuller seat and thigh and narrower bottoms give style with comfort. These easy-living styles are teamed with surface-interest cloths, such as earthy donegals and wool flannels."

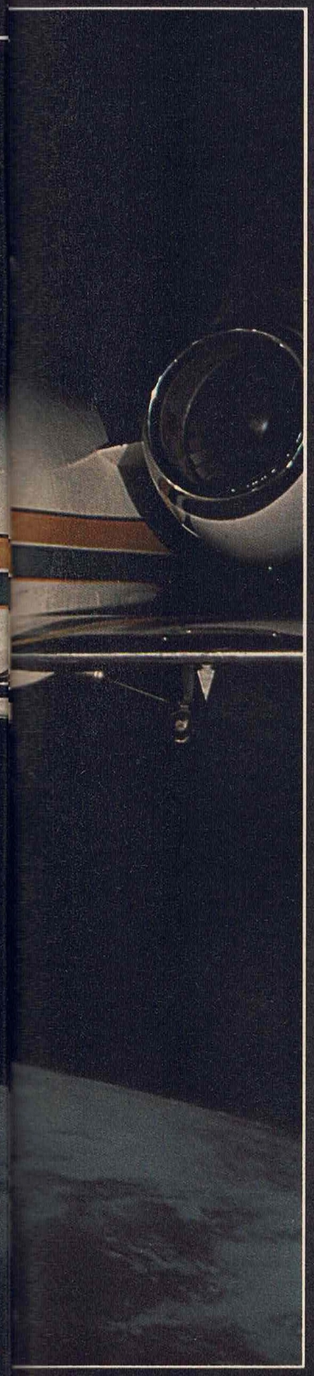
"Fashion is heading in the right direction," says Andrew Savvides. "At last, men have realised that they don't have to wear a suit to look well dressed. Men want to look good, relaxed and uncomplicated, and not exactly like the next person. This season will see relaxed clothes in pure wools, pure cottons and corduroys teamed with leather. Trousers will be pleated with narrower bottoms, and casual jackets will be unlined and loose. The battle jacket will be worn longer and looser. Color and fabric texture will be very important in creating the right mood, and the total look will be relaxed and easy to wear."

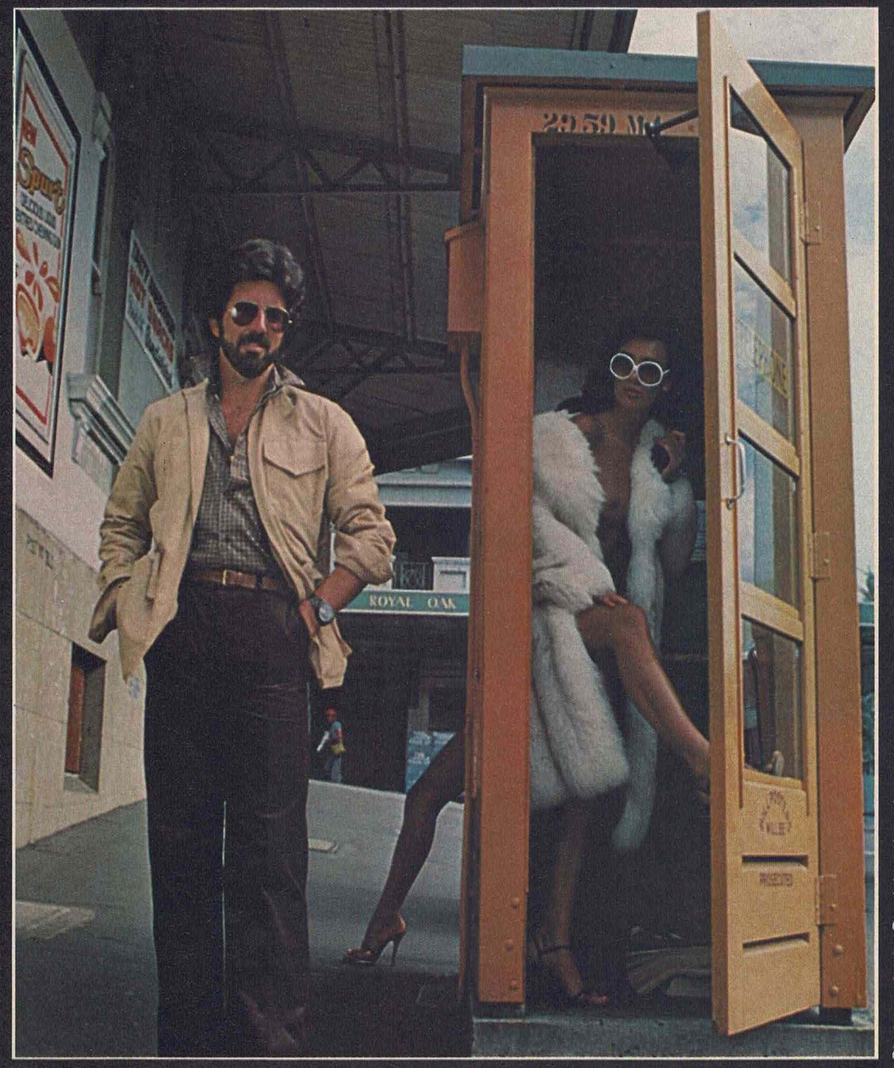


ANDREW SAVVIDES



Photography by Demetre Kodellas



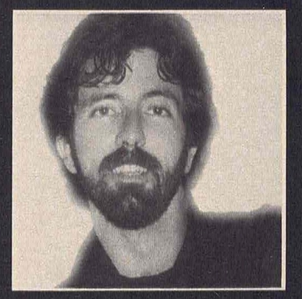


Photography by Dominique Longheon

"Simple elegance is the height of fashion," says David Frieze. "Highly-developed sportswear will fill the void between the informality of jeans and the starkness of traditional styles. Casual clothes will be cut on soft, full lines with loose-fitting, deep-cut sleeves and the relaxed, easy drape of natural-looking fabrics. Tailored clothing will feature double and single-breasted designs with long, narrow lapels. Jackets will look shorter and have set-in sleeves." The casual mood (above) is complemented by the Learjet from B. S. Stillwell Aviation.

DAVID FRIEZE

"I believe that about 80 percent of Australian men wear clothes chosen for them by women," says Kent Harrison, of Fionelli. "For this reason, I try to design clothes that men will like and that their women will like to see them wear. The heavy construction of men's clothing is gone, leaving a supple, ready-to-wear shell. Shoulders will be subtly emphasised and the jackets cut to showcase a man's body. Designing for men is not as easy as designing for women because the vocabulary is limited — jackets, shirts and trousers will always be with us. It's really a challenge to change styles without going overboard."



KENT HARRISON

"Et tu, Brute?"

DIARY OF A MAD JOGGER

humor By RICHARD LIEBMANN-SMITH

Most runners keep a journal in which to record their running experience . . . some keep records of their diet, weight, how they feel, and so forth. Keep whatever kind of journal you like but do attempt one, and from time to time record your resting heart rate.
– JIM FIXX, The Complete Book of Running.

Day 1
Distance: None

What makes me want to run? What mad mélange of pride and masochism can explain this urge to tax my body and my soul to the utmost, chasing nothing, fleeing nothing, running neither for money nor for glory, nor to catch a bus?

I am running for my life, inspired by the Adida Indians of Central America. These hardy primitives are truly the aristocrats of long-distance

the detailed account of a man's running battle to put one foot in front of the other

Soft sculpture by JoEllen Trilling

running: an adult Adida can cover 150km non-stop at a pace that would fell an Olympic champion. And among the Adidas heart diseases are virtually unknown. Diabetes, emphysema and stroke – all are unheard of. In fact, the Adidas have no medical knowledge whatsoever. They are completely illiterate and believe that the body is an animal they ride around in.

Easing gently into my new incarnation as a running machine (fleet, sleek, instinctive, fit beyond belief), I followed the athlete's golden maxim: "Train, don't strain." For this afternoon's workout, I wore my running shoes around the apartment for half an hour, gradually tightening my terry-cloth headband. Excruciating agony.

Resting heart rate: 249. (Do you count each blub or do blub-blup and blubbedy-blup count as one?)

Thought: "Whatever does not kill me makes me stronger." So says Nietzsche, the dead philosopher.

•

Day 2
Distance: None

The most important single item of equipment a runner buys is his T-shirt, and the most important question to consider in selecting one is: how will it read if I succumb to a massive coronary in mid-jog and am found sprawled unconscious on the track by a bunch of snooty horseback riders? Today I faced the long, lonely, agonising test of T-shirt shopping, emerging from the fiery cauldron of indecision with a new definition of who and what and why I am.

The Thrill Of Victory, The Agony Of Da Feet struck me as overly literary and too long. *Kiss Me, I'm A Jogger* and *Beep! Beep!* were obviously declassé. I was drawn to one with *here comes* (your name) on the front and *there goes* (your name) on the back but was concerned about the potentially paralysing effect of getting such a garment on back-to-front or, worse, inside out. Ultimately, I settled for *In Case Of Emergency, Call* ... and Dr Frankel's phone number.

Resting heart rate: 6. (Gloves.)

Thought: Man is by nature a true running animal. The rhythm of the run is etched in the very DNA of every human cell. The earliest known literature attests to this fundamental truth: "Run, Dick, run! See Spot run!"

•

Day 3
Distance: None

A runner must train his mind as well as his body. We who would aspire to the pinnacles of athletic excellence must be able to endure pain, monotony, numbing repetition, disappointment and despair. I began my mental workout listening to a Stiller and Meara comedy album. I followed this with a few brisk spins of Mungo Jerry singing *In the Summertime,* and finally honed my mental stamina on a world-class runner's regimen of Peter Bogdanovich's gruelling song, *At Long Last Love.*

Resting heart rate: 346.

Thought: None

•

Day 4
Distance: None

A brisk late-autumn day. Warm-up exercises at the reservoir: flexing, bending, stretching, pulling, pitting muscle against muscle in a tense ballet of anticipation, I tuned my inner spiritual ear to the subtle rhythms of my body. Twisting, reaching, gently massaging, I established a dialogue with my body, which responded with deepened breathing, quickened pulse, a hint of perspiration. My body was turning on. It wanted to get together for lunch next Thursday. I accepted.

Another runner passed while I was getting in touch with my body. A cigarette dangled from his paunchy, purplish lips. He called me a name. I compared him unfavorably with the Adida Indians, whose feet he was not worthy to sniff. He called a cop.

All of us have gone soft ... a nation of spectators – overfed, under-exercised, impolite. I despise the Western lifestyle (deathstyle!).

Resting heart rate: 419.

Thought: I am a foot soldier in the war on slobbery.

•

Day 5
Distance: 100 metres.

Today set foot on the track for the first time, renewing that ancient contract of sinew, sweat and hard, sweet earth. It is a contract harking back to the ancient Greeks, to semi-mythical Phidippides, who ran from Marathon to Athens bearing news of the invention of the goat.

Ran 90 metres before being passed by a one-legged guy and an elderly woman on crutches.

Resting heart rate: 525. (Ringing sound in ears.)

Thought: Unlike other athletes, we supplicants at the temple of fleet Hermes do not compete against one another. For us the battle is against the clock, the elements and ourselves. I can beat a Timex and thorium. As for the race against myself, I may not emerge the victor, but I figure I'm guaranteed at least a tie.

•

Day 6
Distance: 300 metres

God-like I strode, experiencing myself for the very first time what Abraham Maslow, middle-distance psychologist, has called "the spontaneous, co-ordinated, efficient organism functioning with a great flow of power that is so peculiarly effortless that it becomes like play – masterful, virtuoso-like."

This was the fabled runner's "high", the spiritual plateau that is the true destination of every run, whatever mundane geographical terrain it may happen to traverse. Eagerly I jettisoned the weighty cargo of my day-to-day preoccupations (are Danskins for dancing, not for dancing, for *not* dancing, what?). My mind became all suffused with dazzling thoughts of unutterable clarity. How much I knew and with how little effort! It occurred to me that all men are created equal. And women, too! Energy, I somehow sensed, is equal to the product of mass times the speed of light squared. Snatches of Shakespeare flitted through my consciousness, their multi-hued poetic radiance revealed to me for the first time: "Exeunt!" "But soft!" "Alarums within!"

Resting heart rate: 819.

Thought: Have a nice day!

•

Day 7
Distance 400 metres

Nearly half a kilometre non-stop? And today I hit the Wall of Pain! Yes, I reached the very limits of human endurance. A searing agony ripped my lungs with every labored breath. All over my body, taut tendons shrieked their message of anguish along white-hot neural cords like thousands of Jewish mothers hearing that my muscles were marrying thousands of *shiksas.* For the life of me, I couldn't recall why I had started this running. Or where. Or when. Every time I tried to put together a coherent thought, all I got was Mungo Jerry and some hooey about DNA.

Physiologically, the Wall of Pain heralded the depletion of stored glycogen in my muscles. With its carbohydrate supply to zero, my body had either to shut down or switch to protein fuel. At 300 metres, I was burning a tuna sandwich I digested last month. At 400, I began metabolising my underpants.

Resting heart rate: 2721.

Final thought: The body is a machine. A machine with a soul, but a machine nonetheless. Treat the body with respect and, like any finely engineered machine, it will respond with power, precision and dependability. Treat it with disrespect and, like any machine, it will fall down in the bushes and throw up.

THE SPOILS OF SPORTS

there's no place for fun and games as today's champions fight it out in pursuit of the prizemoney el dorado

THE reception was quite incredible. Hundreds, maybe close to a thousand, giving a standing ovation to a man who wasn't even playing in the tournament ....

Who had played for Australia in the Davis Cup when many of them hadn't been born ....

Kids whose pulses quickened to the sex-symbol arrival of one of Australia's greatest-ever tennis players ... John Newcombe.

Few of them would have known of his earliest struggles, his stumbles, his set-point psyches, his subsequent serving and smashing successes.

Even fewer would have realised that they were paying court to a multi-national corporation, the

Above: David Graham
Right: Bart Cummings
Far right: Evonne Cawley
Below: Peter Brock

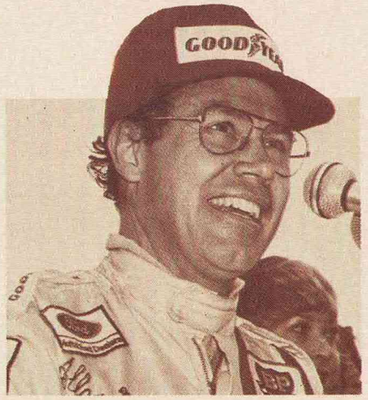
country's top money-making sporting machine, who even in semi-retirement earns more than our golfing superstars and spends a top footballer's season salary on air fares.

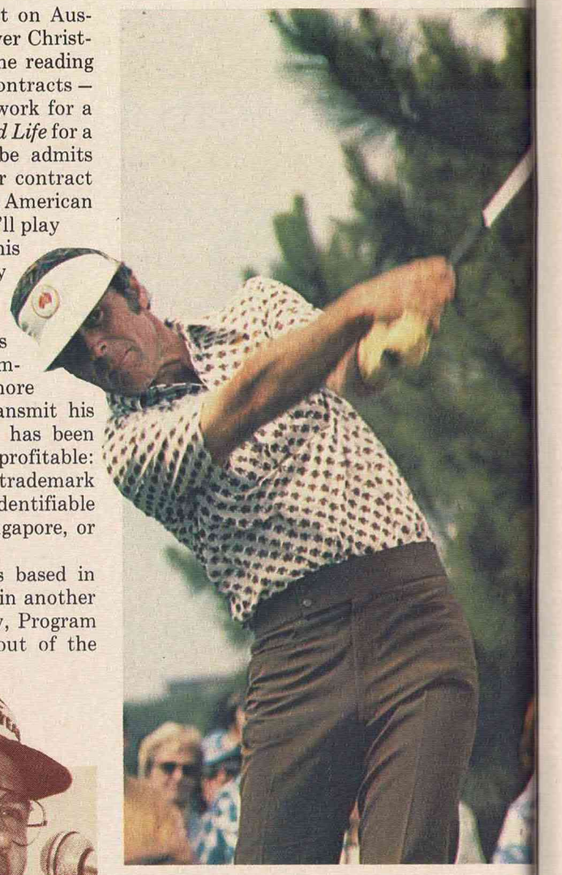
On that day at Sydney's White City, Newcombe fixed his smile in place and started accepting pens and books. He was to spend half an hour getting writer's cramp without one stern word and without the smile slipping. Every kid was a potential trainee for Newk's training camps, a possible customer for Newk's line of playing gear and/or his endorsed equipment. Their parents might just be convinced to change over to Cinzano, a drink Newk flogs on TV. There is, of course, Newk the TV star, Newk the movie star, Newk the press columnist, Newk the broadcaster, not to mention Newk the real estate agent and international investor.

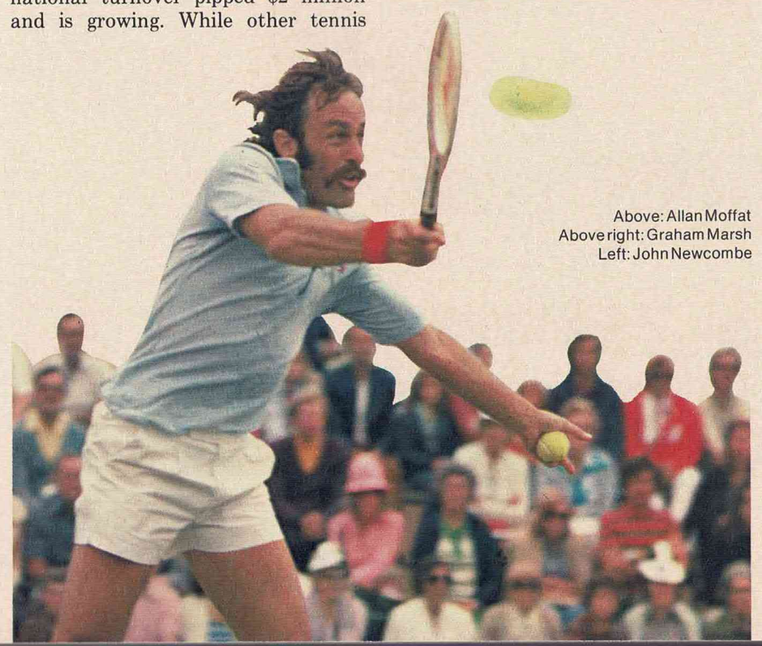
In the cloak-and-cheque-book world of sports earnings, no sportsman wants the tag of top money-spinner. But Newcombe's empire spreads from Armidale, NSW, to Japan, Hawaii, Texas, and around the world. As much as anything, true figures are hidden behind a maze of accountants, lawyers and publicists or written into contracts, inter-company borrowing, endorsement agreements, and training camp management operations.

Last year Newcombe competed only for the first six months, picking up a mere $93,606 in prizemoney – slightly down on the Australian prizewinners' list – a figure representing barely the tip of his financial iceberg. His Sydney-based lawyer concedes Newcombe's turnover for the full year exceeded $1 million. Close contemporaries claim that the total international turnover pipped $2 million and is growing. While other tennis players were sweating it out on Australian and foreign courts over Christmas, Newcombe filled in time reading balance sheets and signing contracts – one with the ATV 0-10 network for a 65-part series titled *The Good Life* for a reported $250,000. Newcombe admits to a six figure fee. A similar contract was being negotiated with an American network. Newcombe says he'll play in only three tournaments this year, the big ones with heavy press coverage – an indication that, even at 35, a high percentage of his business hinges on his circuit performances. However, more and more he is relying on TV to transmit his personality. The transition has been reasonably easy, and very profitable: the lean Australian and his trademark moustache are as readily identifiable in the streets of Rome, Singapore, or Tokyo as in Australia.

One of his companies is based in Singapore; he has interests in another in Italy. His main company, Program Tennis Services, operates out of the US. In Australia he has franchised three tennis shops and has a half share in a fourth. With Tony Roche he operates tennis camps in NSW and Victoria during the summer, while in Texas and Hawaii his schools operate all year. Newk sells his name on everything from shoes to cameras. And at the peak of his business year he employs as many as 100 staff.







Above: Allan Moffat
Above right: Graham Marsh
Left: John Newcombe

If his brilliance with a tennis racquet hadn't brought him fame and helped to make his fortune, Newcombe is confident he would have made it anyway. His dentist father had a firm rule when raising his children.

Newcombe recalls: "He was almost fanatical that we should know about accountancy, to understand profit and loss. In my last five years at school I specialised in accountancy and would have gone on to study commerce had tennis not taken over.

"That was an interesting thing. At the age of five I had no ambitions as to what I wanted to be when I grew up. When I was seven, I thought I would be a champion tennis player. By the time I was 10, I *knew* I would be a champion tennis player. It went on from there, but dad convinced me to keep studying accountancy. And I'm very glad I did." When he turned pro in 1968 Newcombe was worth about $30,000. His first contract was $45,000 a year for three years. That year the plans were laid for his first tennis camp. It's a long time now since he turned over his first million. How much is he worth? "I honestly don't know," Newk muses. "I don't think anyone really knows."

Whatever the exact figure, it is a fortune to most people and makes Newcombe stand out even in the multi-million-dollar world of leading professional sportsmen, though it's interesting to note that, last year, Australia's women tennis stars out-earned their male counterparts. Kerry Reid collected $198,766; Yvonne Cawley $180,844; and Wendy Turnbull $180,758. Big brass, but peanuts compared with Czech defector Martina Navratilova, who swept the female pool with $500,857. Tennis is by no means the only money spinner. The elite Australian golfing trio of David Graham, Bruce Devlin and Graham Marsh have been loping round the world like high financiers who treat their sport as serious recreation. But competition is a vital part of their business armory. Texas seems to have opened its heart to Australians. Late last year, Bruce Devlin was able to borrow $3 million to add to his own $3.5 million to build a 36-hole golf and country club near his home in Houston. In the next three years he'll be involved in course development worth $60-$80 million.

The lean, shy Devlin talks quietly, but does things in a big way. While a lot of wage-earning parents would consider opening building society accounts for their children, Devlin set out to buy a gas well each for his three. He has won $900,000 in prizemoney, yet never collected a major tournament. If the former apprentice plumber from Goulburn, NSW, has a problem, it is this gap in his match play. "It's annoying," he says. "I have divided my time equally between golf and business. Perhaps if I had concentrated on golf, I could have been one of the greats." This year Devlin will decide whether to quit the game altogether, or cut down on his business commitments enough to have one last fling at a major tournament. "I'd miss the life," he says. "I still think that, with a bit of devotion and practice, I could win again. It's very hard for me to sit behind an office desk every day." Just as Devlin designs golf courses, David Graham designs golf clubs as a sideline to working the international circuit. Last season, his putter earned him approximately $149,000 to bring his career earnings to $750,000 But it has not all been roses. Graham is at last finding financial solidarity after a split with his manager that cost him $250,000. Like Devlin, he is finding that his business commitments are keeping him away from the practice tee, yet he knows more than anyone that he has to keep playing.

Above: Tony Greig. Right: Bruce Devlin

"When I can no longer make money playing, I want to have my own club factory," he says. "I intend to build on that so my wife and sons will have nothing to worry about in four or five years. But you have to play like a son of a bitch all the time to make the $30,000 it takes just to cover travelling, hotels, meals and caddie fees before you start putting money in the bank."

While Devlin and Graham are clearly into the millionaire bracket from combined interests, it was left to another Australian, Graham Marsh, to collect the biggest return in match prizemoney. The taciturn brother of World Series cricket star Rod Marsh picked up $275,130 in stroke play to finish among the top 10 golf winners for the year.

They're building their golfing empires, just as the golfing greats – Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus – did: the hard way.

The magic million can be achieved only with talent, a hell of a lot of application, an ounce or more of luck, and a lot of hard work.

World Series cricketer Tony Greig, however, is a sportsman who stepped easily from the playing arena into the boardroom, at the same time becoming the world's highest-paid cricketer. Three years ago the globe-trotting South African national was captain of England earning, with endorsements and perks, $15,000 a year. Last year he earned $170,000, $40,000 of that being the season's cricket fee.

This year he added another arrow to his commercial quiver when he was appointed managing director of an insurance brokerage firm, heading up a staff of 150 sales representatives. Greig is also a director of the London-based leather goods firm, St Peters, sports director of the Sydney radio station 2UW, and TV front man for Kelloggs and Waltons. His contract with WSC expires at the end of next season and Greig, now a resident of Australia, has reached the dilemma of top sportsmen who have the business touch – how many hours are there in a day?

In the lucrative sport of kings, the flat racing season saw T. J. (Tommy) Smith again emerge as premier NSW trainer and leading stakes winner in Australia. Smith's horses around the country collected $1,689,320 in

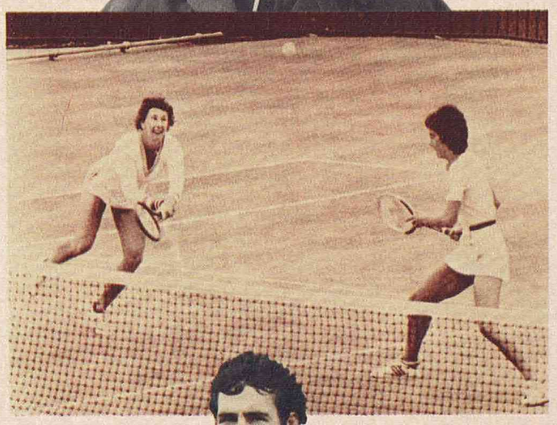
prizemoney, breaking the $1 million barrier for the fifth successive year, with the tiny Randwick thoroughbred genius earning an official 10 percent – $168,932 – in fees. It is almost impossible to gauge accurately Smith's total income from racing. His mini-corporation has shares in some of the champion horses he trains. And the cost of sending a horse to Smith works out at $100 a week, and he has about 60 at work.

Bart Cummings ran second to Smith in stake earnings, also topping $1 million. The man who has made winning the Melbourne Cup almost a habit runs the biggest network of stables in Australia – Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney – and is developing extensive interests in New Zealand. An indication of the immense overheads of the Cummings operation is his telephone bill, which totalled a massive $46,000 last year. In Melbourne, on New Year's Eve, top jockey Roy Higgins turned his back on the festivities and trudged off to a sauna to shed 1.5 kg. By 10pm he had eaten one slice of toast, washed down with a cup of weak black tea, and gone to bed. It seemed inexplicable that the millionaire hoop at 40 was prepared to go through a strength-sapping ritual for one minor ride at Flemington the next day. But Higgins says: "I take the rides when they come."

It is becoming increasingly obvious that the man who won last year's Victorian premiership is fighting a weight battle and is restricted in his choice of mounts. Nevertheless, for his one-race win, Higgins netted an official 10 percent of the stake – $900. He also collects five percent on anything he rides into second, third or fourth placings, plus his riding fee.

Higgins says he'll continue riding for another two seasons – "because there's money about and I need time to establish myself in other areas." The latter point might be an overstatement, although the "Professor" – as he is known – hit a hurdle last December when the VRC ruled that he could not ride while holding the office of managing director of the Roy Higgins Racing and Breeding Stables Ltd. Higgins was told that he could not part-own horses and be a jockey at the same time.

Meanwhile, a stud farm – Gramar Lodge, which Higgins operates in partnership – came out of the red and started to show a profit. This year four yearlings will go to the sales wearing price tags ranging from $35,000 to $50,000. Last year Higgins collected



Top: T.J. Smith
Centre: Wendy Turnbull, Kerry Reid
Above: Mick Cronin

what most of us would regard as a substantial annual income from his personal appearances, TV work and endorsements, plus an undisclosed return on two blocks of units.

He won the jockey's premiership with 48½ wins, earning an estimated $100,000. His Sydney counterpart, Malcolm Johnston, outpaced him in winnings, with 115½ victories for an estimated $150,000, but was a long way down the scale when it came to diversified earnings. Higgins' overall income for the year was estimated at more than $250,000.

While jockeys Higgins and Johnston could be content with their annual earnings, they are still a long way behind the world's best. The 1977 season saw young American superhoop Steve Cauthen pick up $615,175 as his share of prizemoney. Meanwhile, a gentleman called O. J. Simpson collected $733,358 for one season's football and last year, in the fledgling sport of US soccer, Giorgio Chinaglia earned $283,333.

The part-time sporting worlds of Australian Rules Football, Rugby League and Soccer saw a marked increase in payments to stars, with an ever-escalating degree of secrecy surrounding the transactions. In Victoria, headquarters of Rules, North Melbourne's Malcolm Blight topped match earnings with $1400 a game. Rugby League's Mick Cronin, from Parramatta, picked up an estimated $35,000 fee for the season and added another $12,000 in prizemoney. Just to prove that money isn't everything, the fast-running centre knocked back $50,000 to change clubs. In soccer, national coach Rudi Guntendorf earned $40,000. In the glamorous world of Australian motor-racing, money is almost a dirty word, with promotors expecting drivers to capitalise on race wins returning money through sponsorship. The one exception is the Hardie Ferodo, where the winner can walk away with $55,000. Last year top driver Allan Moffat failed to finish the race and collected zero. In actual prizemoney, he was the poor relation of Australian sport, earning only $2000 in prizemoney for the year.

Peter Brock took the Hardie and, with other placings during the season, finished with an estimated $65,000 in cash. Even so, the figure is hardly representative of the cash flow into this prestige sport.

Moffat, who has a private company, spent approximately $60,000 on spare parts for his Ford fleet. His estimated earnings from sponsorships came to $85,000. Moffat runs a vehicle engineering plant, promotes BP oil and Camel cigarettes, has an arrangement with International Harvester and a dealership in Goodyear Tyres. He also writes and commentates for the media. A conservative estimate of his annual turnover is $300,000.

Big money, isn't it? But for every sportsman who makes it to the top, there are thousands sacrificed at the temple of Mammon. Pro sport is no game. There's no place for starry-eyed amateurs in the modern El Dorado.

Few can hope to equal Arnold Palmer, reputed to be sport's biggest money maker. Although the "Golden Bear" admits his golf game is over the hill, he's made more than $55 million – and the millions continue to pour in.

"It's two francs for three hours' modelling. And I won't charge you for the quickie."

PLAYMATES AROUND THE WORLD

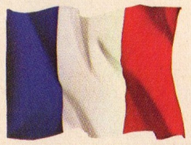
an international cavalcade of the best from playboy

Australian PLAYBOY is the newest of nine editions of the magazine published around the world, the others hitting the streets in the US, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Japan, Mexico and Brazil. What this means to you, the reader, is that we are in the happy position of being able to bring to you the best beauties from around the globe and, by way of introduction, we're showing this month a selection from Germany, Brazil, France and the good old US of A. If your taste leans towards the girls of the other four countries, keep watching this space.

Until two years ago, Karin Wolffram worked in the office of a warehouse. Then she took off for greater things – like dancing on TV and being featured in the German edition of June, '78. Lovely Karin describes herself as "a real all-round woman". Ve von't argue.

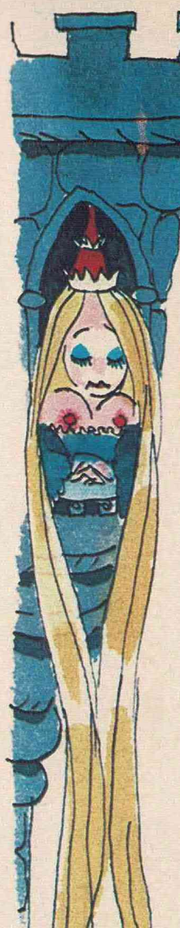
Three more of our fabulous fräuleins. Believe it or not, Christiane Rittner, above, is a goldsmith who gilded last year's German September edition. Cona Koeneke, far left, featured in the January '78 issue and pretty Anita Koenig, left, delighted the Herren in March last year.

And now, over to Brazil. Leggy Leila (no surname, chaps), was coffee country's Playmate in December, '75, and delightful Indian Darcy Alexio, below, was featured in October, '76.



La belle France presents dusky Radiah (July, '76), Anne, right, from the issue of September, '75, and Lindsey, below, who was featured in April, '76. The next plane for Paris is now departing. All aboard.

And as a super finale, five American beauties from the Playmates of 1978: Marcy Hanson, far left (October); lovely Janis Schmitt, left (February); Christina Smith, above (March); plus Gail Stanton, below (June) and Monique St Pierre, right (November). And these five gorgeous girls lead us to comment, with feeling: the Stars and Stripes for ever.



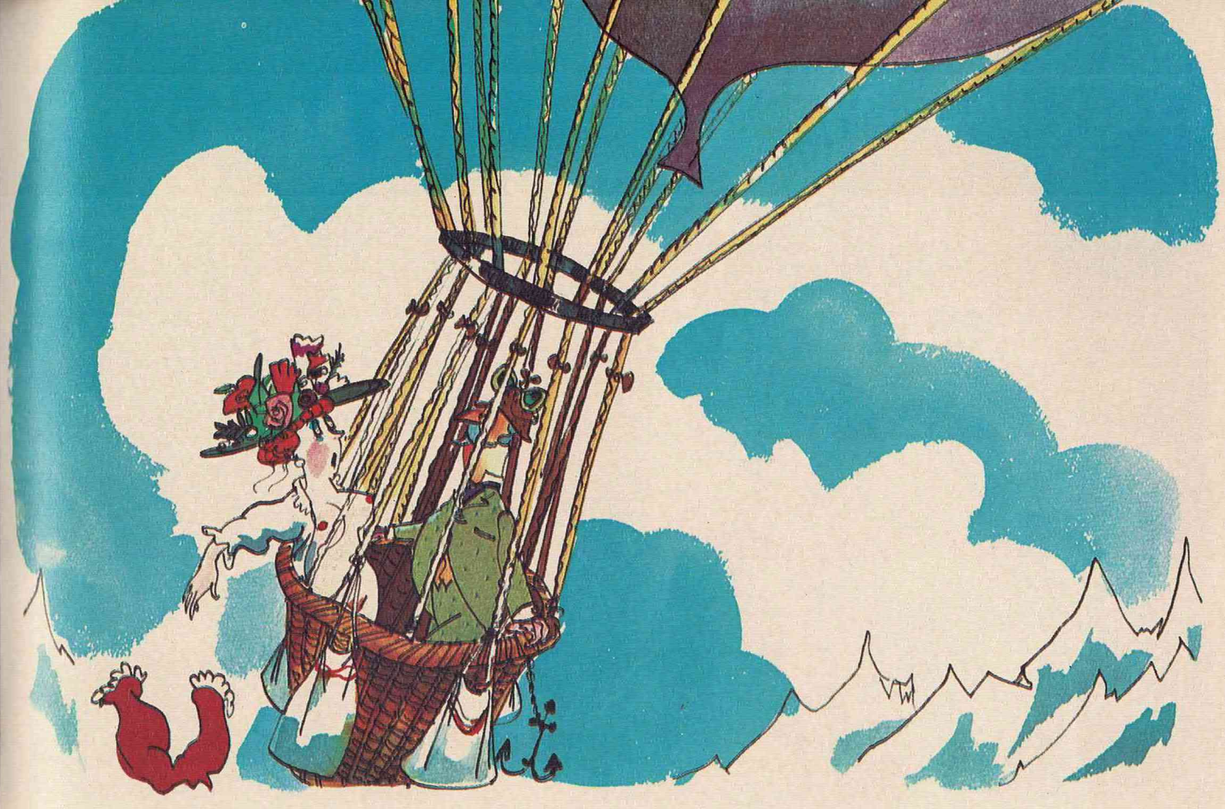
humor by

ffolkes

DAMSELS IN DISTRESS

a look at hapless maidens and fates worse than death

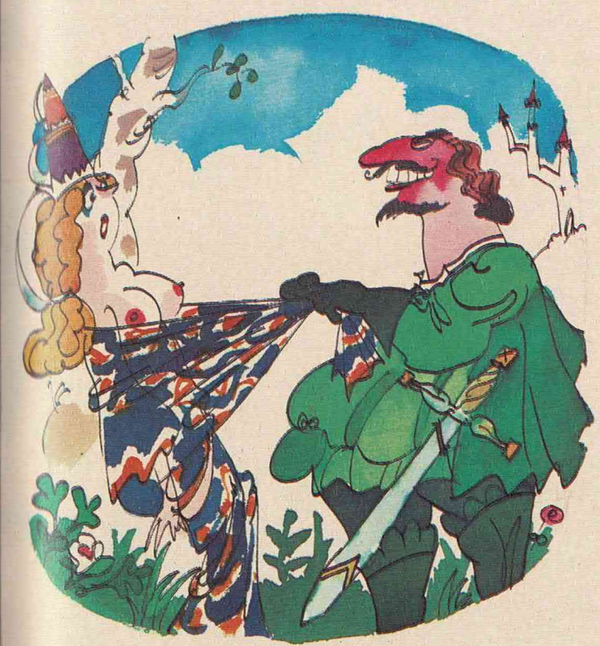
"Heavens, no, the Holy War was last year."



"But Sir George, I fail to see how taking off my clothes can help the balloon rise."

"He said it may be an unnatural act, but it was perfectly natural for him."

"Guess what we're having for dessert."

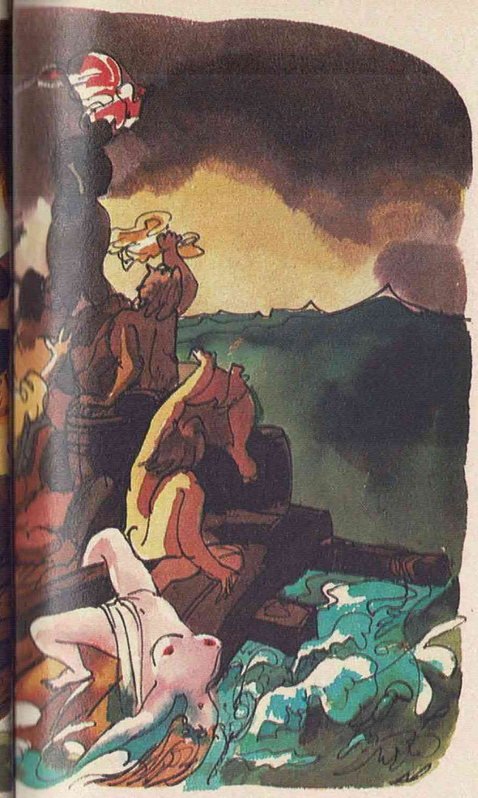


"That's what I hate nowadays. There's no dalliance."

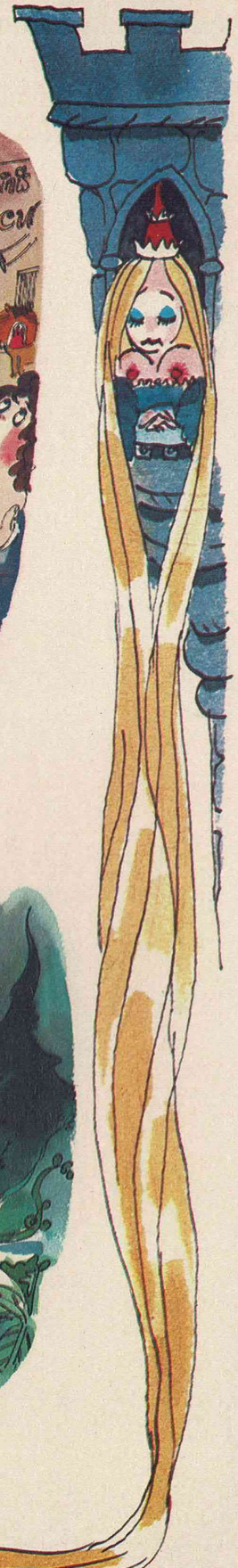
"Oh, and there's another thing. We do it upside down."

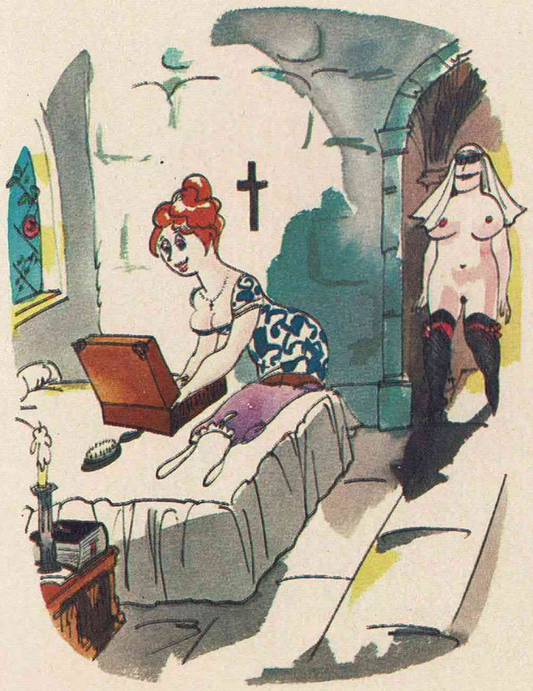
"Then the police arrived and re-enacted the crime."

"Now they sight a rescue ship!"



"Unfortunately, he made me laugh until I was helpless."





"So I said to myself, if a girl's not safe in a nunnery, where is she going to be safe?"

"I was one of the people you can fool all of the time."

"I was held incommunicado seventeen times."

GETTING HIGH

it is within the power of every mortal to shed the shackles that bind him to earth and to soar gracefully aloft with the eagles

discovery **BY TONY REES**

IT'S cold. Bloody freezing. Some lunatic in a parka and woollen gloves is trying to shoehorn me into an aluminium-and-perspex capsule. What the hell am I doing here?

The perspex top clangs shut. The lunatic shouts: "All clear above and behind." He makes a rude gesture to another lunatic standing in the open 60 or 70 metres away, oblivious to the 10-knot wind straight off the polar icecap. There is a roar 50 metres ahead at the other end of a piece of rope. That's the tug.

At this end, the metal nosecone, stuck on to a fuselage, a pair of wings and a tailplane. An ugly duckling, a fish out of water, strangely graceless with one wing dragging on the ground. No time to think. Suddenly we're thundering across the grass. We're doomed. We must be. The aluminium cylinder is making a noise like an empty fuel drum rolling down a mountain. It's lurching and bouncing worse than any drunk.

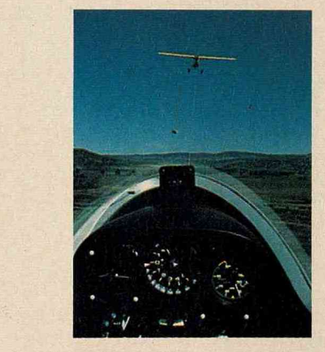
What the hell am I doing here?

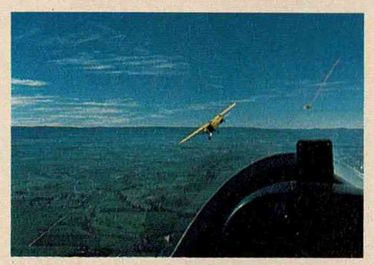
Then, in a split second, the transformation. The broken, drooping wing lifts, levels. The drumming stops. There's a beautiful silence. And in one deft, exultant movement, an exquisite metamorphosis. The grub has turned into a breathtaking butterfly. A glider.

We're airborne.

Above and ahead of us the Piper Pawnee tug thrashes about in its 230-horsepower battle against gravity. Down here, we're serene. Nature is on our side, you see. We deign to follow that petrol-gobbling excrescence to 2000ft, then bang! Release.

We're free in a beautiful Blanik. Free to soar and dive and loop and climb as long as the air currents will let us. It's my first flight in a glider, and the sensation is superb. So utterly exhilarating that I grin incessantly from the sheer pleasure of it all. I feel a bit sheepish, but no one else can see me. Not that I'm here by myself. In the seat behind is a man just as nonchalant and at home in this environment as a wedgetail eagle. Werner Geisler, vice-president of the NSW Gliding Association, president of Bathurst Soaring Club, and one of Australia's most highly qualified instructors, with more than 28,000 flights entered in his log book. And, incidentally, a former Luftwaffe fighter pilot (Messerschmitt Me 109s) whose dogfighting skill comes into play every time he closes in on a spiralling thermal.





There aren't too many of those in the clear air over Bathurst, high up in the NSW central tablelands. It's a learner's sky. All soft and flowing, like porridge without lumps. He does a couple of turns, and suggests I follow his example.

Shouldn't be any trouble, I think. After all, I've got a private pilot's licence and 400 hours in power. And any fool can learn to fly a plane without an engine . . .

Let's try one to the left. Hell, why won't that wing come up? Why's the speed dropping off? Why am I slipping and sliding all over the sky? Christ. Straighten her up. The Blanik yaws sickeningly back to straight and level flight. Expert fingers grip the controls again. The glider stands on its wingtip, pirouetting daintily around a farmhouse just beyond the end of that slender airfoil. The balance is incredible. Geisler must have feathers.

I try a few more gentle manoeuvres. With all the poise of an elephant. Then down to earth. A gentle whooshing and swishing of air as the speed builds up. Geisler lines up on final approach. Air brakes out. Fifty knots. God, we're going down like a skyscraper's lift. The strip is rocketing up to meet us. Bloody hell, why doesn't he *do* something? I grip the side of the cockpit. We're flying straight into the ground!

A couple of feet above the grass the Blanik suddenly levels out. It drops, imperceptibly, on to the runway. And the drumming starts again. We coast to a stop. A wing drops, as if broken, to the ground. The other sticks up in the air ungainly, lifeless. Gliders don't like coming down to earth. I climb out. The

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEVIN BROWN

cold has vanished. There's a warm glow. I'm hooked, of course. Captivated by that soaraway, ethereal feeling of untrammelled, effortless power. And utterly determined to become a lunatic.

•

Learning to glide isn't difficult – provided you are reasonably fit, strongly motivated, and prepared to concede that the birds can do it better.

The first step is to contact a gliding club. The State associations listed on this page will give you the address and telephone number of the training organisation nearest to you.

Once you've been accepted and paid the fees (up to about $60 joining and $50 a year – sounds a lot, but you get a lot for it), the club will give you a log book and an easy-to-follow volume on elementary gliding.

Then it's over to your instructor. All gliding clubs provide instruction free of charge. They run on a voluntary basis, and expect members to share the task of running the operation. Full-time gliding schools providing more comprehensive facilities, including live-in, learn-to-fly courses, will charge you for the privilege.

Once you've got your first flight out of the way, you learn to control that bubbling enthusiasm. You've got to. Gliding is hard, exacting work.

The controls are fairly straightforward. The basic one is the control column. Moving this backward or forward actuates the elevators, and causes the nose to rise or fall, sending the aircraft into a climb or dive. Moving it from side to side operates the ailerons, which make the aircraft bank to the right or left. The rudder, moved by pedals on the cockpit floor, causes the aircraft to yaw, and is used in conjunction with the ailerons to change direction.

There are also levers for flaps, which extend behind the wings to make the aircraft more controllable at low flying speeds, and spoilers, which pop out mid-wing to act as air brakes. And, of course, the release handle for letting go the tow rope.

Instrumentation is minimal. The basics are a compass, air speed indicator, altimeter and – most important of all – a variometer. This tells you your rate of climb or descent – vital information when you're depending solely on rising air to keep you aloft.

The first four or five training flights are aimed at familiarising you with the machine and instilling a "feel" for soaring. Gentle diving, climbing and turning lay the groundwork for the manoeuvres you'll need later when you're hunting thermals.

Then it's on to take-offs – learning to keep the glider straight and the wings level, following "in station" beneath the slipstream of the tug, and climbing up above it just before you pull the release handle. And, of course, landings – the hardest part of any flight. And even more demanding in a glider because, unlike in a powered aircraft, you don't get a second chance; once you've established your circuit, you've got to go in.

Still, it's not all *that* terrifying. You learn circuit planning: how high to be at any point, and how best to approach the field. Then it's on to steep turns – and how *not* to do them. This graceful manoeuvre is one of the keys to successful "thermalling". As you sense lift, or see it on your variometer, you've got to turn sharply and cleanly into the rising air current. It is breathtaking to look 30ft straight up to the Blanik's silver wingtip, and 30ft down to the other.

The stall is next. This has nothing to do with engines – an aircraft stalls when it loses flying speed (about 33 knots in the Blanik). It then behaves with roughly the flying characteristics of a housebrick. You are taught to recover from this potentially lethal condition and its more advanced brother, the spin, which makes you feel as if you're inside an eggbeater.

Then it's your turn. I shall never forget Geisler, that unflappable birdman, stepping out of Yankee Lima (identification letters of the club's Blanik) and saying: "You're far too dangerous for me to fly with. Go off by yourself."

First solo is an epic. Like your first drink. Your first sexual experience. Blind terror is quickly overcome by the necessity to do everything right in the cause of sheer survival. You're hyped up, but it is probably the most trouble-free flight of your career. It takes between 40 and 60 flights – depending on aptitude and conditions – to reach solo standard. Then it's on to the real business of soaring, like learning where you're likely to find lift, studying cloud formations, hills and other ground features that may produce those elusive rising currents. And to long-distance flying – staying aloft for hours, travelling hundreds of kilometres and perhaps landing in open paddocks when you run out of lift.

There's a certain amount you can learn from textbooks about gliding. But by far the bulk of a sailplane pilot's knowledge comes from experience, and listening to the experiences of others. There's a seat-of-the-pants ingredient that sets gliding apart from the mechanics of powered flight.

Not that there's any lack of discipline or sagging standards as a result: the sport is more than adequately policed by the Gliding Federation of Australia, which makes the rules and oversees safety procedures.

The Federation also hands out qualifications to pilots as they pass proficiency tests. The first, for aspiring junior birdmen like me, is called a C Certificate. To qualify, you have to remain above your release height for a minimum of five minutes. That means you've got to find a thermal – which proves you've learnt *something*. If you think that's daunting, consider the top decoration, the Diamond C. To get that, you've got to fly 500km and gain 16,000ft.

In addition to the official rules, most clubs have local standing orders. Bathurst Soaring Club, which operates from its own strip 220km west of Sydney, sets stringent safety minima for certain operations. You must, for instance, have at least 40 hours' experience before you're allowed to carry passengers, and 30 hours' before you solo in the sleek, fast fibreglass Twin Astir or the sexy competition single-seaters.

How long will it take? Really, it's up to you. If you attend a full-time school, you could get your C Certificate in a week. At the more leisurely pace of one weekend a month, it may take five or six months. The cost? At Bathurst, an aerotow to 2000ft costs $4. On top of that, there's 13c a minute for the Blanik. So a 20-minute flight – average for training – costs $6.60. You'll find variations from club to club and different rates for different machines.

Is it worth it? For me, yes. As a challenge, gliding is in the leaping-tall-buildings-at-a-single-bound class. You're up there playing off one force of nature against another, a temporary inhabitant of a different world. It's quiet, relaxing, totally satisfying.

If God did mean us to fly, he must have had gliders in mind.

Contact these State bodies if you'd like to learn to glide. They will put you in touch with individual clubs.

NSW Gliding Association,
100 Beresford road,
Homebush 2140.

Queensland Soaring Association,
508 Cavendish road,
Coorparoo 4151.

SA Gliding Association,
PO Box 556,
Waikerie 5330.

Victorian Soaring Association,
5 Wattle avenue,
Belgrave 3160.

WA Gliding Association,
46 Ackworth crescent,
Warwick 6024.

Tasmania does not have a State association.

"No doubt about it, Charlie. You have the fastest gums in the west."

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

GOOD AS GOLD

the author who captivated us with catch-22 now turns his talents to the fine art of political double-talk fiction **By JOSEPH HELLER**

EVERYTHING in Ralph Newsome's office in Washington had a bright shine but the seat of his pants. Bruce Gold had been greeted at the elevators by a young girl with a pretty face who turned him over to a stunning woman near 30 with straight black hair and a sheer, very expensive dress that clung bewitchingly to her incredibly supple figure, who conducted him at length to Ralph's secretary, a sunny, flirtatious woman of arresting sensual warmth who won his heart instantly with her seductive cordiality and caressing handshake. Everything in view gleamed with the sort of polished intensity that made electric lighting, on these premises, seem superfluous. Ralph had aged hardly at all. He was tall and straight, with languid movements, freckles and reddish-brown hair parted on the left side. What Gold remembered most clearly about Ralph was that he never needed a haircut or ever looked as if he'd had one. He wore a tapered, monogrammed shirt and his trousers looked freshly pressed. He was still, somehow, the only graduate of

Illustration by Eraldo Carugati and Dennis Magdich

Princeton University Gold – or anyone Gold knew – had ever met. "I hope you had fun last night," Ralph opened innocently. "This town is just bursting with women who will do almost anything for a good time."

Gold curtly answered: "I was tired when I got in. I wanted a rest." This was a lie. Rather, he had spent the evening roaming dismally from one public room of his hotel to another, hoping in vain that someone might recognise him and take him somewhere else to girls as lovely as any one of the three who'd just welcomed him.

"Gosh, Bruce, I'm happy to see you again," Ralph said. "It's just like old times again, isn't it?" Gold was silent. It was not at all like old times. "The President will be pleased I'm seeing you today, if he ever finds out. You sure do boggle his mind. He has a framed copy of your review of his *My Year in the White House* under the glass top of his desk in the Oval Office so he can re-read it all day long during his vital conversations on agriculture, housing, money, starvation, health, education and welfare, and other matters in which he has no interest." Ralph was in earnest. "I'm told he already has a blowup of your proverb 'Nothing succeeds as planned' on a wall of his breakfast room right beside a quotation from Pliny. It's a daily reminder not to attempt to do too much."

Gold was guarded in his reply. "I'm glad," he said, and hesitated. "There's still much about his book I don't understand."

"That's one of the things he likes best about your review. He was afraid you might see through him." Gold

shifted his feet, feeling uneasy. "See through him?"

"Well, we all knew he really didn't have much to write about his one year in the White House, especially since he was so busy writing about it. He probably wants you working here as soon as you can make the necessary arrangements, although he probably doesn't want you making any yet. That much is definite."

"Working as what?" asked Gold.

"As anything you want, Bruce. You can have your choice of anything that's open that we're willing to let you have. At the moment, there's nothing."

"Ralph, you are not telling me anything. Realistically, just how far can I go?"

"Right to the top," answered Ralph. "You might even start there. Sometimes we have openings at the top and none at the bottom. I think we can bypass spokesman and senior official and start you higher, unless we can't. You're much too famous to be used anonymously, although not many people know who you are. Got anything else in the works?"

"I'm doing a book for Pomoroy and Lieberman and there's a short piece on education I have in mind."

"How I envy you," Ralph murmured. Gold eyed him with hostility. "What's the book about?"

The question gripped Gold by the throat. "About people in America, Ralph, about Jewish people."

"I gather you're in favor. I'd rush that out while there's still time."

"Still time for what?"

"Still time to risk it. The article on education should help. We'll be organising another Presidential commission on education soon and you'll be appointed." Ralph buzzed his intercom. "Dusty, darling, bring in our file on Dr Gold, will you?"

"Sure thing, honey." The beautiful woman gave Ralph a folder containing a pad on which was written absolutely nothing. "Here you are, sweetheart."

"She's gorgeous," said Gold, when she left. "And Dusty is an exciting nickname."

"That's her real name. Her nickname is Sweets."

"You didn't call her Sweets."

"In a Government office?" Ralph chided benevolently. "Now, let's see where we are." Ralph addressed himself to the blank paper and wrote "Spokesman, Source," and "Senior Official". "We considered beginning you as a press aide, but one of the first things the boys from the press would want to know would be where does someone like you come off being a press aide? Would you like to work as a secretary?"

"It's a far cry from what I had in mind," said Gold stiffly. "I can't type."

"Oh, not *that* kind of secretary," Ralph laughed. "I mean" – he groped – "what do you call it? The Cabinet. You wouldn't have to type or take shorthand. You'd have girls like Dusty and Rusty and Misty to do that for you. Would you like to be in the Cabinet?"

Gold was more than mollified. "Ralph, is that really possible?"

"I don't see why not," was Ralph's reply. "Although you might have to start as an under."

"An under?"

"An under is a little bit over a deputy and assistant, I think, but not yet an associate. Unless it's the other way around. Nobody seems sure any more."

"Could I really begin as an undersecretary?"

"In Washington, Bruce, you rise quickly and can't fall very far. How would you like to be Secretary of Labor?"

Gold, on firmer ground now, hesitated deliberately before evincing repugnance. "I think not."

"I can't say I blame you. How about Secretary of the Interior?"

"That sounds rather dark."

"I believe they work with coal mines. Transportation?"

Gold made a face. "That smacks of labor."

"Commerce?"

"It sounds a little bit like peddling."

"You're showing excellent judgment. What about Ambassador to the UN?"

"Don't make me laugh."

"What do you think about Secretary of the Treasury?"

Gold pricked up his ears. "What do you think?"

"It has more tone."

"What would I have to do?"

"I think I could find out. Harris Rosenblatt would know. Most of them are very rich and seem to care about money."

"I care about money."

"But they know about it."

Gold declined with regret. "I'm not sure I'd be comfortable. I'm supposed to be something of a pacifist and a radical reformer."

"But a conservative radical reformer, Bruce," Ralph reminded.

"That's true."

"Imagine what a blessing it might be to have you in the Department of Defence."

Gold had an inspiration. "How about Secretary of Defence?"

"That's good, Bruce. Especially for a pacifist."

"But I'm only a pacifist in times of peace."

"We'll put it down." Ralph added to his list. "And then there's head of the FBI or the CIA to consider."

"Would I have to carry a gun?"

Ralph didn't believe so and wrote those down, too. "These are all good, Bruce. Someone with your flair for publicity could probably get your name in the newspapers almost as often as the Secretary of State."

"What about Secretary of State?" asked Gold.

"That's a thought," said Ralph.

"Wouldn't I have to know anything?"

"Absolutely not," Ralph answered, and appeared astounded that Gold even should ask. "In Government, Bruce, experience doesn't count and knowledge isn't important. If there's one lesson of value to be learned from the past, Bruce, it's to grab what you want when the chance comes to get it."

Gold asked with distress: "Is that good for the world?"

"Nothing is really good for the world, Bruce. I thought you knew that. You've more or less said the same in that last piece of yours. Now, Bruce," Ralph continued awkwardly, "I have to be honest. You might have to get a better wife."

"Than Belle?" Gold was elated.

"I'm sorry." Ralph was solemn. "Belle would be OK for Labor or Agriculture. But not for Secretary of State or Defence."

"Belle and I have not been close," Gold confided.

"In that case, I'm happy," said Ralph. "Try someone tall this time. You're rather short, you know. It would add to your stature if you had a tall wife."

"Wouldn't a tall wife make me look smaller?" inquired Gold.

"No," said Ralph. "You would make *her* look taller. And that would add more to your stature and make her look smaller. Andrea Conover would be perfect."

"I'm seeing her tonight. Is she tall enough?"

"Oh, easily. And her father is a dying career diplomat with tons of money and the very best connections. Propose."

"Tonight?" Gold demurred with a laugh. "I haven't seen her for seven years."

"So what?" Ralph laughed back in encouragement. "You can always get a divorce. Andrea's doing a great job with the Oversight Committee on Government Expenditures. She's the reason we can't make personal phone calls any more. You know, Bruce" – Gold rose when Ralph did – "these are really our golden years, that period when men like us are appealing to all classes of women between 16 and 65. I hope that you're making the most of

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PA083

them. A lot of them go for your kind."

"My kind?" Whatever currents of euphoria had been coursing through Gold's veins congealed.

"Yes," said Ralph.

"What do you mean by my kind?" Gold asked Ralph.

"The kind of person you are, Bruce. Why?"

"As opposed to what other kinds, Ralph?"

"The kinds of person you aren't, Bruce. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, never mind," said Gold, and then he decided to take the inky plunge. "Lieberman thinks you are anti-Semitic."

Ralph was stunned. "Me?" His voice was hurt and astonished. "Bruce, I would feel just awful if I thought I ever did or said a single thing to give you that impression."

Ralph was sincere and Gold was contrite. "You haven't, Ralph. I'm sorry I brought it up."

"Thank you, Bruce." Ralph was placated, and his handsome face fairly shone with grace when he grinned. "Why, I copied your papers at Columbia. You practically put me through school. It's just that I don't feel Lieberman is a nice person."

"He isn't." Gold laughed. "And I've known him all my life."

The strain gone, Ralph said: "Let me take these notes to Dusty and have her type them up. We've really covered a lot of ground today, haven't we?"

Gold was not certain, but never in his lifetime had he felt more sanguine about his prospects. He glanced out the window at official Washington and caught a glimpse of heaven. Through the doorway, the view of the open office space was a soothing pastoral, with vistas of modular desks dozing tranquilly under indirect fluorescent lighting that never flickered; there were shoulder-high partitions of translucent glass, other offices across the way as imposing as Ralph's and the dreamlike stirrings of contented people at work who were in every respect impeccable. The women all were sunny and chic – not a single one was overweight – the men wore jackets and ties, and every trouser leg was properly creased. If there was a worm at the core in this Garden of Eden, it escaped the cynical inspection of Gold, who could find detritus and incipient decay everywhere. Gold could look through a grapefruit and tell if it was pink.

"You'll like it here, won't you?" said Ralph, reading his mind.

"Is it always like this?"

"Oh, yes," Ralph assured him. "It's always like this when it's this way."

Gold succeeded in speaking without sarcasm. "How is it when it isn't?"

"Isn't what, Bruce?"

"This way."

"Different."

"In what way, Ralph?"

"In different ways, Bruce, unless they're the same, in which case it's this way."

"Ralph," Gold had to ask, "don't people here laugh or smile when you talk that way?"

"What way, Bruce?"

"You seem to qualify or contradict all your statements."

"Do I?" Ralph considered the matter intently. "Maybe I do seem a bit oxymoronic at times. I think everyone here talks that way. Maybe we are all oxymoronic. One time, though, at a high-level meeting, I did say something everyone thought was funny. 'Let's build some death camps,' I said. And everyone laughed. I still can't figure out why, though. I was being serious."

"I think it's time for me to go," said Gold.

"I'm afraid it is. I'd give just about anything to lunch with you, Bruce, but I can't pass up the chance to eat alone. It's a pity you can't stay through the weekend, although I can't see how that would make any difference. Alma would love to have you out to see her terrarium, but Ellie would be upset."

"Alma?"

"My wife."

"What happened to Kelly?"

"I think you mean Ellie."

"Yes?"

"She got a year older, Bruce. And there was that thin scar from her Caesarean. Ellie would prefer that Alma and I don't start entertaining as a married couple until people first find out I've been divorced." To the blonde woman outside his office, Ralph said: "Dusty, please tell Rusty and Misty I'll be showing Dr Gold to the elevator myself. Ask Christy to step inside my office. Tell her I'm horny."

"Sure, love. Bye, sweetheart."

"Who's Christy?" Gold asked.

"The nice-looking one. I don't think you've seen her."

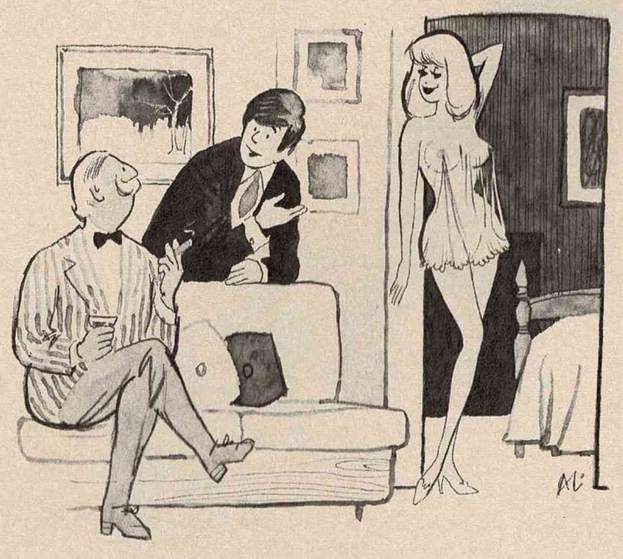
"And what's all this Dr Gold shit?"

Ralph lowered his voice. "It makes a better impression. Everyone knows professors don't make much money and doctors do. Oooooops – there goes one. Did you see that beautiful arse? Bruce, give my love to Andrea. You might find her a trifle prudish, but she's really as good as gold. It wasn't easy being the only child of Pugh Biddle Conover, with all those riches and horses. They ride them, you know." Ralph pronounced this last detail as though describing a tasteless practice. "And give my love to Belle, too. How are the children?"

"Fine. One is still at home."

"That's too bad," said Ralph. "Let me give you some good advice, Bruce, from an unofficial opinion of the US Supreme Court. It was seven to one, with the other member abstaining because he was under heavy anaesthesia. When you get your divorce, don't fight for custody of the children, or even visitation rights. Make them all ask to come to you. Otherwise, they'll think they're doing you a favor by letting you spend time with them, which you will quickly discover they are not."

Nearing the elevators, Gold could not contain his curiosity. "Ralph," he



"My wife is sorry she burned the dinner, boss . . . she'd like a second chance to make a good impression on you."

said, his fingers clenching nervously, "what do you do here?"

"Work, Bruce. Why?"

"I need some assurance, Ralph, don't I? Before I start making changes, shouldn't I find out a few things?"

"I don't see why not."

"What kind of job do you have?"

"A good one, Bruce."

"What do you do?"

"What I'm supposed to."

"Well, Ralph, what's your position exactly?"

"I'm in the inner circle, Bruce."

"Does that mean you can't talk about it?"

"Oh, no. I can tell you everything. What would you like to know?"

"Well, who do you work for?"

"My superiors."

"Do you have any authority?"

"Oh, yes. A great deal."

"Over who?"

"My subordinates. I can do whatever I want once I get permission from my superiors. I'm my own boss. After all, I'm not really my own boss."

"Well," said Gold, "what are my chances?"

"As good as they ought to be."

"No better?" Gold inquired facetiously.

"Not at this time."

"When should I get in touch with you?"

"When I call you," said Ralph. "Pugh Biddle Conover can help while he's alive," Ralph shouted into the elevator as the doors were closing.

Gold's mind was shimmering with fantasies of approaching eminence as the lift descended. Secretary of State? Head of the CIA? A voice inside cautioned, *Zei nisht narish.* Where does someone like you come off being Secretary of State? What's so crazy? he answered it brashly. It's happened to bigger schmucks than me.

By the time he was outside, only one disquieting thought survived. He'd been fawning.

•

Seven years back, when Gold had his fellowship at the Senator Russell B. Long Foundation and she was a research assistant doing advanced work in home economics, Andrea Conover had been too old for him. Now, nearing 35, she was just right. Gold was no longer attracted to very young girls. With everybody doing everything to each other now, Gold had only his middle age and his large reputation as a minor intellectual to recommend him as a lover. It was all he wanted. He had never really liked going down.

Andrea was taller than he remembered. Or he had grown shorter. She paid for the drinks and dinner with a credit card, shyly confiding she would charge the expense to the Oversight Committee on Government Expenditures. Gold wondered what in the world she saw in him. She was easily the most beautiful woman he had ever been with, the richest, his first society girl. Her hair was blonde. She had blue eyes, a small, straight nose, a broad forehead. Her complexion was light, her skin unmarred. To Gold, who was still shepherding the last of three children through orthodontia, Andrea's splendid teeth were of transcending symbolic importance. Her posture and muscle tone were good.

"You must learn to think more of yourself," he told her at one point during dinner, and took her hand lightly for a few seconds. "After all, if you are not for yourself, who else shall be for you?" A self-conscious prudence deterred him from attributing the paraphrase to Rabbi Hillel.

Andrea was timid and deferential, and he was not certain how to proceed with a woman of such quality. In the taxi outside her swish unit, he asked if he might come up for a drink. She consented with evident relief, grateful, it seemed, for his pre-emptive move. The apartment was large for a single person, even for one so tall, and the unexpected good order suggested the daily ministrations of an efficient cleaning woman. The furniture was ghastly, the pieces outsized.

"It was left this way when I bought it," he was pleased to hear her explain.

Gold took it as propitious that she seated herself on the sofa near him after bringing him his cognac.

"All that year working together at the Senator Russell B. Long Foundation," she said with some bashfulness, sipping her vodka, "I thought you didn't like me."

"Really?" said Gold. "I always liked you. I thought you didn't like me."

"I always liked you."

"You should have said something."

"I thought you hated me. I never thought you even noticed me."

"Oh, come on."

"Really, Dr Gold –"

"Call me Bruce," he interrupted.

She blushed. "I'm not sure I can."

"Try."

"Bruce."

"You see?" he laughed.

"You're so much fun."

"Why did you think I hated you?"

"Because you knew I liked you," she answered.

"I didn't know you liked me," he said. "I thought you hated me."

She was moderately overwrought, as though charged with something heinous. "Why would I hate you?"

"I don't know," said Gold, and noticed his hands moving about restlessly. "I had so little to offer a pretty single girl like you who was so sensitive and intelligent and even had her own PhD."

"I wouldn't have cared," she said in soulful apology. "I was so impressed with you. Everyone was. You were always so quick and domineering and sexy."

"Sexy?" Gold was astounded.

"Of course. All the girls thought so."

"Do you still," asked Gold, "think I'm sexy?"

"Oh, yes." She blushed again.

Gold wondered what to do next. He laughed loudly and punched her lightly on the arm, as one good fellow to another, and then brushed the back of his fingers against her cheek, as though in unpremeditated extension of his jocular disbelief. Her reaction surprised him. Instead of stiffening or drawing away, as he more or less expected her to do, she leaned into his hand and continued bringing herself toward him on the sofa. In a moment, they were kissing. Brandy splashed on to his knees as he blindly divested himself of his glass and took her in his arms. Her fingers were clasping the back of his head. Again, he didn't know how to proceed with a girl like her. He moved his lips about her ears and neck, as though in thirsting search of an erogenous zone. A waste of time, he knew from experience. Erogenous zones were either everywhere or nowhere, and he meant to write about that someday, too, when neither Belle nor his daughter would be scandalised by his knowledge. With a guilty start, he realised his mind had been wandering and refocused his attention upon Andrea. He clutched her all the harder to compensate for moments lost in digression and feigned a gasping shortness of breath. Moaning softly, he kissed her eyes and waited for something to happen. Andrea dropped her hand into his lap and took hold of his penis. Then he knew he had it made.

•

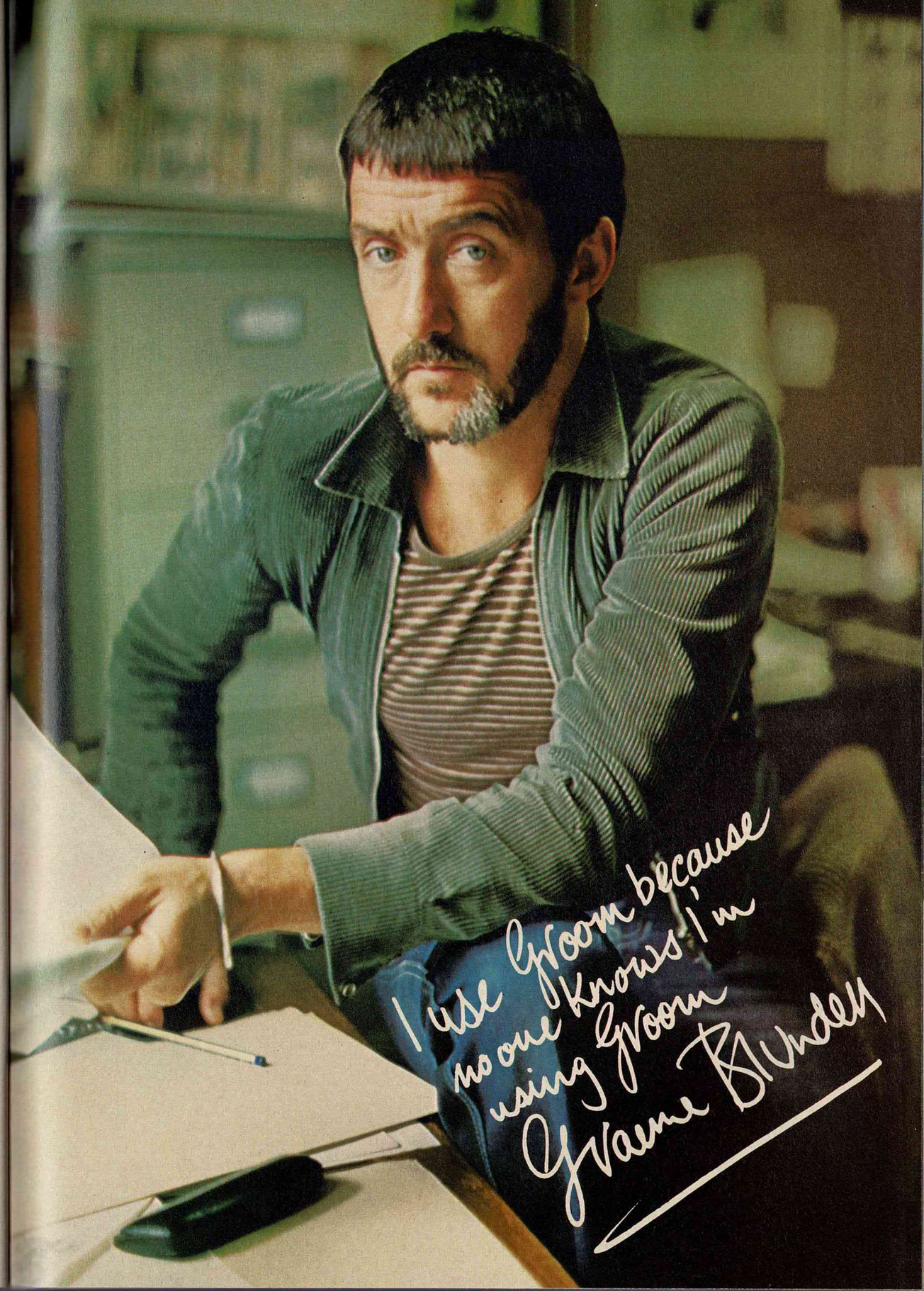
Gold woke up in love and a believer in miracles. Andrea did not seem to mind his scrawny chest and sinewy, hairy legs and arms. He showered and, after breakfasting with just a yellow towel knotted raffishly about his waist, began to dress lazily. Gold had made the coffee, while Andrea sliced overripe bananas into breakfast cereal. At his suggestion, she added raisins. On his next trip, he would bring her a coffee grinder, a pound of his favorite blend and a French drip coffee-pot of ceramic. Gold could cook when he had to. He would introduce her to oatmeal.

"Will you want to see me again?" she asked from her dressing table.

"Of course," said Gold.

"Lots of men don't."

"Lots of men?" Gold, sitting on the



edge of her bed, paused with a sock half-way up his ankle.

She nodded, turning faintly pink. "I don't mean lots in here. But lots of men take me out and say they'll call me and then they never do."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Do you really want to see me again? I'll understand if you don't."

"I'd like to come back next week."

"You could stay here with me in the apartment," she said. "I won't be in the way."

"I was hoping you would ask."

She was pleased. He was mystified. "I'm so glad you liked me," she told him. "Was I all right?"

"Andrea, you must never ask that," he instructed. As a matter of fact, she had not been all right, but Gold was far too astute to delve into that can of worms now. "And I think I'm in love with you."

Gold was struck once again by the number of stunning tall women who fell in love with shorter men like himself who were rapacious, egotistical and calculating. Andrea might not be expected to know he was rapacious and calculating. Surely, though, she must suspect that he was shorter. The explanations that came most readily to the fore were anything but complimentary to either of them. Was it possible that someone so self-assessing as himself had qualities of attraction he was not aware of? It was possible, for Andrea in the nude was just as gorgeous as he'd imagined, and she seemed to adore him.

In the soft morning light, her eyes were lavender. Her legs were long and straight, her hips small, her grip strong, and all her fair flesh was imbued with a golden tinge that contrasted beautifully, he thought, with his own swarthier pigmentation. She loved his darker color. She was charmed by the hair on his chest.

He watched with the possessive air of someone special as she slipped a tasteful print dress over her head and shook out her hair. That she was rich added an extra dimension of vitality and eroticism to the quixotic passion he felt for her. Nothing equals the foot for ugliness, Gold remembered Ernest Becker had written in *The Denial of Death,* but hers, both bare and shod, were as unremarkable to him as his own familiar pair.

"When I was young," she ruminated aloud, adjusting a thin gold necklace, "I wanted to be a model. I guess I still do. Not a fashion model. A sex model." She applied make-up sparingly to her lips and eyes. "I wanted to be a cheesecake model or pose in the nude. Then when all these obscene newspapers and magazines began coming out, I wanted to be a pornographic model or act in dirty movies. I used to sit in front of a mirror for hours and practise sucking dicks. For the camera, I mean. Like those models in cosmetic ads. I got to be quite good at it, I think. Would you like to see?"

"I have to go back to New York," he replied in the steadiest voice he could manage.

"It's just a small motion of the mouth."

"I have a one-o'clock class."

"It only takes a second, silly," said Andrea, and made a small motion of her mouth above her cylinder of pale lipstick. "Isn't that good?"

"Yes," said Gold. "That's quite good."

"I was such a ninny as a child, the only child of Pugh Biddle Conover," Andrea went on. "I didn't know anything until I left home. I had to go to *two* finishing schools before I was ready for college, and then to three colleges. At Smith, the other girls would talk about sex all the time, and I didn't understand. I remember I never could figure out why anybody would want to suck a rooster."

Gold was immobilised. In less than two days in Washington, he was learning to handle with numb amazement the many bizarre surprises to which he perceived he was going to be increasingly subjected. "I can see," he said, "how that might be confusing to someone who did not understand."

"Once I found out, of course," said Andrea, "I took to it all like a duck to water. Last summer, I was at the swimming pool at Daddy's estate with this new beau, and he did the strangest thing. I was scraping a callous off the bottom of my foot with a callous scraper. He stood up suddenly and said he never wanted to see me again, and he drove away without packing his things or even saying good-bye to Daddy. Do you know why?"

Gold came up behind her and stroked her shoulders. "Were you near each other when you were scraping off the callous?"

"We were together at the pool."

"Does it make a noise?"

"Like sandpaper."

"I might have done the same thing."

"I don't know things like that."

"I will teach you."

Andrea pressed his hand to her lips rapturously. Gold wondered if she were crazy. "Sometime soon," she said, "if you still want to see me again – "

"I will want to see you again."

"Would you like to come out for a weekend to visit Daddy before he dies? It's really a lovely estate."

"What is your father ill with?"

"He won't say. Six years ago, he bought an electric wheelchair, and he's been confined to it ever since. Every weekend, he has mobs of people out to ride and shoot."

"Shoot?"

"Quail and pheasant. Sometimes rabbit and deer."

"No people?"

"Not yet. I think you will enjoy meeting my father."

"I shall spare you," said Gold, "from ever meeting mine."

•

Ralph phoned the next morning while Gold was making breakfast to tell him the President wanted to see

"Oh, and another thing, Harold . . . did you put out the garbage can?"

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him to congratulate him personally. "He tried phoning you at your hotel, but the switchboard told him you weren't taking any calls."

"I'm staying with Andrea," said Gold. "Registering at the hotel is a way of protecting myself."

From Ralph came a low whistle of homage. "You're deep, Bruce. That's exactly the safeguard we all should use to protect our most vital secrets. Be at the White House at 11 am. Use the delivery entrance."

Gold followed directions and was ushered upstairs through a pantry into a private waiting room just as Ralph emerged on tiptoe from a private inner office and led him back out. The appointment was cancelled. The President was asleep.

"He's taking a short nap," Ralph whispered.

"At 11 in the morning?" cried a disappointed Gold.

"The President," Ralph explained, "is a very early riser. He is up at five every morning, takes two sleeping pills and a tranquilliser and goes right back to bed for as long as he can sleep."

"When does he work?" asked Gold.

"What do you mean?" said Ralph.

"When does he work?"

Ralph's chief emotion was perplexity. "I still don't get it."

"When does he do what he's supposed to be doing? As President?"

"Twenty-four hours a day," said Ralph. "The poor man is probably working right now, even while he's napping. You've been promoted, you know. He meant to tell you that."

"To what?" Gold exclaimed in surprise.

"We haven't decided, but it's a big step up."

"From what?"

"We never found out, did we? You can just about have your pick now, unless you can't. That much is official, although it has to be approved, and it must remain secret until we announce it, in case we decide we won't. You're way in front of a spokesman and a source now."

"Will I make more money?" Gold wanted to know.

"As much," said Ralph, "as you can get away with, although the competition is always strong. You know, Lyndon Johnson and Jack Javits were not the only ones to get rich while serving in Government."

"I bumped into Harris Rosenblatt and found out what the Secretary of the Treasury does," said Ralph as they settled down comfortably in his office. "People of your religious beliefs inevitably do well in that job."

Gold cleared his throat. "I have no religious beliefs, Ralph."

"You know what I mean, Bruce," said Ralph. "I was trying to be tactful."

"I'm very grateful for your tact."

"There's something mysterious happening with Harris Rosenblatt, Bruce," Ralph said with a furrowed brow. "Each time I see him, he looks more and more like someone like me and less like someone like you."

Once more, Gold found difficulty speaking. "In what way, Ralph, does Harris Rosenblatt look more and more like you and less like me?"

"He gets taller and leaner, Bruce," Ralph answered simply and honestly and seemed unmindful of the frostiness with which Gold had spoken. "And he stands up straight. You remember how short and flabby he used to be. And he seems to be getting paler, too. I saw Andrea at a party the other night and I'm worried about her, also. Didn't she used to be taller?"

"Taller?" Gold searched Ralph's eyes for some beam of shared intelligence. "Taller than what?"

"Than she is. I'd check if I were you. You wouldn't want her to get too short, would you?"

"Too short for what, Ralph?"

"For you, Bruce. I don't think it would add much to your stature if your second wife turned out to be as short as Belle, would it?"

"I'll ask, Ralph, when I have the chance. What does the Secretary of the Treasury do?"

"He reassures the business people."

"I could do that," said Gold.

"Sure you could," Ralph agreed. "And promises to hold down deficits. He doesn't actually hold them down, you understand, but merely promises to. He also looks after the financial interests of himself and his friends so they can continue to live on the level they're used to."

Gold was losing interest. "I'm not so crazy about my friends," he confessed.

"Your heart wouldn't be in it."

"I've been giving second thoughts to chief of NATO, Secretary of Defence, director of the CIA or the FBI, and even to Secretary of the Army, Navy or Air Force, if it isn't too late."

"No, of course it isn't," said Ralph, "unless, of course, it's already too late. Did we come to a decision on Health, Education and Welfare?"

"I'm interested only in my own."

"What about Housing and Urban Development? It helps to know what it's like to be poor —"

"I've been poor."

"And identify with the underprivileged."

"Count me out."

"How about Attorney-General, Bruce? That department really packs a wallop."

"I have an open mind," said Gold. "I think I could really get behind such issues as busing and integration, now that my own children won't be affected by them. But don't I have to be a lawyer to be Attorney-General?"

"I don't think so. Not as a matter of law."

"Could you find out?"

"I'll ask the Attorney-General."

"Let's pass it up."

"How do you feel about the State Department?"

"It's where I think I'd fit in best."

"The President may think so, too." Ralph, rising, stretched contentedly. "I know I can just about guarantee that you'll get the appointment you choose as soon as you want, although I can't promise anything. So please don't hold me to that."

Although there was nothing but pure friendship in Ralph's voice, Gold determined he might bear closer inspection. "Ralph, I find myself listening to things here that I can't believe I am hearing."

"I know just how you feel." Ralph ran his hand through his auburn cowlick. "Now that I've been in Washington a while, I'm willing to believe almost anything."

Gold wondered if he were being too abstruse. "Ralph, I'm hearing them from you."

"From me?" Ralph spoke with frank surprise. "Bruce, you can believe what I tell you, because I will never lie to you. Everything I've promised has come to pass, hasn't it? Tell me how you're getting on with your job at the college."

"I've promoted all my students into the honors program," said Gold, "and assigned them term projects. I may never see any of them again."

Ralph gasped approvingly and tapped the side of his nose with his finger. "You're deep, Bruce, deep, indeed. I doubt there's a problem in Government you won't be able to solve with ease. All that remains is for you to leave Belle and marry Andrea. It would be so much better, Bruce, if you did that before your confirmation hearings began. It's always bad for the country when someone waits until *after* he's made it big in Government before dumping his old wife. That may be acceptable ethics for a Senator or a Congressman, but you're much bigger than that now."

"I am?"

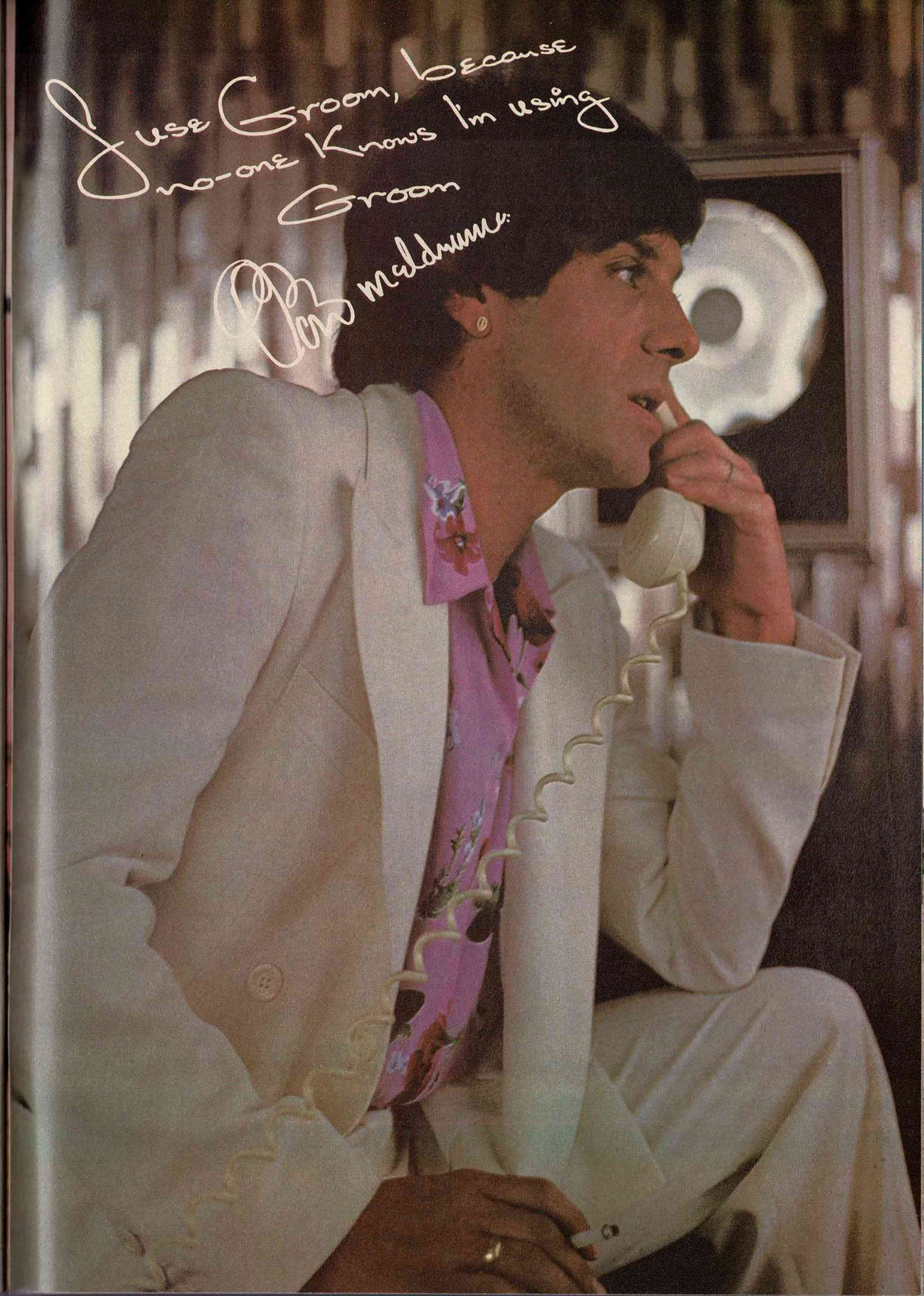
"I thought you knew that," said Ralph, "although there's no way you could have found it out. Leave Belle, Bruce. Do the right thing."

Gold was slightly cowed. "Leaving a wife is not so easy, Ralph."

"You say that to me?"

"And how do I know Andrea will marry me?"

"How can she refuse when you tell



her about your fantastic promotion?"

"How can I tell her when it has to be a secret?"

"Oh, you can give her a hint," said Ralph. "She's probably been listening in, anyway. Have you met Pugh Biddle yet? He's special, you know, and so is his estate in the hunt country. What are you working on these days?"

"I still have to do that book on –"

"Jewish people?" Ralph showed off.

"Jews," Gold said bravely. "Although it's more in the nature of a personal history now. And I'm organising material for a humorous book on David Eisenhower and a serious one on Henry Kissinger, although it may turn out the other way around."

"How do you intend to treat Henry Kissinger?"

"Fair."

"I never liked him, either. Oh, yes, the President asked me to find out from you if you think Russia will go to war if we reduce our military strength in Europe."

Gold looked at Ralph through the corner of his eye. "How should I know?"

"Could you find out?"

"From whom, Ralph? Doesn't anyone here have an idea?"

"Oh, we have lots of experts. But the President feels your guess might be as good as anyone else's."

"I'll ask around," he promised.

"You're aces, Bruce," said Ralph. "The President will be grateful."

"Ralph," said Gold, with scepticism predominating again over a multitude of other concerns, "do you ever really see the President?"

"Oh, yes, Bruce," Ralph answered. "Everybody sees the President."

"I mean personally. Does he see you?"

"The President sees a great deal, Bruce."

"Do you ever see him to talk to him?"

"About what?" asked Ralph.

"About anything."

"Oh, Bruce, you can't just talk to the President about anything," Ralph chided. "The President is often very busy. He may be involved in writing another book."

Gold persisted rationally in the face of a gathering fog of futility. "Well, Ralph, if you did have something of importance to discuss with the President, could you get in to talk to him?"

"About what?" Ralph asked again.

"About whatever you had that was important – no, don't stop me – like war, for example."

"That's not my department," Ralph said. "That's out of my area."

"What *is* your area?"

"Just about everything I cover."

"What do you cover?"

"Everything in my area, Bruce. That's my job."

Gold was struggling to keep his voice down. "I've been trying to find out, Ralph, just what your job is."

"Well, I'm glad I've been able to help," said Ralph, pumping his hand. "Please give my love to Belle and my best to Andrea, or my love to Andrea and my best to Belle, whichever seems more appropriate."

Gold stood wearily. "And you give mine," he said, "to Alma."

Ralph looked blank. "Which Alma?"

"Isn't Alma the name of your wife?" Gold demanded.

"It's also the name of the girl I'm engaged to," said Ralph. "She's almost a full year younger. Bruce, take my advice. If a man is going to leave one wife to marry another, it's better if he divorces the first before he marries the second. I've tried both ways. And leave them quickly, before they start getting those tumors and hysterectomies. Yes, it's always practical to leave your wives while they're healthy and young enough to attract another husband to pay the medical bills and make those dreary hospital visits. Oh, yes, I'm supposed to find out if there is anything disgraceful in your life that would be embarrassing to us if it were made public."

"Like what?" Gold watched him shakily.

"I haven't any idea."

"Then I have to say no."

"Have you ever done anything worse than the rest of us?"

"Absolutely not."

"Then you're in the clear." One would have guessed from his serenity of expression and the deep breath Ralph took as he stared out the doorway at the banks of desks on the office floor that he was contemplating a fertile meadow and inhaling breezes enriched by privet and honeysuckle and astir with the seasonal hummings of countless bucolic copulations. "Isn't this breath-taking?" he exclaimed. "It's been said, Bruce, by two out of three of our most dependable think tanks, that if someone stood in this doorway of mine long enough, sooner or later he might see the President walk by. Would you care to wait?"

Gold looked at him askance, doubtful once more that he had heard his Protestant friend aright. "I have to propose to Andrea."

"The President will be pleased."

"It's Harrison, from Store Security . . . I think you know why I'm here . . ."

Extract from *Good As Gold* by Joseph Heller © 1979 by Joseph Heller. Published by Jonathan Cape. Available in Australia later this year.

Pantene Groom.
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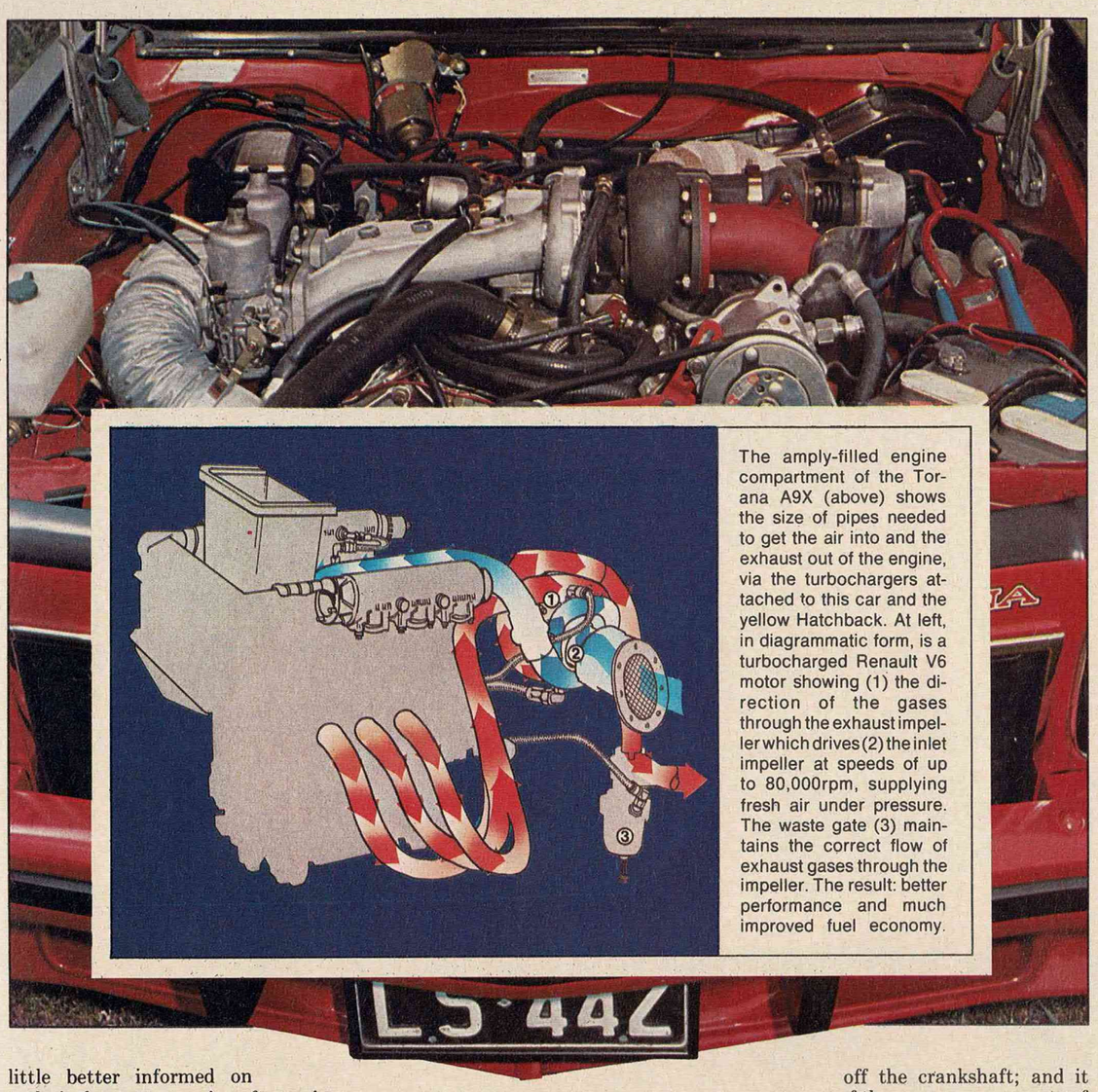
YOU know all about the energy crisis, right? Not the one you experience every Monday morning, but the one caused by the sudden leap in price of the world's fast-dwindling supplies of crude oil. So after you've signed the hire purchase contract and collected your tankful of petrol, there you go again – contributing to the pollution crisis. If Sigmund Freud were alive, there would be reams and reams written about the automotive guilt-paranoia syndrome.

Back in today's world and rolling in overdrive toward 1984, the pressure is mounting on the doctors of engineering to provide the world with the answers. One remedy becoming more and more popular is the practice of turbocharging.

It's not a new idea. Say "turbocharged" to most people and the association is with high-performance racing cars, perhaps marine diesels and, if they are a

supercars **By JOHN HAMPSHIRE**

Photography by Ern McQuillan



The amply-filled engine compartment of the Torana A9X (above) shows the size of pipes needed to get the air into and the exhaust out of the engine, via the turbochargers attached to this car and the yellow Hatchback. At left, in diagrammatic form, is a turbocharged Renault V6 motor showing (1) the direction of the gases through the exhaust impeller which drives (2) the inlet impeller at speeds of up to 80,000rpm, supplying fresh air under pressure. The waste gate (3) maintains the correct flow of exhaust gases through the impeller. The result: better performance and much improved fuel economy.

little better informed on technical matters, aircraft engines. What has thrust turbocharging out of the specialist arena and into the spotlight of scrutiny by mass-market passenger vehicle makers is the fact that it offers better performance, much-improved fuel economy and reduced pollution, all through one basic attribute: it makes the raw fuel charge entering each cylinder burn more efficiently.

Magic, you say. Why the big wait to reap these magnificent rewards of technology? Simply, economics. With fuel to burn, so to speak, it hasn't been worth anyone's while to think of turbo units as standard equipment.

The concept of pumping more air into internal combustion engines to boost performance has been applied since World War One, when the problem of keeping aeroplane engines running efficiently at high altitudes first became a challenge. The answer then, and for many years, was mechanical supercharging — raising the amount of air available to the motor by driving a blower, through a series of gears, off the crankshaft.

It was inevitable that the improved performance offered by supercharging would be applied to car and motorcycle racing after World War One, with Daimler-Benz, Auto Union and Alfa Romeo dominating the car scene and BMW the motorcycle events.

It was also inevitable that another, in some ways more efficient, method of blowing air into a motor would be developed: turbocharging. Very simply, the exhaust gases are passed through a small turbine to drive a high-speed fan which supplies fresh air under pressure to the motor.

This has two important advantages over supercharging: it eliminates the power lost by driving the supercharger off the crankshaft; and it uses some of the enormous amounts of power engines are wont to blow out the exhaust pipe. John Wynne, project engineer of Normalair-Garrett in Melbourne, and deeply involved in developing turbochargers for passenger vehicles, says that in this respect the average internal combustion engine is only 20 percent efficient.

In the mid-1930s, turbocharging was applied for the first time in a production sense by Lockheed. The vehicle was the P38 Lightning fighter (the one with the well-known twin-fuselage silhouette), which remained operational right through World War Two, although by 1945 it had been left far behind by the tremendous advances in aviation sciences.

As piston-driven aircraft flew higher and further, it became common for engines to have geared superchargers as well as turbochargers. As far as cars are concerned, supercharging became

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almost exclusively the province of racing vehicles.

Then came the crunch. In the mid-1970s the world was forced to come to terms with a new concept: resources consciousness. By then Saab of Sweden was already working on one answer — turbocharging its two-litre, four-cylinder passenger car motor as a way of extracting more power and, as an incidental bonus, decreasing the amount of petrol needed.

A second answer, an alternative also being touted today as the savior of a fuel-starved world, had been available since 1936, when Daimler-Benz successfully marketed the first diesel car.

Rudolf Diesel's Rational Heat Engine is a marvellous invention. It does away with all the paraphernalia involved in igniting the fuel charge electrically in the cylinder, achieving combustion by mixing the fuel with air made hot enough to ignite it simply by piston compression.

Unfortunately the diesel motor's less-appealing characteristics — greater weight, noise and vibration, poorer performance and cold weather starting problems — overshadowed its better points in non-commercial applications. Now these better points are beginning to gain precedence.

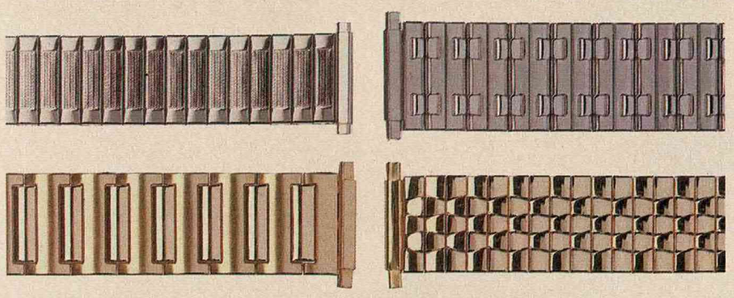
Chief among these attributes is the much lower cost of producing a litre of diesel fuel relative to the more highly-refined litre of petrol. Another is durability, engendered by the necessity of building the motor to withstand higher compression loads — a factor in the greater initial cost of diesel cars.

One of the "new" techniques used to overcome the deficiencies of diesels for the passenger car market is turbocharging, hardly a surprising evolution considering the widespread use of turbochargers on marine diesels. The two go together so well that many believe this to be the ultimate direction for internal combustion engines.

Already we have the Mercedes 300SD turbo diesel on the US market, and BMW's new six-cylinder turbo diesel available as an option on many of its cars. Volkswagen, quickly into diesel with the Golf and, soon for the Australian market, the Passat, has turbo diesels going around its test track at Wolfsburg.

But while the penetration of diesel thinking can be gauged from the introduction last year of a diesel Seville to the Cadillac range, owners and makers alike are hoping that turbocharging will allow them to keep petrol engines viable for some years yet.

Certainly it's a much easier step for a manufacturer than building up a diesel capability from scratch. Faced with tough fuel consumption requirements in the US, which have to be met



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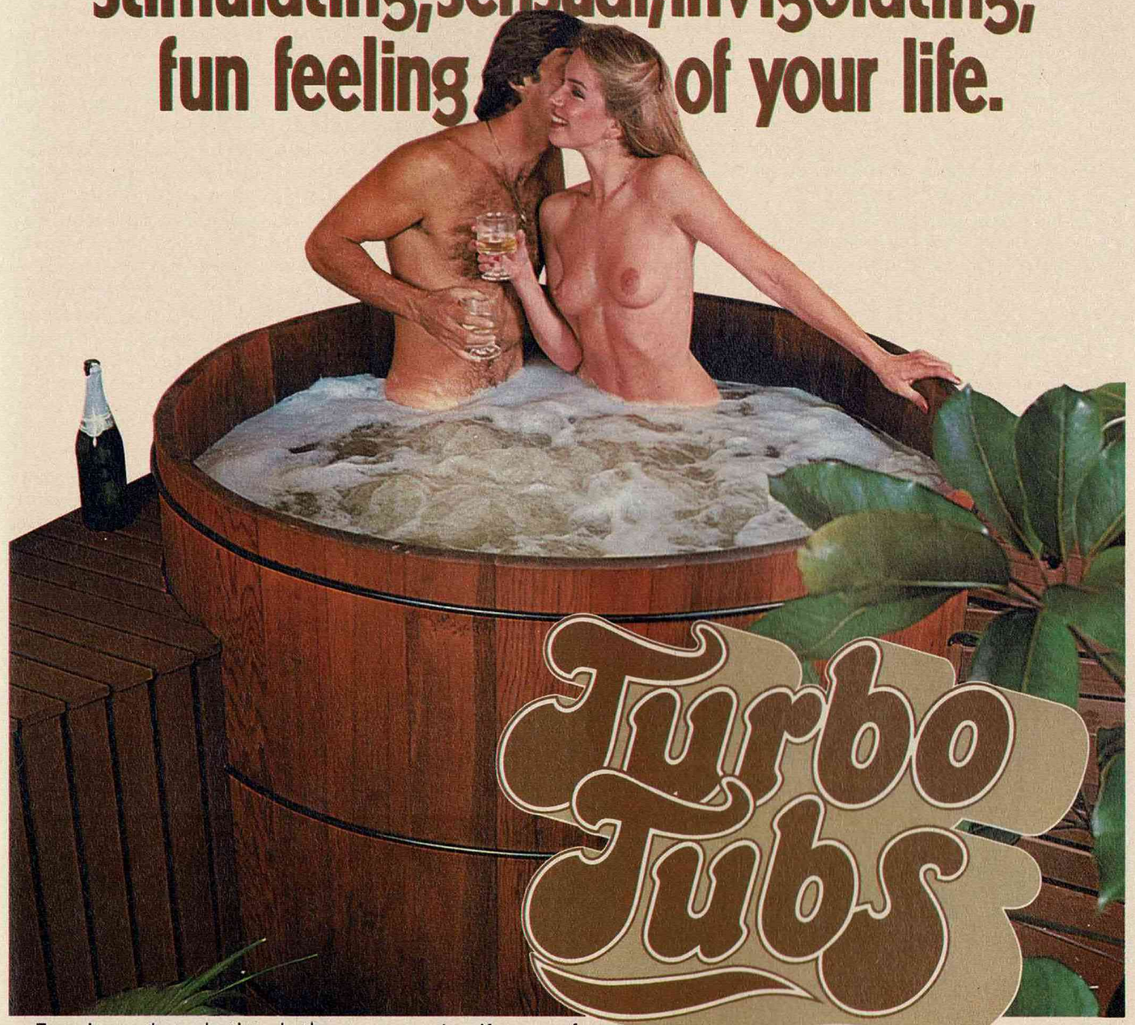

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by 1985, Ford and GM have established production of turbocharged petrol motors with the performance of bigger engines, but the economy of smaller, mainly imported, competitors.

Ford has now opted for a 2.3-litre four-cylinder engine to link with a Garrett Airresearch turbo unit, the same make of turbocharger Saab chose for its successful turbo model. In Ford's case, the turbo engine is now available as an option in the Mustang and Capri range – a far cry from the monster V8 Mustangs taken to their ultimate in the Can-Am racing format.

Ford's use of the turbocharger is a good example of the hunt for economy and emission controls rather than trying to gain the maximum increase in power. In this case, the extra power – from 101bhp to 132bhp – is icing on the cake, and a relatively thin layer at that when compared with the potential output. What Ford does get is a much-reduced emission of polluting exhaust gases and up to 35 percent improved fuel economy.

Normalair-Garrett's conversion on a 3.3-litre, six-cylinder Holden raised the engine's output from 110bhp to just over 220bhp, which shows how easy it is to get the power – and you're still getting the improved economy and exhaust control. In Australia, car makers are keeping a close eye on the efforts of companies supplying and fitting "bolt-on" turbo gear to the requirements of individual customers, companies such as Normalair-Garrett, and Rymec in Sydney.

A round-Australia test organised by Rymec, using a six-cylinder Ford Fairmont fitted with a Rajay turbocharger, produced some very good results. Dr Bob Patterson, with wife Angela as navigator, used the car to pull a two-tonne van over 48,000km of every type of road and goat track in the country, returning an amazing average fuel consumption of 15.7 litres per 100km (18mpg). Without the van, Dr Patterson had the Fairmont returning 10.8l/100km (26mpg).

More importantly, as far as the Pattersons and Rymec are concerned, the car performed very strongly under load. The front end was rebuilt to take the extra stresses resulting from the power increase, spotlighting the need for any motorist who fits a turbo to his car to take a very close look at the ability of his steering, suspension and brakes to cope, and to be ready to upgrade them. Consideration also has to be given to the clutch and gearbox, though if they fail it's more likely to be inconvenient than lethal.

Dr Patterson was not able to monitor exhaust emissions satisfactorily on the trip, but Dr Brian Milton, senior lecturer in mechanical engineering at the University of NSW, is engaged in thorough exhaust emission tests on a six-cylinder Chrysler motor, using comparisons before and after turbocharging the engine. A full report on the testing, which Dr Patterson is confident will show an important reduction in unwanted exhaust emissions after turbocharging, will go to the Federal Government for use in its pollution studies.

It's this hunt for economy that convinces many people to spend $1200 or more to fit a turbo unit to their family car – and the extra performance doesn't hurt in helping to convince them to spend the money, either.

But as John Wynne says, the beauty of turbocharging is that it can be tailored very closely to the consumer's needs. By juggling the pitch and attitude of the blades in the radial fan, and the size of the turbine housing, you can give the ubiquitous little old lady the advantages of turbo efficiency from as low a road speed as 30km/h. Equally, you can match peak turbo efficiency to much higher speeds for long-distance driving and, ultimately, racing needs.

Improved performance is often associated with a penalty in engine wear. But, when a turbo unit is fitted, you are actually driving a "softer"

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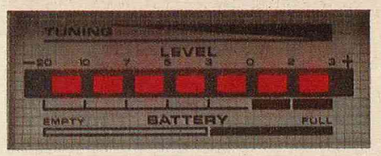

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QMSMI301

engine — one with reduced compression and usually a retarded ignition setting. This is necessary to avoid engine knock associated with uneven ignition, a problem which plagued engineers earlier this century as they tried to design engines to use higher octane fuels. Today's problem in some ways is similar: you know you can get more power from a more potent charge, but it's not much good if you destroy the engine in the process.

A turbo unit can be fitted to a carburettor-equipped car in two ways: the more popular is to put the turbocharger between the carburettor and the engine, so that the turbo is supplying air already charged with petrol vapor to the engine. The turbo unit can also be used to boost the air supply before it gets to the carburettor, then the engine. When fitted to a car with fuel injection, the turbo unit pumps air straight into the cylinder.

Since any great increase in exhaust back-pressure threatens the efficiency of the system, very large exhaust pipes are used. Suttons in Sydney have a motor which looks capable of powering QE2. They've taken a Torana A9X and fitted the high-performance 5-litre V8 with a turbo unit which takes the output to around 460bhp. The addition of a variation valve on the waste gate is expected to lift the power again, perhaps by as much as 20 percent.

We were given a chance to test the A9X around Sydney's Oran Park circuit, in company with another car Suttons have put on the market — a Torana SL 3.3-litre Hatchback with a $1700 turbo option and other extras to sell for $11,299.

The Hatchback is very lively indeed, but the A9X is a fire-breather of the first order. Flattening the accelerator in second is an invitation to go sideways. Plant the right foot about 3000rpm in third and it's may-the-Force-be-with-you thrust. All this, and for less fuel than the car would use in standard guise.

Back in the world of the sane, we find sales of turbo units growing at an astonishing rate. Lucas reports a rise of about 200 percent in the past 14 months, and other suppliers and fitters talk about the same surge in interest.

It's obviously not the performance freaks alone who are powering this sort of boom, but drivers who are sick of stuffing ever-increasing amounts of dollar notes down the fuel tanks of their family sedans. After all, you don't need another 100bhp to sit in the peak-hour traffic — but if you are thinking about your health and economic sanity, then turbocharging is one way to go.

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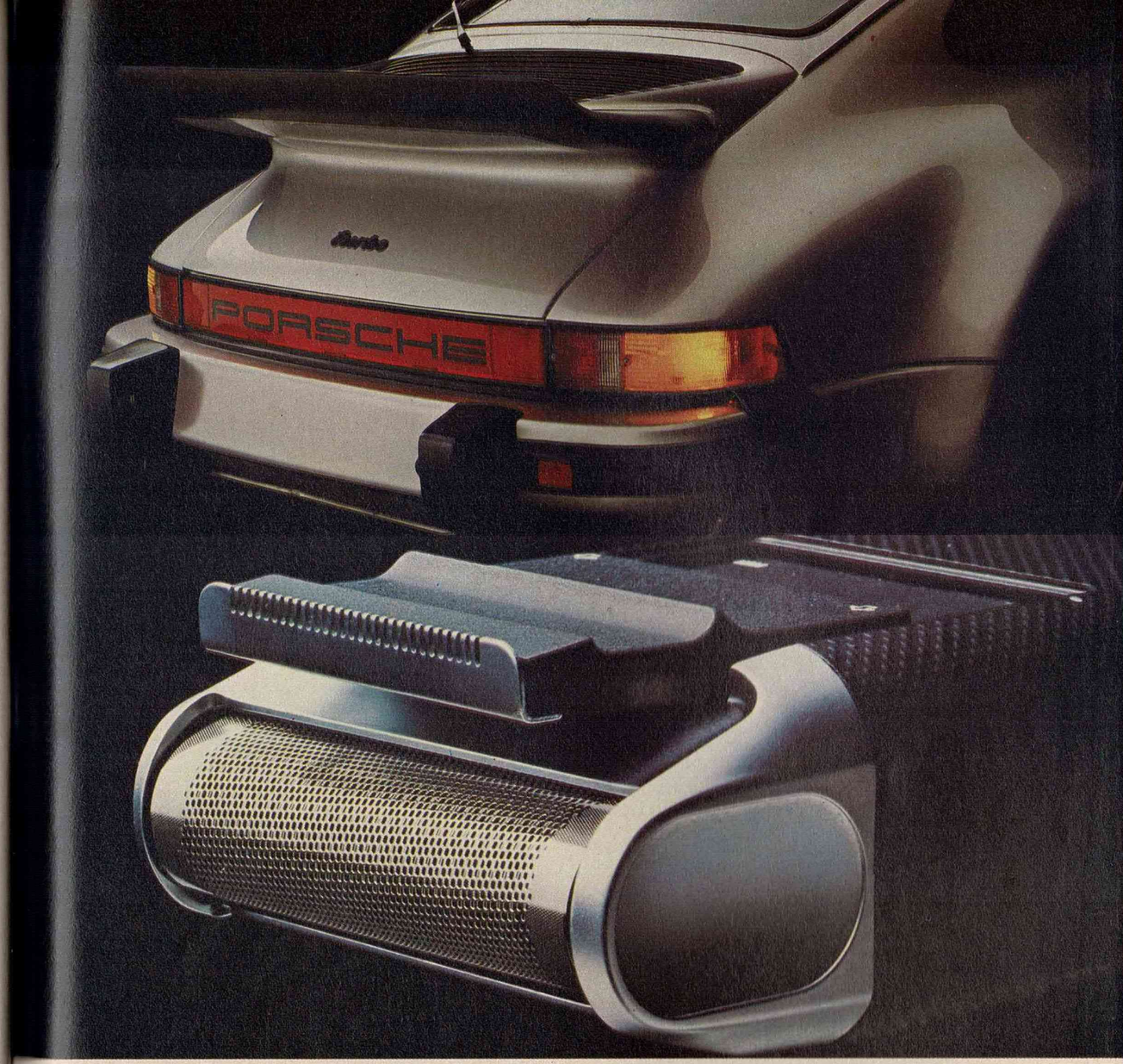

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The Turbo incorporates the most advanced engineering skills. So does the Micron with it's extendible long hair trimmer, for example. And there's no doubt that both are beautifully styled and most desirous.

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THE PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL FOR 1979

BUDDY HOLLY was alive and kicking when the first *Playboy Music Poll* appeared. Elvis was a callow youth, Bill Haley was at the top of the charts and the Beatles were still at school. In the two decades since, the Poll has documented the rise and fall (in many cases the rise and rise) of the greats of contemporary music, and along the way has become one of the most prestigious musical surveys in the world.

Among those honored in this year's US Poll are Linda Ronstadt (best pop/rock and country and western female vocalist), George Benson (best jazz and rhythm and blues male vocalist) and Billy Joel (best male vocalist, composer and keyboard player in the pop/rock category).

The Poll first appeared as the *Playboy Jazz Poll* in October, 1956. Jazz critic Nat Hentoff put together the nominations and the response was phenomenal. Hentoff presented the results the following February, accompanied by caricatures of the winners. The *Playboy All Stars* were an immediate success and became a regular feature of the Poll.

In 1968, the *Playboy Jazz Poll* stretched its wings to incorporate pop, and against a backdrop of Haight-Ashbury, LSD, Woodstock and Monterey, the all-encompassing *Playboy Music Poll* of the '70s was born.

Along with the annual listings, PLAYBOY began a Hall of Fame to honor musicians, living and

BALLOT

Pop/Rock

GROUP

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

COMPOSER

INSTRUMENTALIST

ALBUM

Country and western

GROUP

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

COMPOSER

INSTRUMENTALIST

ALBUM

Jazz

GROUP

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

COMPOSER

INSTRUMENTALIST

ALBUM

Our list of names is intended only as a guide. If your choice is on the list, write the number in the appropriate space. If your choice is not on the list, write the name clearly.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY'S 1979 MUSIC POLL

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot

Name _____

Address _____

_____

State _____ City _____ Post Code _____

(Mail to: *Playboy Music Poll*, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

dead, who had made special contributions to the art. Jazz pianist Dave Brubeck was the first to be honored.

Among the jazz men to follow were Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie.

Bob Dylan was the first non-jazz entry to the Hall of Fame, followed by all the Beatles, Mick Jagger, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Elvis Presley, Stevie Wonder and many of the greats of rock, pop, soul and country music.

While there are many other awards in the music world, the *Playboy Music Poll* has occupied a special place in the minds of most musicians. To be voted the best in the world by five million-plus discerning American PLAYBOY readers is recognition reserved for the very best.

Our first *Australian Playboy Music Poll* continues the tradition, giving you the opportunity to cast your vote for the musicians you believe have contributed most to Australian music in the past 12 months. The names that accompany the ballot form are there as a guide: you are not bound to vote for any of them. If your favorites are not listed, enter their names in the spaces provided. But, please, if you are voting for someone who is listed, *use the number next to his or her name.*

Three final points to remember: musicians, groups, composers and albums may appear in only one musical category; only official ballots will count; and they must be postmarked no later than April 30, 1979.

POP/ROCK

Group

1. Little River Band
2. Sherbet
3. Dragon
4. Skyhooks
5. JPY Allstars
6. Cold Chisel
7. Stars
8. Angels
9. Rose Tattoo
10. Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons
11. Sports
12. Ayers Rock
13. Ol' 55
14. AC/DC
15. Kevin Borich Express

Male Vocalist

1. Daryl Braithwaite
2. Marc Hunter
3. Glenn Shorrock
4. John Paul Young
5. Richard Clapton
6. "Shirley" Strachan
7. Doug Parkinson
8. Russell Morris
9. Jim Barnes (Cold Chisel)
10. Doc Neeson (Angels)
11. Angry Anderson (Rose Tattoo)
12. Jo Camileri (Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons)

Female Vocalist

1. Renee Geyer
2. Marcia Hines
3. Jane Clifton (Stiletto)
4. Brenda Kristen
5. Colleen Hewitt
6. Debbie Byrne

Composer

1. Harry Vanda/George Young
2. Richard Clapton
3. Garth Porter/Tony Mitchell
4. Mark Punch
5. Greg MacCainsh
6. Glenn Shorrock (LRB)
7. Birtles/Goble (LRB)
8. Don Walker (Cold Chisel)
9. Kevin Johnson
10. Doug Ashdown
11. Mike McClellan
12. Dave Warner

Instrumentalist

1. Bob Spencer (guitar)
2. Jim Kelly (guitar)
3. Kirk Lorange (guitar)
4. Duncan Maguire (bass)
5. Mark Kennedy (drums)
6. Kevin Borich (guitar)
7. Phil Manning (guitar)
8. Garth Porter (keyboards)
9. Greg MacCainsh (bass)
10. Dave Briggs (guitar)

Album

1. Sleeper Catcher (Little River Band)
2. 11th (Sherbet)
3. Breakfast at Sweethearts (Cold Chisel)
4. Marcia Live Across Australia (Marcia Hines)
5. Goodbye Tiger (Richard Clapton)
6. O Zambesi (Dragon)

7. Cold Chisel
8. Winner (Renee Geyer)
9. Guilty Till Proven Insane (Skyhooks)
10. Face to Face (Angels)
11. Journeys (Kevin Johnson)
12. Paradise (Stars)
13. Manning (Phil Manning)
14. Live; Be In It (Skyhooks)
15. Rose Tattoo

COUNTRY AND WESTERN

Group

1. Bluestone
2. Western Flyer
3. Hawking Brothers
4. Saltbush
5. Bushwackers
6. Slim Dusty Band
7. Reg Lindsay Band
8. Anne Kirkpatrick Band

Male Vocalist

1. Slim Dusty
2. Reg Lindsay
3. John Williamson
4. Matt Taylor
5. Lee Conway
6. Lucky Starr
7. Johnny Chester
8. Cash Backman
9. Dan Johnson
10. Tex Morton

Female Vocalist

1. Anne Kirkpatrick
2. Judy Stone
3. Alison Durban
4. Emma Hanna
5. Heather McKean
6. Little Pattie
7. Laurel Lee

Composer

1. John Williamson
2. Slim Dusty
3. Lee Conway
4. Joy McKean

Instrumentalist

1. Phil Emannuelle (guitar)
2. Pee Wee Clark (steel guitar)
3. Kenny Kitching (steel guitar)
4. Colin Watson (guitar)
5. Mike Tyre (steel guitar)

Album

1. Yesterday Blue (Brumby)
2. All I Want To Do (Lee Conway)
3. Johnny Chester
4. The Entertainer (Slim Dusty)
5. Road To Town (John Williamson)
6. World of Rodeo (Reg Lindsay)
7. Shoot the Moon (Anne Kirkpatrick)
8. Tequila Sunrise (Digby Richards)

JAZZ

Group

1. Col Nolan Trio
2. Bruce Cale Quartet
3. Galapagos Duck
4. Graeme Bell All Stars
5. Ray Price Quintet
6. Bernie McGann Quartet
7. Harbor City Jazz Band
8. Brian Brown Quartet
9. Dick Hughes Famous Five
10. Ken Herron Band
11. Bob Barnard Jazz Band
12. Don Burrows Band
13. Daly-Wilson Big Band
14. Crossfire

Male Vocalist

1. Roger Bell
2. Edwin Duff
3. Dutch Tilders
4. Leo de Castro
5. Tom Pickering
6. Johnny Nicol

Female Vocalist

1. Kay Wilson
2. Cheryl Montgomery
3. Kerry Biddell
4. Janice Slater
5. Dianne Horder
6. Jeannie Lewis
7. Margret RoadKnight

Composer

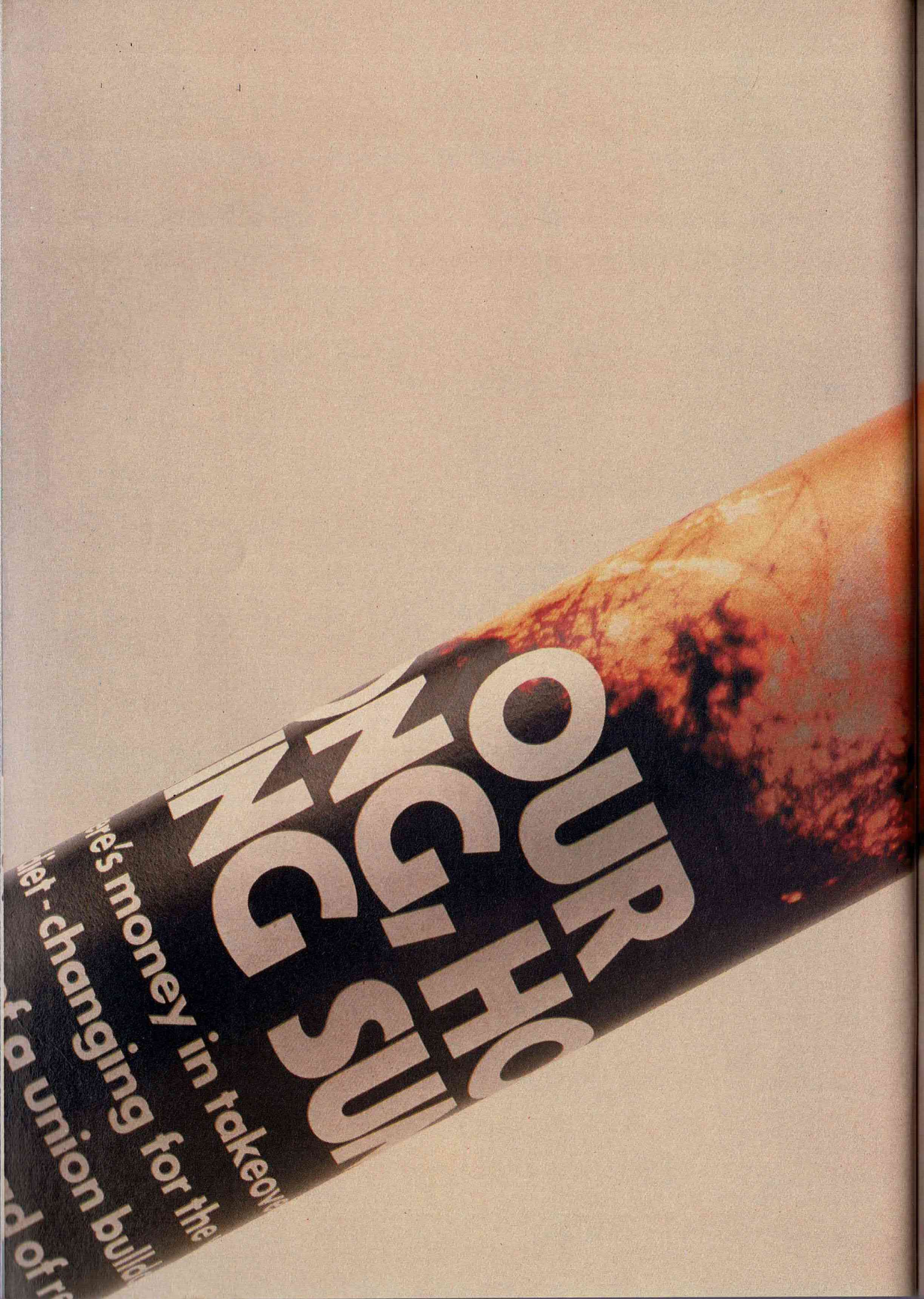
1. John Sangster
2. Tom Pickering
3. Roger Bell
4. Don Burrows
5. George Golla
6. Serge Emorll
7. Bruce Cale
8. Paul Furness
9. John Rose
10. Judy Bailey
11. Dave Dallwitz

Instrumentalist

1. John Sangster (vibraphone)
2. Bob Barnard (trumpet)
3. Len Barnard (drums)
4. Alan Geddes (drums)
5. Marty Mooney (tenor sax, clarinet)
6. Chris Qua (saxophone/bass)
7. Roger Frampton (piano, saxophone)
8. Bill Munro (trumpet)
9. Pam Hird (piano)
10. Tom Hare (saxophone)
11. Ken Herron (trombone)
12. Don Burrows (flute, woodwinds)
13. George Golla (guitar)
14. Dick Hughes (piano)

Album

1. Cool Yule (Don Burrows Quintet)
2. My Favorite Guitar (George Golla)
3. Three's A Crowd (George Golla)
4. Yacht Club Jazz Band
5. Jazz Spectrum (various artists)
6. Landscapes of Middle Earth (John Sangster)
7. Direct To Disc (Crossfire)
8. Bulldog and Kangaroo (Kenny Ball and Bob Barnard)
9. Buddle's Double (Erroll Buddle)
10. Ice (Margret Road-Knight)



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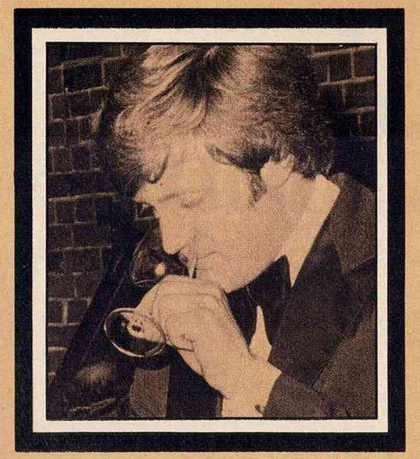
AGM2

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFE IN HIGH GEAR



A BAD CASE OF RED SALES IN THE SUNSET

BLACK, they say, is beautiful. So, too, is white. Wine, that is. But the latest Australian Bureau of Statistics figures show that the sales of red aren't all that whoop. Encouragingly, though, they are showing some improvement on those of a year ago.

For a number of years now, red sales have been falling back. Maybe it was enthusiasm to build a cellar which caused the original boom; perhaps the Great White Wines of Australia promotion campaign of 1970. Whatever the reason, the popularity of reds certainly hasn't been helped by the claim that they contain more damaging histamines than whites. I don't know who the hell started that one, but it's done about as much good for the wine industry as phylloxera.

THE FIGHTBACK'S ON

Now, however, the industry is fighting back, and one of its weapons is the lighter reds, the ones to chill slightly. Beaujolais style. And the cold hard facts, issued by the bureau, would indicate that Australians are warming to the idea.

Three examples which were the early leaders in this new style in Australia are Lindemans Pindarra, Rosemount Melon Creek and Orlando Rougolais. They're light, tasty, and, served chilled on a hot day, are perfect companions for an al fresco snack.

Rosé, of course, has long been around Australian cellars, and continues to be a steady, if not spectacular, seller. Latest figures released show that sales were up five percent over the previous 12 months.

There's been an awful lot of pretentious bullshit about drinking reds at so-called room temperature. Room temperature – where? In Angaston or the Alice? Drink a red at room temperature in a tin shed in the latter and I'll tell you what, it won't be only Mr Ayer's little boulder that'll rock.

QUALITY AND QUANTITY

Oddly enough, what has been bad for the wine industry has been good for the consumer. Tell me, if you can, when there has been the range, the quality and the quantity of reds at such great prices. The industry is obviously trying to unload its accumulated stocks of red, and unlike earlier, headier days, the prices are remaining static. Now you can buy a Grange without having to piss in some publican's pocket. Yet it wasn't all that long ago that this wine was as scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth.

I almost hope this trend towards the whites continues for, if it does, not as many people will be buying the magnificent reds that this country produces, leaving more for me. I've always thought them to be – as my dear friend Ron Saw would say – whack-bloody-oh! I'd drink them out of a sandshoe. (Come to think of it, perhaps I have.)

But back to the subject of temperature. Maybe, with a little pressure from a thumbscrew, I'd cool a Grange. I'd certainly chill a quaffing red for a barbecue. Somewhere, in between, lies the answer. But *nobody* can tell you, nobody can lay the law down. There are no hard and fast rules. It's a matter of personal taste – literally. It is, as some lesser writer once said, As You Like It.

Nonetheless, you can sometimes go too far. Let me recall an instance. Some years back, when I was working with the wine industry, I was invited to a beefsteak-and-burgundy luncheon in Brisbane. There, as its guest, I was asked to comment on the reds. Dear God! I didn't – at that early stage, anyway – know a red from a true blue Lib. Then Dear God intervened.

To my secret delight, I found that the two reds which we were served had been chilled so much that they had no nose whatsoever, and very little discernible taste. And I said so. The winemaster rose in his own defence. Where he came from, he declared, it was so stinking hot that he *always* kept his reds in the 'fridge. The unspoken inference was that where I came from, I wouldn't know.

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

The gauntlet – or was it a mitten? – had been thrown down. The challenge was accepted, and the battle was on. I rose again, trying to make my point. Again, the winemaster rose to make his. And soon it became apparent to all that neither of us was getting anywhere. That is, until one magical moment.

For it was then that one of the guests, who had quietly subsided across the table during the course of the meal, resurrected himself. "Barney," he said, "let me tell you something." The room (I suspect out of sheer wonderment) was silenced.

"Barney," repeated our friend, warming to the rapt attention, "there's a difference between scratching your arse and tearing it to shreds."

I could have kissed him. And I'm sure he wouldn't have objected. For a second later he was back in the land of nod. But in that one succinct, short and sincere sentence, he'd said all I had failed to say in what must have been more than a score. In vino, as someone once said, veritas.

– DERRIL FARRAR

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IN DEFENCE OF THE BOYS' NIGHT OUT

ONE of the most difficult parts of getting close is learning to keep your distance. Sharing everything from a toothbrush to the mortgage can be exhilarating, but there is also a certain tyranny in togetherness. Sure, in the early days of your romance you might happily have sat through tear-jerker film epics that would normally have had you climbing the walls, just to be with her. And, by the same token, she may gamely have forced herself to tag along when you decided to take up cricket. But one of the real beauties of sharing the big things in life is that you don't have to share the little ones. If you try to, you'll end up feeling that your warm little love nest is becoming as pent-up as a pressure cooker.

All of which makes a great argument for the venerable institution of the boys' night out, and you don't have to be a fully-paid-up member of the darts-and-beer-belly union to see the advantages. The trouble is that many couples have difficulty with the transition from the round-the-clock romance of establishing a relationship to something with a little breathing room. After months of non-stop hot and heavy, an evening apart for any less dramatic reason than an earthquake or a tidal wave can seem, to some women, nothing short of a betrayal. Here, then, are a few suggestions to help ease your love life into a more comfortable fit.

A TREAT FROM THE DELI

When you start going out without her, do things she wouldn't want to do or that you couldn't do together. Use your free night to play a team sport or visit that old flat mate who gives her the creeps.

Take home something that shows you've thought of her. But remember that elaborate offerings in the fur and jewellery class will underline the separation. A treat from the deli is more in the spirit.

Balance your time away from her by taking time you normally wouldn't spend with her and doing something special together.

Show an interest in what she's been doing while you've been gone. This makes her realise that her time is important and that she shouldn't waste it just waiting for you to get back or resenting your absence.

Encourage her to spend a night out with the girls. And use a little discretion – don't insist that it be the one you spend with the boys.

Try not to do things with others that she expects to do with you. Don't, for example, breeze in late for dinner one night and announce that you've just seen the new Woody Allen film that you and she have been looking forward to for months. You may end up with more free time than you know what to do with.

Having a secret affair is undoubtedly an exciting way to live: all those afternoons stolen from the office can have you feeling like Marcello Mastroianni. But before you go skipping off into the land of silk sheets and checkered tablecloths, you might want to consider the wisdom of veteran marriage counsellor Herbert G. Zerof, author of *Finding Intimacy: The Art and Happiness of Living Together.*

YOU MIGHT FEEL GUILTY

In his 20 year of counselling, Zerof has found little evidence to support the often-heard fable about extracurricular activities being good for a relationship. "A serious emotional involvement with a third party," he writes, "brings grief to one or more of the persons involved." Here is just a partial catalogue of the potential woes:

If you go back to your mate, you might feel defeated.

If you *don't* go back to your mate, you might feel guilty and not be able to enjoy your lover.

Your mate can feel miserable because she thinks you prefer your lover.

Your lover can feel miserable because she thinks she's getting only a partial mate.

And if you think you can keep the affair a secret, forget it. When a serious involvement with a third party exists, Zerof claims, the injured party seems to know about it within 24 hours. In fact, Zerof has found that there is often an unspoken agreement that one partner protects the union while the other frolics. (Note: these observations apply only to a full-scale champagne-and-roses affair. The occasional chance encounter with a stranger comes under the heading of casual sex which, Zerof contends, can have "little long-range effect on a couple".)

More often than not, couples get back together after an affair, but when the original partners are reunited, they generally find the relationship empty.

The alternative to a clandestine affair is to bring it all out in the open with your mate. That may mean ending a relationship painfully, of course, but Zerof believes that you can never be emotionally free to make a real beginning with someone new until you've confronted your mate with the truth of your feelings. "Otherwise," he warns, "the first relationship remains repressed and is sure to return to haunt the partner who is attempting escape."

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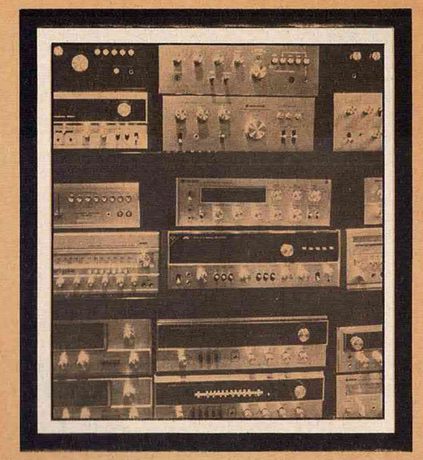

TRYING TO SCUTTLE HOME PIRATES

AUSTRALIA'S huge record industry is missing out on $50 million a year – and there's not much it can do about it. The record-buying public, which helps the industry gross $200 million a year, is to blame. The fuss is over a practice most people take for granted: borrowing a record from a friend and recording it on a blank cassette.

Although no money changes hands, the practice is illegal in Australia because it is an infringement of the Copyright Act. The record companies know they are going to have a hard time convincing the public it is breaking the law and they face an almost impossible task enforcing the Act.

The industry estimates 13 to 15 million blank cassettes were used in Australia in 1977. It bases this figure on sales plus the fact that some cassettes were re-recorded when the owner became tired of the album originally recorded. The obvious economic advantage of copying an album will always be attractive and, for some, the illegality may even heighten the appeal, but the companies are considering moves to recover the lost monies through blanket actions.

PAYING ROYALTIES IN ADVANCE

Experiments are being made into the feasibility of adding a signal – a tone – to commercial recordings which would not be heard in normal playback but which would stop the tape from being successfully re-recorded. Such a signal, perhaps subsonic, would act as a trigger to switch out the recording circuitry or scramble the signal. But this idea would work only with the co-operation of tape deck manufacturers, who are not likely to regard it as in their interests – especially when their sales start to drop.

Another, more realistic, solution being explored is advance royalty payments, a scheme which also needs co-operation from tape recorder manufacturers. A tax would be added to the cost of the machine and record companies would be paid this levy for every machine sold, based on the assumption that the machine would be used to infringe copyright. But this scheme does not make allowance for people who do not use their machines for copying records.

The public doesn't hear (and probably doesn't care) about this facet of the record industry. Because the companies make millions of dollars each year most people believe they won't miss a couple of dollars here and there from home piracy. But the public doesn't realise that because of the royalty system, the artist and/or songwriter and the music publishing company also miss out. It must be very disheartening for an artist who has worked for years towards an album to find he's sold (and is getting royalties for) 15,000 records when another 20,000 "home piracy" tapes have been made. His popularity enhances his draw as a performing artist, but in this case at the expense of his bank account.

Any scheme which tries to protect the record companies from copyright infringement is bound to produce a conflict of interests. Regardless of the method used, it is certain to reduce consumer interest in tape recorders and, where this conflict exists within the same company, the results could be very interesting.

Philips, the pioneer of the music cassette, has its own record companies and Sony, one of the world's largest outlets for tape recorders, is tied to CBS Records in Japan. EMI was once a large maker of "3-in-1" systems – the big curse of the industry because of the convenience such a system offered for putting radio and records on to tape. Some of these companies also supply blank cassettes to the ever-growing market. And they are spending a lot of money to advertise them.

In Australia, for a first offence, commercial pirates now face a $150 fine for each article infringing copyright, and six months in jail for a second offence. Allowance will also be made soon to impose fines of $10,000 on any firm involved in manufacturing pirate cassettes, and to destroy its recording equipment. But it is highly unlikely that these commercial penalties will be applied to a home pirate.

UNSYMPATHETIC PUBLIC

The pirate problem is not about to go away. As the industry grows, profits rise and domestic equipment becomes more sophisticated, the losses to the industry will increase.

"The profits you don't see are the profits you don't miss" is a homily not likely to offer much comfort to record companies. Naturally, they want the maximum revenue from everything they produce, but they operate in an area where ownership of the product (recorded material) is, to most people, an intangible factor difficult to grasp and, perhaps, harder to accept.

In spite of the huge sums of money record companies spend on equipment, production and signing acts, the enormous profits earned and the fat rewards for successful artists are likely to be barriers to public sympathy if they start crying too long and loud about mounting cassette copyright infringements.

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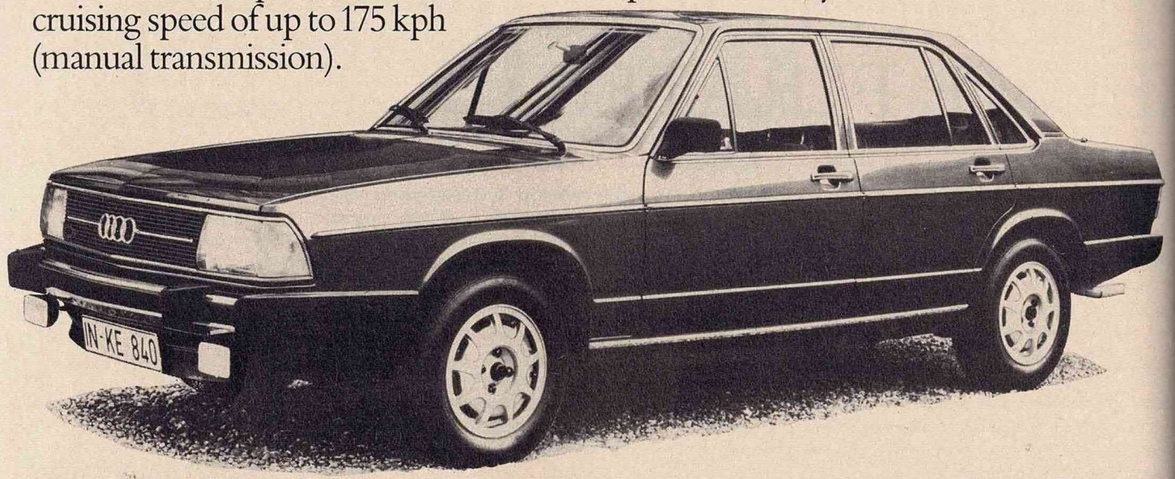

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ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

LAUGHING PINBALL

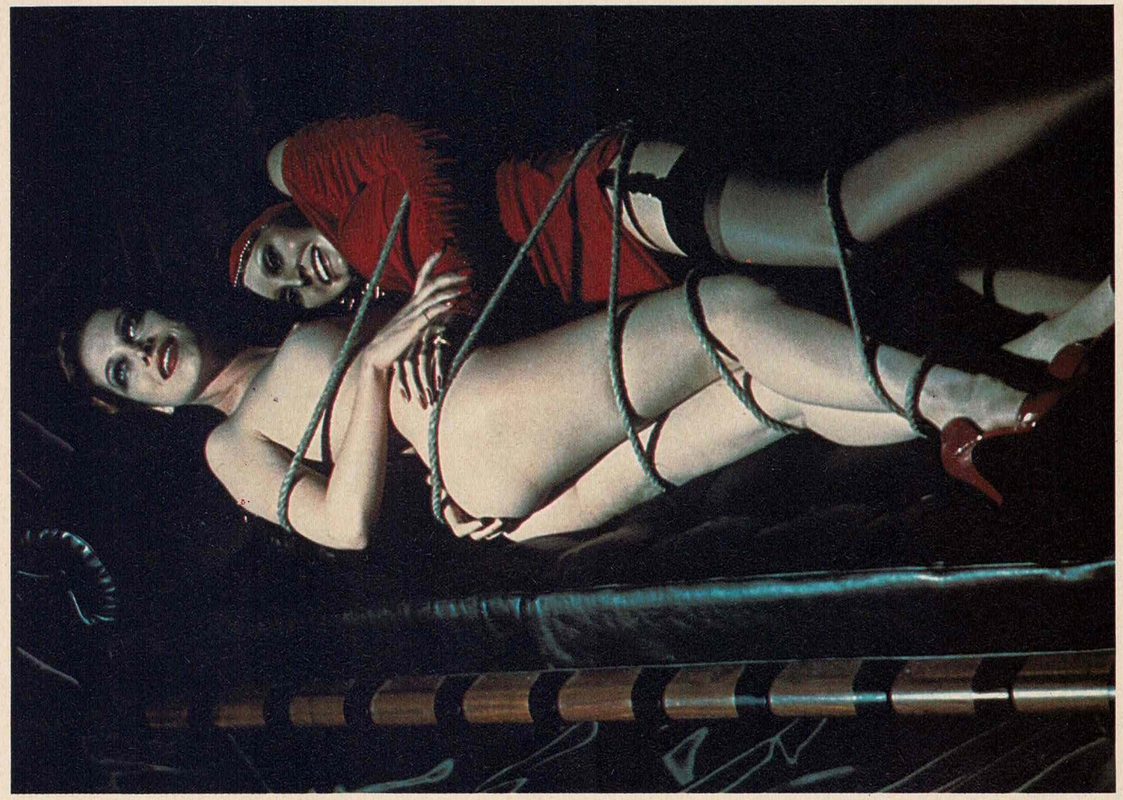
electronic wizardry takes a milk bar game into the jet set

Photography by Ken Middleton

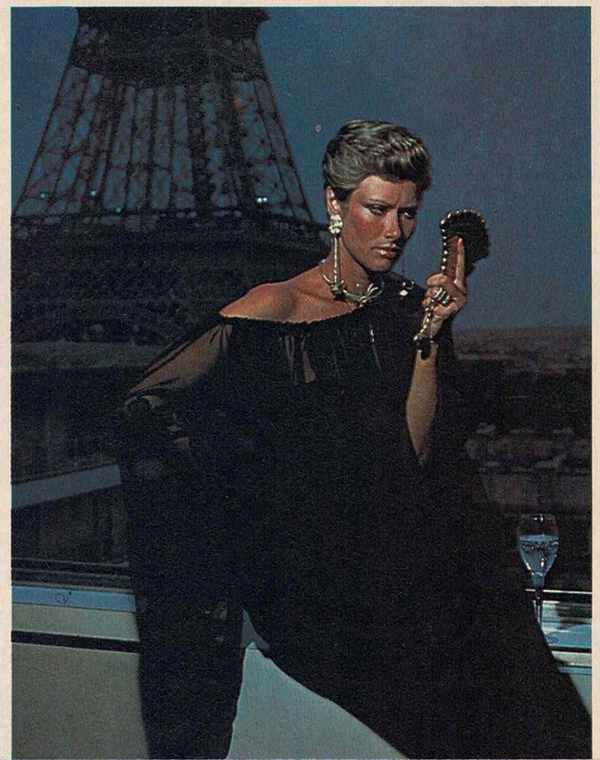
THE flash and glitter of polished steel, the fixed eye, the panted curse at a clumsy blow . . . not a medieval battle, but the conflict of man against machine. It's the third-generation pinball explosion, boxes packed with sophisticated electronics and dressed to kill. They'll still be played by the kid with sticky fingers in the milk bar, but they don't belong to him alone any more. If you have your fingers on the flipper buttons, you have them right on the pulse of modern life – because age and social stratum disappear in front of the glass-topped tables, denim and grey flannel side by side. The advent of integrated circuitry opened the door for the pinball potentates to seek out the older end of the market, as well as appealing even more to a generation of kids whose big cultural influences are home video games and *Star Wars*. The feeble lights, limp flippers and boring bumpers of the past have been transmogrified by the marvels of modern science into a galaxy of eye-searing graphics and a range of scoring options to confuse Einstein. And sound effects! Now the damn things laugh at you – no more secret humiliations. Many a pop psychologist has spoken about pinball in learned dissertations on the decline of modern youth – if you can't score at home or at work, then the intermittent rewards gained by thrashing the little steel ball around lets you blow off steam. And pinball wizards, according to some enthusiasts, are better in bed! The Bally Playboy machine illustrated above is available for $1995 in Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne.

NEWTON'S LAW

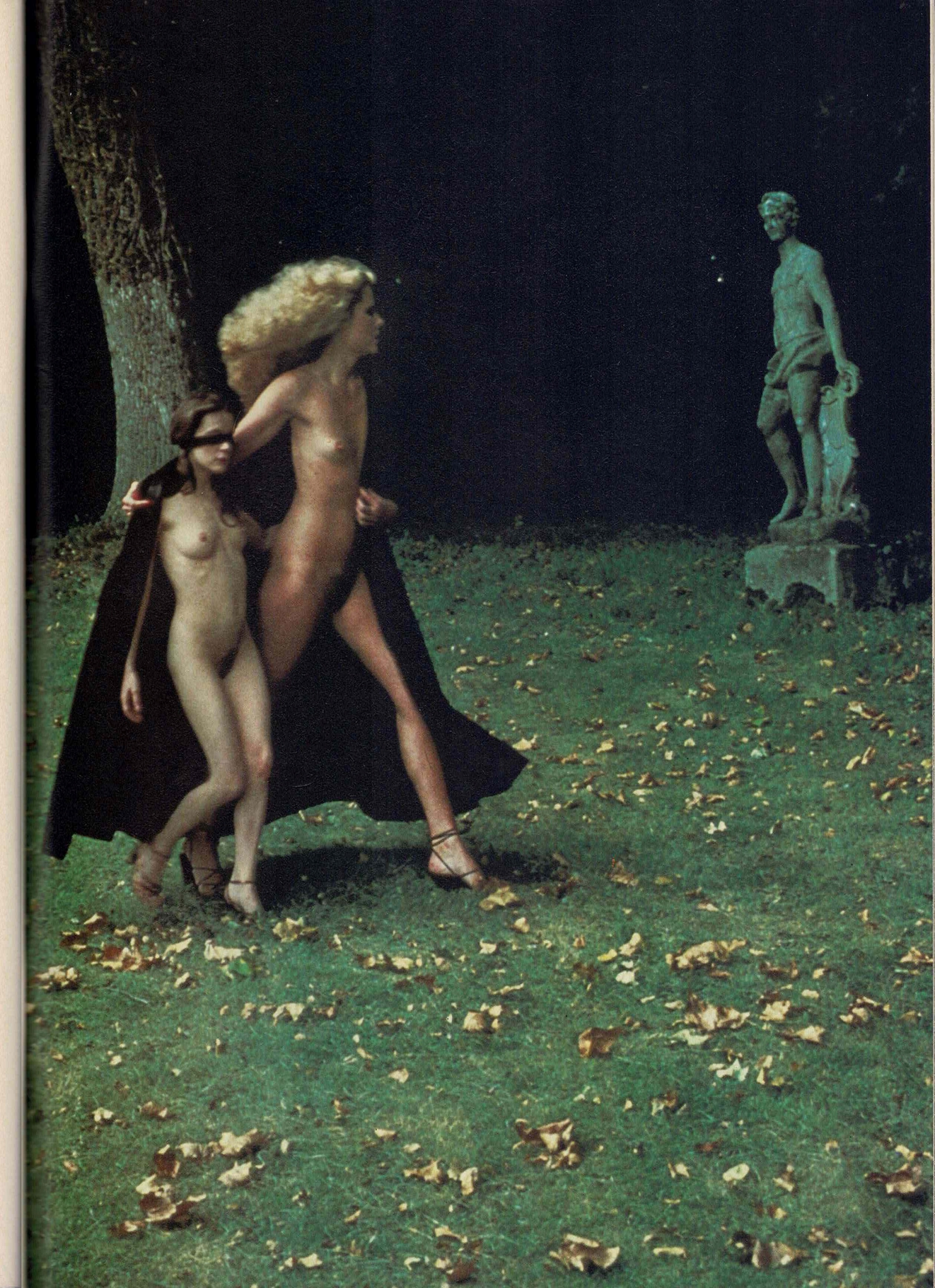
a pictorial essay on turning motion and emotion into still life



HELMUT NEWTON, prince of fashion photography, has a secret garden of fantasies that he translates into pictures. The Eiffel Tower becomes his Meccano set, cities exist only to form a backdrop for his spectacular nudes – a mingling of real life and wax models because, he asks, do we really know the difference? This is part of Newton's law – to unleash the hidden thoughts, dreams and longings we all harbor. Born in Berlin in 1920, he became an Australian citizen, and has lived in Paris for the past 20 years. Newton is, perhaps, best remembered here as the man who "discovered" Maggie Tabberer. He can claim to be one of the world's most highly paid photographers, and his pictures, labelled "artistically erotic", have been displayed in his books, exhibitions and the top glossy magazines. Newton's latest book, *Sleepless Nights* (Quartet), is now available in Australia from selected stores. Price: about $28. The book conveys Newton's passionate love for women, and in one sequence he dresses his models in plaster casts and artificial limbs to underline that they can remain beautiful whatever their garb. "My photographs have always been sexy – even the dressed ladies," says Newton of his work.

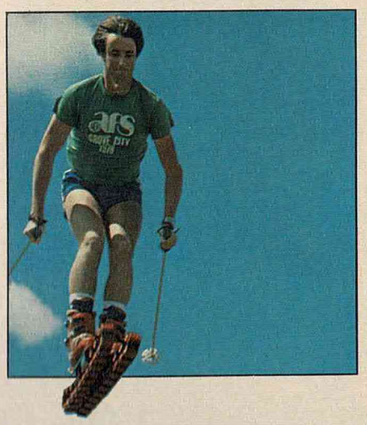


The photographs in the book were taken between 1975 and 1978 and include Dummy and Human IV *(above),* Chateau d'Aunoy III *(far right), and the Eiffel Tower in* Meccano Set at Night *(right).*

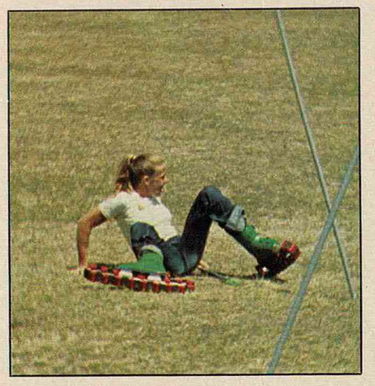


A NEW GRASS HIGH

now you can schuss down the slopes without a snowflake in sight



A SPORT that's taking off – literally – is the latest to make its appearance on the Australian scene. Although it has been here for only 18 months, grass skiing has thousands of followers at 13 locations along the east coast and in South Australia. Running over a lightweight, strong metal frame, the caterpillar-like tracks are capable of sending skiers down the slopes at high speeds. What's more, the sport keeps regular skiers in year-round form and, according to the manufacturers, actually improves their performance on the snow. Its supporters maintain movements and techniques on the grass are the same as on snow, and claim the shorter grass ski requires the wearer to centralise his weight more effectively to retain balance. Another particular advantage – in Australia – is that you don't have to rely on a good fall of snow. The grass is always there, waiting to claim some new devotees and, if you blow it, victims. And all this for a total cost – skis, boots and stocks – of less than $200. It could, of course, cost the foolhardy a little more – like a broken leg. Rollka Grass Skis are available from major ski and sport stores in Queensland, NSW, Victoria and SA.



MUSIC

there's nothing punk about this street-wise veteran of rock

GENYA RAVAN is certainly one very tough lady. The cover of her first solo album, *Urban Desire* (Festival), shows her being molested by a tattooed bikie, and this is basically what her music is all about. Hard, raunchy street-rock – far too clever to be labelled punk – which speaks of death, dope, guns, muggings and the trials and tribulations of life in New York City.

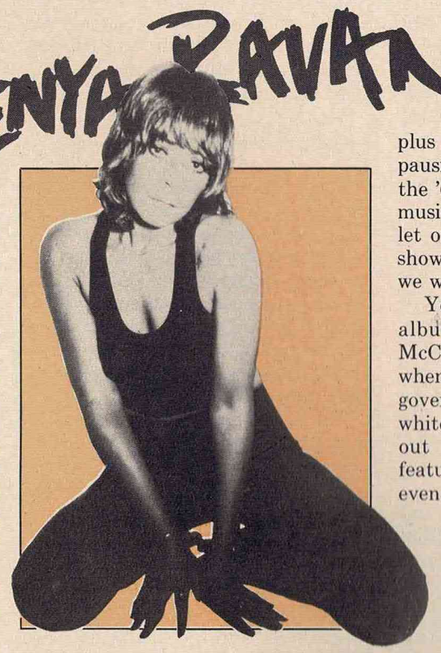
Ravan, a veteran of street gangs on New York's lower East Side, has been around rock and roll since 1961, first as a member of Richard Perry's Escorts, then as the leader of an all-girl band, Goldie and the Gingerbreads. In the late '60s she started a nine-member jazz-rock combo called Ten Wheel Drive, and more recently she has produced New York punk bands like The Dead Boys. With *Urban Desire* she proves that you can't hold an old rocker down for long, particularly one as fast and greasy as this.

Ravan belts her way through some street-wise originals, but the high points of the album are her interpretations of Holland-Dozier-Holland's Back In My Arms Again and John Cale's Darling, I Need You. On Aye Colorado she joins forces with Lou Reed for a sweet duet about her first lover, a Puerto Rican "hitter from the corner of the city". According to Ravan, this gentleman used to "wake up every morning with the sweat pourin' down you/while you're starin' down your new, used, shiny gun". Charming chaps like this seem to make up much of Ravan's background, so it is not surprising that she handles the new urban blues and straight-talkin' gutter rock with such authority.

•

Dope humor is not your most accessible brand of wit, consisting as it does of inane giggles, meaningful mouthings of "wow, man" and long, mysterious pauses. Cheech and Chong, however, are the undoubted supremos of the genre, able to wring hilarity out of nothing but a blue haze. Unfortunately, a series of great visual jokes does not a record album make, and with *Up In Smoke* (WEA), the soundtrack of the doped-up duo's amazingly successful movie, they have rolled a three-paper failure.

Undoubtedly, if you've seen the movie you'll love the album. If you haven't, forget it. The only consolation for the uninformed is the music, which



Genya Ravan – raunchy rock that's too clever to be labelled punk.

is mainly provided by a first-class session band featuring such jazz-rock luminaries as David Sanborn on sax and Waddy Wachtel on guitar. Also included is a tasty instrumental from War and the title track, a classic doper's ballad from Cheech and Chong, who actually manage to keep their act together for three minutes without forgetting the words. Wow, man! (Long pause, giggle, giggle, giggle.)

•

Jesse Colin Young, who has been expressing noble sentiments since his 1965 hymn to communal living, Get Together, shows with his new album, *American Dreams* (WEA), that times may change, but deep down people don't. Young has produced some beautiful music over the past decade, but there is little on this outing to match *Songbird* or *Lightshine,* or even the mixed offerings of his '60s band, The Youngbloods. Instead he devotes one side to a self-indulgent, dated and hypocritical bitch about the ecology, which he attempts to mask as some sort of singing autobiography. "I see nuclear disaster/ and it's coming in my time," Young whines from the security of his hilltop mansion in Marin County. "There is poison in the ocean/ there is death upon the sea," he continues in easily the happiest little song since Barry McGuire's epic Eve Of Destruction. Laughing Boy Young then goes on and on in similar vein through 20 minutes plus of the American Dreams Suite, pausing only to lament the passing of the '60s, when life – and, presumably, music – had some sort of meaning. "We let our hair grow,/ we let our feeling show,/ we let our poets know/ that we were listening." Oh God.

Young should have re-named this album Bring The Boys Home, or McCarthy For President. In an age when Linda Ronstadt is dating a governor and Bob Dylan is wearing white suits, poor old Jesse seems a little out of step. For all that, side one features a couple of standout tracks, even if they are from an earlier musical age. Buddy Holly's Rave On and the soul standard Knock On Wood come up well under the Young treatment, and there is the added bonus of David Lindley's virtuoso violin on several tracks, elevating even the most maudlin of Jesse Colin's lyrics. The perfect gift for teenage revolutionaries turned management consultants.

•

It's great to see new bands emerging with a willingness to experiment with a sophisticated blending of musical styles – particularly when they rise out of the smog of LA, where most recent music has been either Bee Gees-inspired disco funk or Eagles-inspired saccharine country rock. Toto's first self-titled album, *Toto* (CBS), Player's *Danger Zone* (Philips) and Firefall's *Elan* (Atlantic) are all fine collections of original songs, performed with musical integrity.

Player, in action longer than the others, is probably the least commercial band of the trio. Its songs are seldom shorter than five minutes, with tight harmonies drifting into extended instrumental riffs and back again.

Firefall, which like Player utilises the brilliant work of session percussionist Steve Forman, is equally at home with jazz, latin and country riffs, but compromises here with a couple of simple compositions aimed directly at the Top 40. Strange Way will probably do the trick for them, but there is much better music to listen to on this album.

Toto, which consists mainly of Boz Scaggs' session musicians, opens its first album with all the urgency and drama of Yes or ELO, and changes

style so often through two sides that one wonders whether the music was learnt off budget-price compilation discs. But this exciting new band is totally in command, adding a new dimension to an entire spectrum of musical influences. – **PHIL JARRATT**

•

The first family of Australian country music – Slim Dusty, his wife and songwriter Joy McKean, and daughter Anne Kirkpatrick – prove why there are more than 50 gold records hanging on Slim's walls with a double album recorded live at the Sydney Opera House, *Slim Dusty – The Entertainer* (EMI).

Throughout the performance the joy of the music, the family's pride in each other, their humor and their love for this country come through. There is also a warmth reminiscent of the classic Hank Williams *On Stage* (MGM) albums of radio broadcasts recorded in Nashville in the late '40s. There's even a similarity between announcer Grant Turner's opening line on those albums, "It's health and happiness time", and the way Slim delivers his "good health" sign-off.

Most of the songs on *The Entertainer* are Australian compositions, including the Dusty/Otes About This Hat, which tells the story of Slim's trademark – that famous dip-lidded hat – The Pub With No Beer (of course), Lights On The Hill and The Biggest Disappointment.

The total professionalism of the Dusty troupe comes across in every song of this well-recorded, well-packed set, so much so that Slim can even announce a song with "and it goes something like this" without it sounding like a cliché.

•

It is an exaggeration, but it seems that every other album released recently features Will Lee or Steve Khan or Steve Gadd or Richard Tee, etc, as back-up musicians. Could this be why so many records seem to sound the same? These players appear to be moulding singers to their style of playing instead of being complementary to the singer. This is apparent in Phoebe Snow's new album *Against The Grain* (CBS).

The songs are good, the music is good, but there is none of the refreshingly original sound that separated Snow from the crowd with her *Phoebe Snow* (Shelter) album in 1974.

•

Renee Geyer's *Winner* (RCA) album was recorded in Los Angeles with the Tower of Power horn section and LA musos augmenting her regular back-up men, Mark Punch (guitar), Greg Tell (drums) and Tim Partridge (bass). The result is a tight, maybe too slick, West Coast sound which lacks the spark of difference (originality?) to set it apart from other good albums of the genre.

Stand-out tracks include Apartments C And D, Baby Be Mine and Save Me, which Renee sings with style and feel. – **CAROL ASHDOWN**

•

I first heard of Don Pullen when he was a member of one of the Mingus bands circa 1974, though he had worked with Nina Simone (1970-71) and Art Blakey (1974) before his two-year stint with Mingus.

Mingus always utilised top musicians and many went on to fame – if not fortune – following their stints with that super jazzman. Pullen was on an excellent two-record set, *Changes One* and *Changes Two,* released in 1975, and his playing then whetted my appetite for more. It took a while coming – but was worth it.

This latest release, *Don Pullen* (Atlantic), was recorded at the Montreux Jazz Festival in July, 1977, with just one extended piece on each side. The performance is a shattering, oft-times lyrical tour de force by a talented individualist who was once described as being a cross between Chopin and Cecil Taylor! It's all there – the sensuous rapture of Chopin and the fiery bombast of Taylor. And, surprisingly, it works.

On Richard's Tune (dedicated to one of his teachers, Richard Abrams) he is backed by Jeff Berlin on electric bass and Steve Jordan on drums. On the reverse, Dialogue Between Malcolm (X) And Betty, two extra percussionists were added. I liked it.

•

Just after Charles Mingus died in January, Atlantic released *Cumbia And Jazz Fusion,* the musical scores Charles wrote for two Italian films. They certainly stand up on their own as straight music.

The album's title side was written for a film about the narcotics traffic between New York and Colombia, and is based on jazz and South American folk rhythms. It utilises a 15-piece orchestra, including eight percussionists, woven together into a stirring whole that has all the fascination and urgency for which Mingus was noted.

The reverse, music for *Todo Modo,* is another rich tapestry of modern sounds that, like so many of Mingus's compositions, draws upon the whole spectrum of music. Featured are some of his "regulars" – Jimmy Knepper on trombone and Dannie Richmond on drums – together with the exciting new sounds of trumpeter Jack Walrath and Ricky Ford on tenor. Underlying it all is the authoritative bass playing of one of the all-time giants of that instrument, Charles Mingus.

It seems desperate to contemplate a jazz future without the consistent force of this incomparable musician and composer.

•

Cleo Laine's *Gonna Get Through* (RCA) is, without doubt, her most commercial release – ever! Never a jazz singer – at least not in the same league as Billie, Ella, Anita, Mildred or Dinah – Cleo is perhaps best likened to Morgana King (with a similar superb range and control).

The best track on the album is I Believe You, for which husband John Dankworth provides a fine backing, again reminiscent of those Morgana/Torrie Zito collaborations on the original and unsurpassed Reprise label releases that today are real collectors' items.

With those massive orchestras, heavenly choruses and corny tunes, this one may do well in the shops – but jazz it ain't! – **KYM BONYTHON**

•

"Rarely do I offer more than four encores," says pianist Philippe Entremont on the back of his latest album. Sometimes, he confesses, he finds it difficult to impose such limits on himself: "What a relief it is to play as many of my favorite pieces as I want, which I have done in this recording!"

That sounds precious and gushy, and precious and gushy is just the way Mr Entremont plays on the oddly-titled *Chopin Fantasy-Impromptu: Philippe Entremont Plays Best-Loved Piano Pieces* (CBS).

What one might think would be a Chopin collection turns out to be a dozen light, popular pieces with 11 composers represented.

More than the pleasant music he has selected, Entremont seems to want to exploit his absolutely unjustified assumption (via a record, anyway) of a close, personal relationship with his audience. I find this rather cloying, and it makes me quite determined not to be there when the man can't restrain himself any longer and plays all night.

Entremont turns Debussy's colorfully swaggering Golliwog's Cakewalk into an uneven stumble; Liszt's Liebestraum into a distinctly dry love-dream; and his Chopin is heavy and unsubtle. – **ADRIAN READ**

SHORT CUTS

Jon English and Mario Millo, *Against The Wind* (Polygram): In which English and Millo (formerly of Windchase) lean heavily on the songs of old Ireland for their television series soundtrack. Surprisingly listenable.

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BOOKS

snakes alive! but they're about the only things that are

THE trouble with *The Great Australian Snake Exchange* (Hutchinson) is that it has very little to do with snakes after page 60. An intricate plot is one thing, but Duncan Ball, in his first novel, manages to dispense with his almost entirely when it becomes too problematic.

Instead, he indulges in a lengthy piece of multinationals-bashing and concludes with a rather mundane cops-and-robbers yarn having something to do with evil American capitalists and cotton-picking in western NSW. It is all a little confusing.

Ball, an expatriate American now living in Sydney and working as an industrial chemist, obviously had the germ of a good idea. A couple of wide boys stage a daring daylight snake snatch and attempt to swindle the New Zealand Government out of a couple of million dollars. Unlikely, though interesting enough for a holiday read. But the fine details of such a scam seem to have been too hard to fathom for a bloke who's had a lousy day and simply wants to punch out a quick thousand words before bed.

Ball gives up on his snakes, does away with one of his anti-heroes and more or less starts again with the cotton-pickers. To be fair, the snakes do stage a re-appearance in the last couple of chapters, by which time this reviewer had forgotten what, if anything, they had to do with cotton-picking in western NSW.

Fortunately, all but two of the snakes are dead and present minimal problems for the somewhat drowsy New Zealand police, who have been waiting patiently at Sydney Airport for the cotton-picking part to finish.

Like the police, most readers will probably find it hard to stay awake for the big finish. – PHIL JARRATT

•

It's a good title, *Acts of Love*. Makes you think of . . . you know. And it's meant to, despite the disclaimer on the dust cover that there are many kinds of love – the love of a father for his son, a man for his wife and so on.

The plain fact is that most of the acts of love in this latest novel (Hart Davis MacGibbon), by renowned writer and film director Elia Kazan – he wrote *The Arrangement, The Understudy* and *The Assassins* and directed *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, On the Waterfront* and *East of Eden* – are sex acts of various kinds, performed mostly by the heroine, or anti-heroine. But before you throw on your raincoat and dash out to buy it, a word of warning. Unless you haven't had it in years, the sex scenes are unlikely to raise as much as the hair on your palms. Even when the lady is virtually raped by a swarthy Puerto Rican (and we all like a bit of rape, don't we?) it's hard to take it at all seriously.

That's because it's really impossible to take anything about this woman seriously. Her behavior makes Jeff Thomson look like a veritable model of consistency.

Beautiful but insecure Ethel Laffey, adopted child of a successful surgeon,

Bacall and Bogie – invitation to a fluffy, long-winded retake.

marries into a traditional Greek family and feels a sense of lasting peace for about four pages.

After this she proceeds – for all the best reasons, she keeps telling herself – to tear the family apart with her quite insufferable behavior, which includes nearly seducing her father-in-law and sleeping with any man who has the perseverence to ask often enough. (There's a moral here somewhere, chaps.)

In the end, simmering Balkan passions erupt, and someone at last does to her what you've been wishing they would do for the last 400 pages. Then they all – or most of them – live happily ever after.

At this point it's tempting to include a cast list, because the book reads like the scenario for a film. Perhaps Kazan will buy the rights from himself and go on triumphantly to make a zillion dollars from it.

Anyway, you could have Tatum O'Neal (in a couple of years) or some other suitably spoilt-brat-style actress as Ethel, and Anthony Quinn (reliving his triumph as Zorba) as the Greek family patriarch, Costa: *"Costa was not a tall man, but his shoulders at the back were heavy, the muscles of his trade. His buttocks came at precisely half his height, his body slimming there to half its width. Costa belted his trousers low."*

His son Teddy, Ethel's unfortunate husband, is a petty officer in the US Navy, and shows very few signs of intelligence – a perfect role for Robert Wagner. The sad, downtrodden Greek mother, Noola, could be a hard one to cast because there's not a trace of glamor in it, but it might just suit Elizabeth Taylor these days. And Ethel's father, the wealthy but loveless Dr Ed Laffey, is a part just made for one of Hollywood's aging idols – James Stewart? Cary Grant?

Well, you probably get the picture by now. With a bit of tidying up, *Acts* might make a passable movie – think what they could do with the sex scenes – but as a novel it's about as credible as *Pravda*. – LAURIE STRACHAN

•

Lauren Bacall's long-awaited autobiography will not disappoint her many fans, but *Lauren Bacall by Myself* (Jonathan Cape) could discourage those who are merely curious. It's clear that Bacall wrote the book herself – actually, it reads as if she talked it into a tape recorder. The effect is somewhat like having a 330-page lunch with a world-weary woman who's rambling on as she picks through her chicken salad. There's some good gossip, there are some great insights into Bogart, Hollywood and the film industry; but there is also much fluff.

Bacall correctly assumes that we are genuinely interested in her life, but she doesn't seem to realise we are not all dying to find out *everything* that has ever happened to her. When larger-than-life personages tell us about their supposedly larger-than-life lives, we often end up realising that life, after all, comes in only one size.

•

There is something intrinsically sad about a man trying to re-enter his past. It's happened; you can't change it. So why bother? Why dredge up the

Your key to the Club.

SSB.PF/77

disappointments, the triumphs, the emotions of yesterday? Aren't there enough of today's to occupy the mind?

This theme jogs laconically through Richard Beilby's *The Bitter Lotus* (Angus & Robertson), a déjà vu novel spun as a sort of melancholy travelogue through the tropical lushness and decay of Sri Lanka.

David Mason, a middle-aged author, is the would-be time traveller, stumbling through the plethora of times gone by, jerking back to 1975 as the strings of reality tighten. He's been there before (haven't we all?), a Digger fighting the Yellow Peril . . . saving the Empire from a fate worse than life. Beilby's been there before, too, although on the other side of the world – Greece and Crete, covered in his books *No Medals For Aphrodite* and *Gunner.*

Mason has, three decades later, to go back, to immerse himself in the memory of good deeds, mateship, and a platonic (aren't they the most poignantly enduring kind?) affair with a Ceylonese girl. His pathetic Odyssey is spurred by a desire to impart some paternal advice to a boy he believes is his son, an Australian now a Buddha disciple in search of Enlightenment.

But that's just the catalyst. Sooner or later, Mason would have had to journey back to the secure cocoon of his innocent youth.

On his mad trip into that jungle he meets, and pretty soon screws, an abrasive American travel writer 20 years his junior who is, emotionally, up a banyan tree. What a rich cornucopia of mad, bad and sad!

Beilby drags us from Buddha to Buddha, ruin to ruin, misunderstanding to misunderstanding as they meet, couple, fight and part. Poor old decent, concerned Mason can't take a trick. Everything he says is taken the wrong way. His smart remarks are a disaster. He's old, and the generation gap has him by the short and curlies.

The exquisite twist, the discovery of the great lie, sets the seal on Mason's futility as surely as the last nail in his coffin. The cuckold is, in his sad old turn, triumphantly and perpetually cuckolded. – TONY REES

●

There must be an army of novelists who daily give thanks that World War Two occurred. An occasional fantasy of mine involves bringing all the fictional characters to life and seeing if anyone still has time to fight the war.

Now that the hero, anti-hero and oddball hero have all been covered so exhaustively, a writer must turn to more strange and obscure tales. A favorite device is the daring but little-known exploit, records of which are either expunged or buried deep in secret archives. Probably the most successful recent example of this approach is Jack Higgins' *The Eagle Has Landed,* the novel and, later, film of an attempt by German paratroops to assassinate Churchill. Leslie Thomas has done it in reverse with *Ormerod's Landing* (Eyre Methuen).

Probably only someone who had Thomas' combination of familiarity with the military milieu and wry humor could attempt the unlikely story of Detective-Sergeant George Ormerod's excursion through Occupied France in search of a soldier wanted for murder in London. The irony of the

Face at a Rocks Festival by Reg Morrison, one of 79 people whose works appear in *Australian Photography – A Contemporary View* (Globe Publishing).

difference between legal and illegal killing is not lost.

The single-minded Ormerod had the honor of representing the first British raid on France after Dunkirk, landing in Normandy on September 21, 1940, with a Frenchwoman sent to kick off contacts with the Resistance. Just to make certain we don't confuse this arrival with *The Eagle Has Landed,* Thomas saddles Ormerod and the French agent with the code-names Dodo and Dove.

There is gripping humor throughout the book – no one in London knows who Dodo and Dove are when they first make radio contact; travelling under church bells through France – but the novel does not fall flat on its farce because Thomas won't let his readers suspend their disbelief of the messiness of death.

Much of the story is devoted to evoking the bewilderment and despair of the British, and particularly the French, in the days after Dunkirk. The French are beaten and, worse, divided: Petain and Laval say the war is over, and that's good enough for the shattered, despite the Occupation. The hearty officers who brief Ormerod before his trip are caricatures, but one can't help feeling their bemusement was typical of the times.

The true value of *Ormerod's Landing* is in the way it brings home just how important warmth and writing skills are in an author. Leslie Thomas has taken a potentially hideous idea and transformed it into an evocative, sensitive account of two nations recovering from the first knock-down of a bloody bout. He succeeds because the book is peopled by humans who are selfish, afraid and very occasionally noble – and are thus intensely interesting. – JOHN HAMPSHIRE

●

Vargas! His name and his work are more than simply sensational. They are legend.

For decades, indeed for generations, this 82-year-old Argentinian master of art has been the creator of the world's most beautiful women. Dear God, did you ever create any such woman in the flesh so fair?

Were they *really* like that 50 years ago? Did granny, once she'd shed the whalebones and corset, look like *that?* One can only believe, reading the biographical notes in *Vargas* (Harmony Books, New York), that she did. For in every case, he worked from live models.

Vargas first appeared in American PLAYBOY in 1957, and has since been a regular contributor. It's been to the delight of the guys, and the dismay of the dolls, that he has. His artwork, his portrayal of sexual sensuality, are perfection.

No matter how long he lives, he may rest in the knowledge that his art, his sensitivity, his skill, will live for ever. In the meantime, more power to his magic pen. – DERRIL FARRAR

●

The Porsche Book (Patrick Stephens) is described as "a definitive illustrated history" of all aspects of the origins and development of these sleek sports machines. If it were not, Dr Ferry Porsche would certainly not have given it his imprimatur with a foreword. Written and translated by people long associated with the marque, it is a gourmet treat for Porsche fanatics, trivia freaks and those interested in a saga of automotive engineering excellence.

MOVIES

that super up, up and away man is a down, down downer

It may seem rather late in the day to be having my say about *Superman,* but since the film is likely to run for ever (which means that the majority of customers who are fated to see it have yet to do so), it may not be too late for a kindly reviewer to save them the ordeal. Of course, it's not a *bad* film – anything that costs $50 million or more has to have moments of fleeting distinction – but it's not nearly as good as it should be.

I've been waiting a long time to unload my pent-up hostility to the entire contemporary genre of over-expensive, over-promoted and over-praised sci-fi spectaculars, so I might as well start with this vast, noisy, lop-sided effort directed by Richard Donner. By now you'll have seen newspaper stories about box-office records being shattered around the world, and the odd story about impressionable youngsters trying to jump off buildings. You'll have read the comic strip, heard the soundtrack, seen the trailer, worn the T-shirt and, if thoroughly addicted to the cult, you may have purchased a paperback called *The Making of Superman, The Movie,* by David Michael Petrou, in which the author compares the skills of British film crews with "the peculiar amalgam that produced Shakespeare and the Battle of Britain pilots and the Sex Pistols". If, on top of all that, you have actually seen the film, you may have come away feeling slightly cheated and resentful. I wonder why? I may sound peevish and ungrateful in the face of Warner Brothers' bountiful generosity, but all sorts of little things about this film annoyed me. Why do they keep calling it *Superman, The Movie*? Do customers imagine they are going to read the comic or watch an opera? Why is it necessary to have all those absurd credits at the end, occupying the best part of half a reel? Interminable, pretentious, boring credits are becoming as great a hazard in the cinema as second-rate shorts about the Canadian Rockies or spearfishing in New Zealand. And this business about box-office records: every time a Hollywood biggie opens it breaks some box-office record, for the simple reason that the greedy tycoons who run the film business keep putting up the price of seats.

The trouble with these costly, star-studded, oppressively long, decibel-ridden movies is that most of them lack any coherent story. The quality of Superman as a comic strip – indeed of any good strip – was that it told a story clearly and simply. The plot was usually crude enough to bring a blaze of comprehension to the eyes of a bullock, but the essential conflicts and tensions of a good plot were established and maintained. I would have traded half the noise and special effects of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* for the passing sense of involvement in the characters, and even the briefest curiosity about what was to happen next.

Let's not be too solemn: if you're in the right mood, *Superman* will provide a moderately rewarding diversion for a couple of hours. But I couldn't help thinking that it would have been a better film if it had stuck, in the manner of the old TV series, to the comic strip formula. It may be that a comic strip is the one art form (call it that for the moment) which is genuinely untransferable to the screen. Think back to a couple of great failures: Joseph Losey's *Modesty Blaise,* which no one remembers except me, and to our own Bruce Beresford's lamentable film effort with Bazza McKenzie, who started out as a comic strip character and whose monumental gaucheries could be conveyed only by line drawings (in the same way that the most erotic art is achieved using the pen or the brush rather than with a camera). At the core of the Superman legend was a surreal figure who was literally, and by definition, larger than life; who, while he had human form, was instantly recognisable as a prodigy, impossibly strapping and very square-jawed. The trouble with Christopher Reeve is that he looks like some well-built, good-natured young man who has just stepped out of a sauna and gym. He is utterly without mystery. Indeed, for those who remember the original drawn figure, he looks

Mexico. Land of the legendary Black Russian, Brown Olmec, Toltec, Aztec, Cow and Bandit.

While Mexico is probably better known for its ponchos, its siestas and its jumping beans, some of its finer achievements are either lost in time or shrouded in mystery.

Discover them, from left to right.

An Olmec Ceremonial Axehead.

From as far back as 1200 B.C. Olmec tribesmen carved images of a God that was half man and half jaguar. The symbol of strength and power, this god was their only recourse against the fearful spirits of the jungle.

A Black Russian.

When one part Kahlua is mixed with two parts of Vodka another supernatural union is made. Pour it over chipped ice, and sip it slowly with the reverence it deserves.

The Toltec God of Spring.

The Toltecs had four major Gods, one for each point on the compass. Xipe Toltec was formerly a lowly, insignificant God, until he sacrificed himself in fire, so that the sun would continue to shine. He became known as the God of the East.

The Brown Cow.

A lowly bottle of milk may not by itself be very inspiring, but you'll find it too is capable of greatness. One part of Kahlua mixed with two parts of ice cold milk served on the rocks is undoubtedly a divine concoction.

An Aztec Goddess

While the Gods of War and Death were the powers most revered by the fierce, war-loving Aztecs, they still had to eat. Fortunately, Xilonen, the Goddess of young corn, was on their side.

The Bandit

Long after the proud and inventive Mexican indians were overthrown by the Spaniards, their spirit continued in the Bandidos. The most famous of these was made with half Kahlua and half Brandy poured over chipped ice.

Kahlua Coffee Liqueur has been made in Mexico for so long that its origins are a mystery.

But if legend suggests that Kahlua was made by the Gods, it wouldn't be hard to believe.

Kahlua. Liqueur of the Gods.

GREY 10666

rather puny. Had I been making the film (an unlikely thought), I would have produced the stunt sequences in cartoon form, recapturing, as closely as possible, the character of the original drawings, and reverting to live action for Clark Kent. (As Clark Kent, the mild-mannered reporter on the *Daily Planet,* Reeve is spot-on.) The film is dedicated to the memory of the late Geoffrey Unsworth, its director of photography, and for about half the footage he fully deserves the accolade. The opening Krypton sequences are visually stunning. Ice-like, prismatic columns and towering crystalline forms dominate a huge white set designed by John Barry; and Marlon Brando, as baby Superman's father (reputedly paid $3 million for 20 minutes of celluloid during which, if I counted aright, he speaks 16 lines), despatches his infant son in a star ship to Earth as their planet, Krypton, blows up. Then cut to a mid-western prairie, where a folksy farm couple (Glenn Ford and Phyllis Thaxter) discover Superbabe crawling from a smoking crater and promptly adopt him. The simple rural scenes, corny at times, at least had an authentic comic strip flavor: ruthlessly simplified compositions, plain sky and grassy backgrounds, uncluttered frames. Intelligence was at work! Adolescent Superboy tries out his powers by booting a football out of sight and racing a speeding train. Then, before we know where we are, Clark Kent lands in Metropolis and is hired by the *Daily Planet,* and the film goes to pieces.

What began, if a little pretentiously, as an idyll or mythic romance becomes vulgar and stupid. In five minutes Superman rushes through a series of disconnected feats: saving Lois Lane (Margot Kidder) from a falling helicopter, standing in for an engine on a disabled presidential jet, snatching a burglar from a skyscraper wall – you name it. I felt this whole frenetic sequence was put together after a studio boss at some preview screening demanded a bit more action.

There is a thoroughly silly evil-genius villain known as Lex Luthar (played by Gene Hackman) who plans to slice off half of California with nuclear missiles. Superman, of course, saves the world.

At times, it is hard to see where all Mr Donner's money went. Perhaps it's gone into the sequel, which we can expect next year, and which will undoubtedly break box-office records.

•

I don't want to be ungenerous to someone as likeable and decent as Graham Kennedy, but it was a great mistake to give him the main role in a film like *The Odd Angry Shot,* a new Australian movie about the Vietnam war. It wouldn't matter how good an actor he was (and he isn't, in fact, all that good), but it's almost impossible for a man as instantly identifiable as Kennedy to play any other character but himself.

John Jarratt and Graham Kennedy – making a point about war.

When he holds up a can of beer (and a great deal of beer is drunk and squirted about in this film), you get the impression that this is the build-up to a commercial or a TV panel game; and even when he's playing poker-faced and doing his best to look tragic, I had the feeling he saw the whole business as a bit of a lark.

That said, *The Odd Angry Shot* is a thoroughly commendable, honest, well-intentioned film about what that ghastly war was like, and if that sounds faintly patronising it is not meant to be. It was directed by Tom Jeffrey, whose other recent credit was *Weekend of Shadows,* and starts well with a family party in middle-class suburban Sydney (the late '60s look is well conveyed) as a young soldier is farewelled to the war.

Shot of Qantas jet in flight, and here we are in Vung Tau: steaming heat, incessant rain and the ever-present background babble of armed forces radio – "the Australian sound in Vietnam". A night mortar raid on the Australian camp leaves fires and mangled bodies everywhere (Mr Jeffrey spares us nothing here) and the horror and uselessness of it all are sharply brought home.

The film rings true. I spent a few days in Vietnam in 1968 and, for what my recollections are worth, the look of the countryside, with its mud and scruffy vegetation, ubiquitous helicopters swooping and chattering in a muggy, tropic sky, has been accurately caught. Most of the filming, by Don McAlpine, was done at Canungra, in Queensland, near the NSW border.

The four leading characters, who belong to a top unit called the Special Air Services, are Harry (Kennedy), Bill (John Jarratt), Bung (John Hargreaves) and Dawson (Graeme Blundell) – all tough, boisterous and with larrikin good humor.

In between briefings, the men wait for the mail, get drunk, brawl, play practical jokes on a not-so-naive padre, and fantasise about women and grog. Every now and again they go on patrol and someone has a leg blown off or his belly ripped open. And, in its way, the effect is horribly distant, even boring.

It's an anti-war comedy of a quiet, understated kind, with none of the great emotions of war. What does come through is cynicism, boredom, nagging fear, revulsion, regret . . . and they were doubtless the essence of it all.

The film ends with a long, brooding shot through the window of a bar, as two soldiers with their feet up stare away into nothing, having exchanged greetings with a bartender who couldn't care less. The point is nicely made.

•

The Big Fix, directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan, has overtones of *Chinatown* (cynical private eye, Los Angeles locations, political skulduggery and corruption in high places), but without Polanski's feel for engrossing twists of plot and his genuine relish for evil under innocent surfaces.

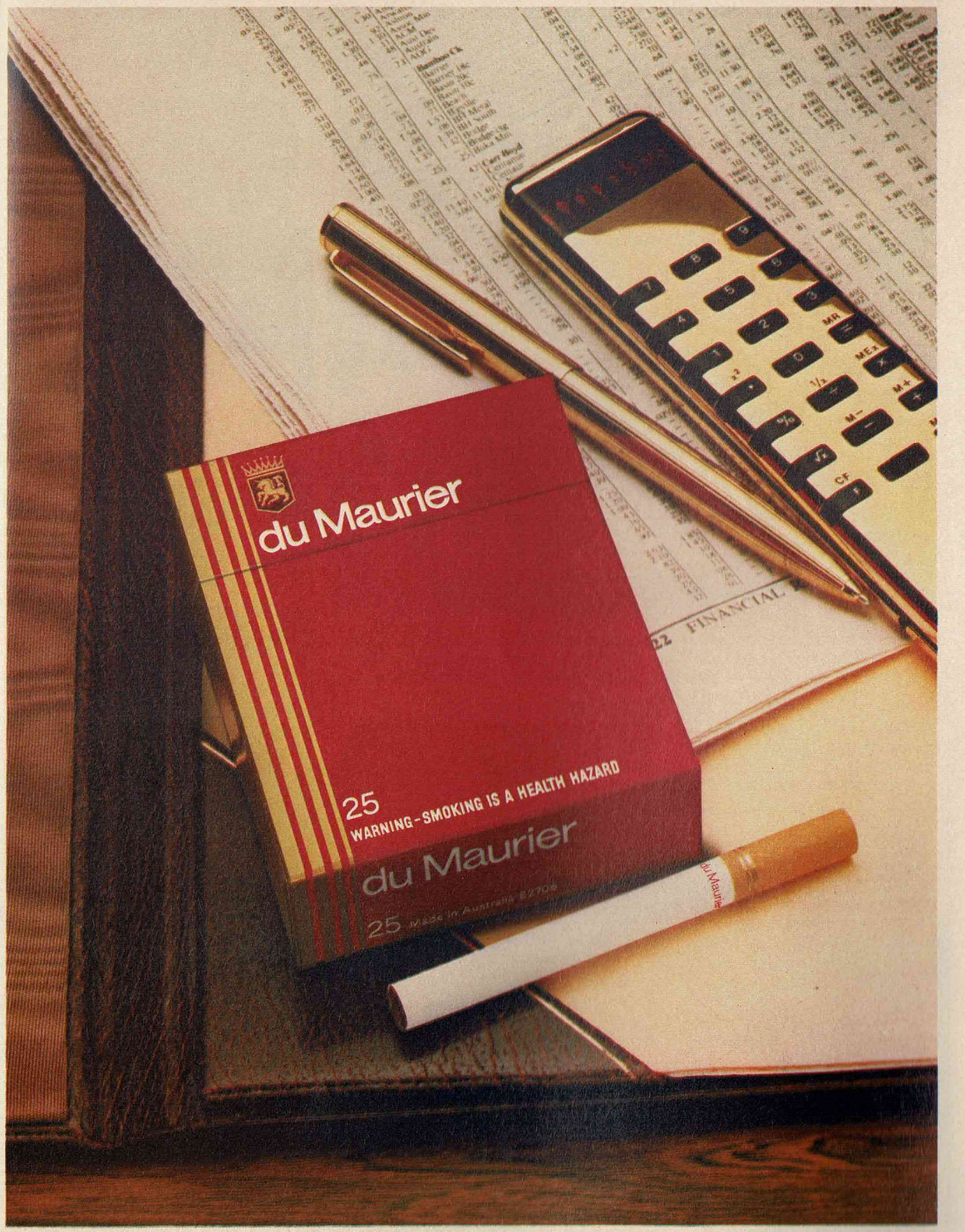
Richard Dreyfuss is Moses Wine, a small-time private detective hired by a respectable political machine for a routine investigation. In fact, he gets deeper and deeper into violence and intrigue. You've heard it before? I suppose you have; but the treatment here is so fresh and original, and the pace so brisk, that it is difficult to relax concentration even during the car chase sequence, which has appeared in every contemporary crime thriller, to my knowledge, since *Bullitt.*

Dreyfuss is the prototype of the male star of the '80s – not so tough, not so rugged, not so handsome – actually a little diffident and diminutive. In this film he is straight out of *The Goodbye Girl:* a nice, honest guy with two kids in tow from a broken marriage and still looking for the right girl, who turns out to be Susan Anspach.

All told, I found it a tautly directed, well-disciplined thriller with a hard, honest surface, a merciful absence of unnecessary violence and some sharply observed characters in the minor roles. For all its contemporary gloss, this movie has some good old-fashioned qualities.

– EVAN WILLIAMS

The economist's guide to luxury smoking.



du Maurier 25's.

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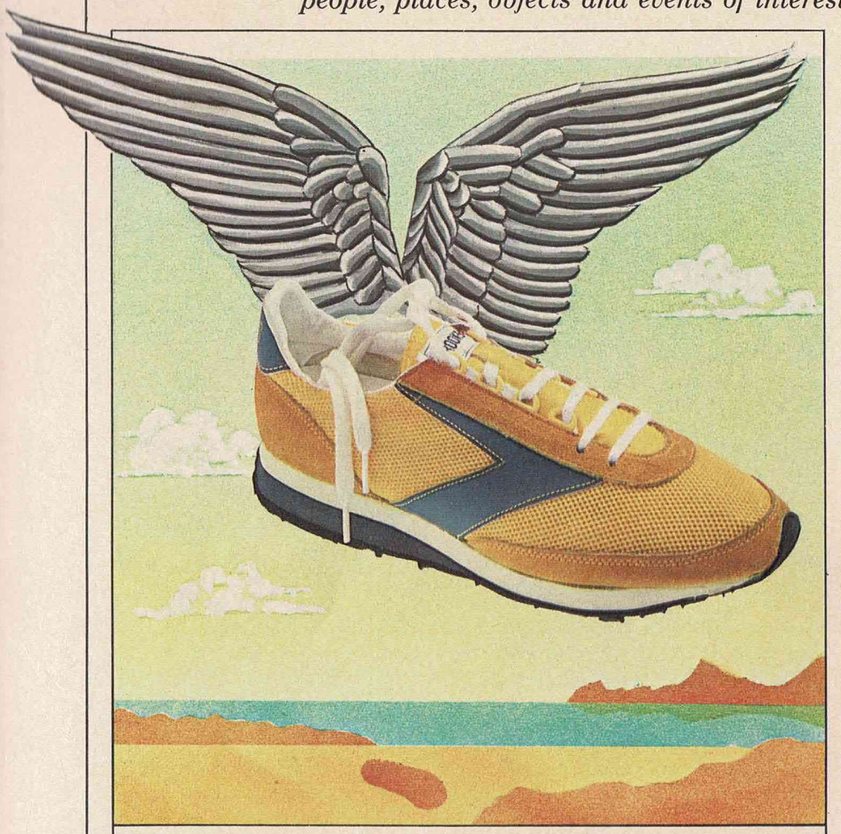
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



FOR THE FLEET STREET SET

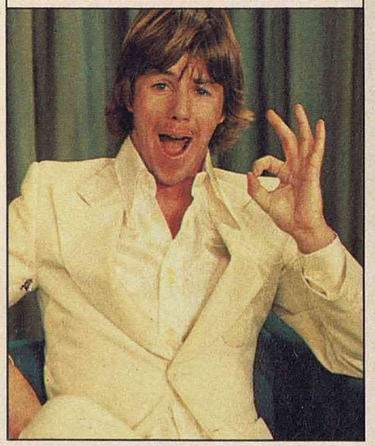
When you're trying to look like Mercury, remember that your feet swing inward when you run. This may cause injuries, so Brooks came up with a "varus wedge", which is three degrees thicker on the inside of the heel than ón the outside. Brooks Vantage shoe, $43, from sports stores.

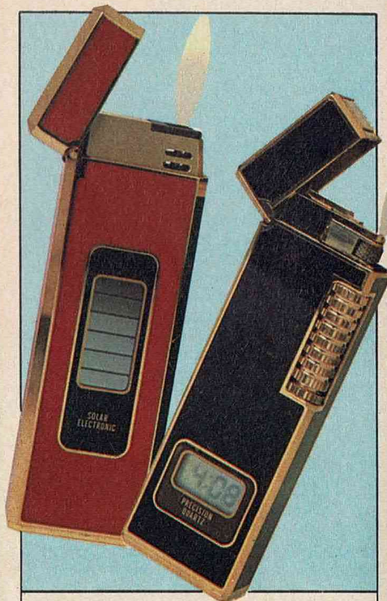
WHEN YOU'RE TOLD TO BUZZ OFF

At long last! No more fleeing, clutching clothes and fending off the irate husband's killer doberman. No longer need you be caught sleeping in the wrong bed. The Garant mini travelling alarm has a strong buzzer. All you have to do now is remember to set it. $29 at Dick Smith Electronics.

IN THE DRINK

First it was Newcombe flogging booze, and now a top surfer is having a go. Wayne "Rabbit" Bartholomew, now available for personal appearances (at negotiable fees!), has signed a $10,000 contract with Smirnoff. Not bad for an ex-beach bum.



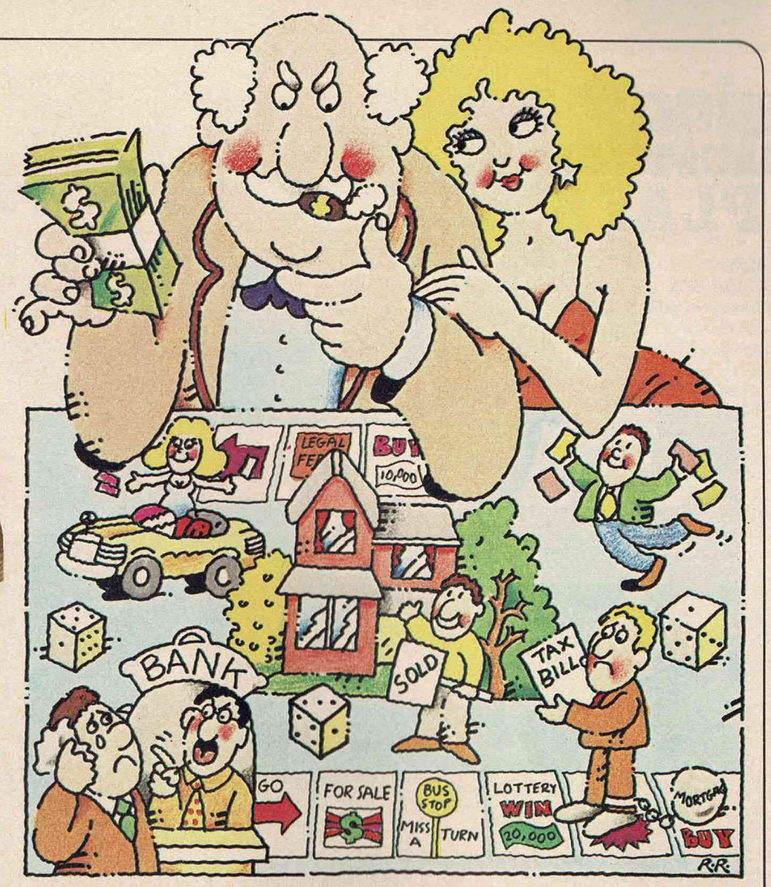


LIGHT SHOW

Here's the latest in cigarette lighters from Prince. Quartz (right) has an electronic digital watch built in. The panel on the Sunshine (left) is a solar cell which keeps the battery charged. Quartz, $225; Sunshine, $179.

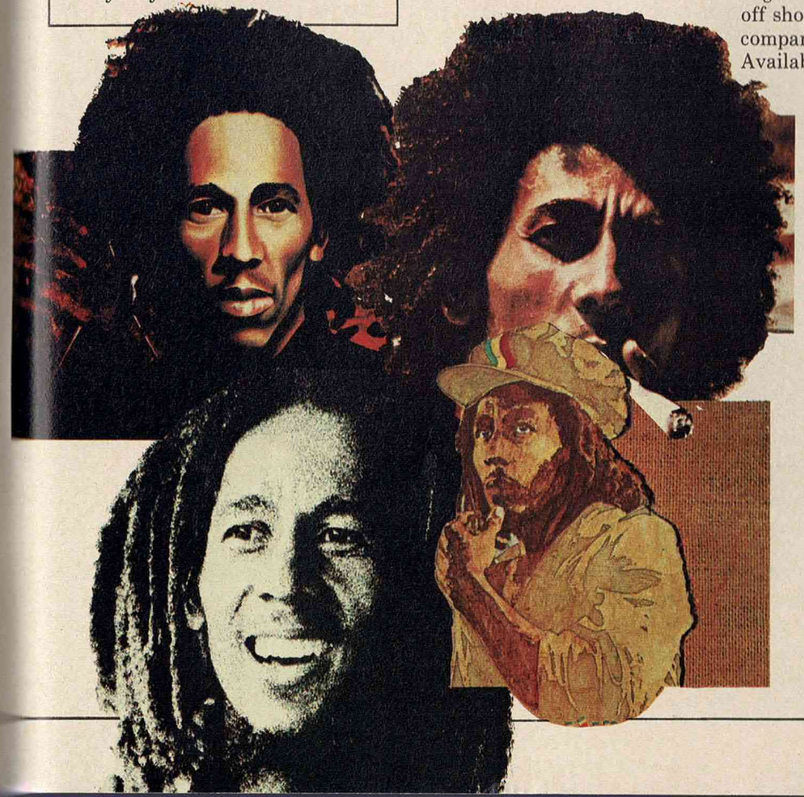
PUTTING THE BOOT IN

Errol Flynn really has nothing on you except good PR! So if you're into swashbuckling, get yourself a pair of cavalier boots from the Frye Shoe Co. The boots, for men and women, have almond toe, reverse cuff and leather sole and heel. They are available for around $140 in dark camel cowhide and hand-stained brick cowhide. See these at the Stitching Horse Bootery in Melbourne, and the General Pants Company shops in Sydney and Melbourne.



THE GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Pssst. Wanna make a million bucks in just a couple of hours? Wanna bore the pants off your unwelcome guests with another adult game? You can do both with Occyourpation, a sort of adult Monopoly designed by former sales engineer Stephen Coghlan. You can pull off shonky land deals, rip off insurance companies and try to cheat the tax man. Available from games shops for $16-$20.



SAVE THE WAILS

Hitting these shores for their first Australian tour are Bob Marley and the Wailers. Marley, the high priest of reggae, will, no doubt, be out to promote his recent double album, *Babylon By Bus*. The troupe will play at Festival Hall, Brisbane, on April 18; the Apollo Stadium, Adelaide, on April 20; Entertainment Centre, Perth, on April 23; Festival Hall, Melbourne, on April 24; and the Hordern Pavilion, Sydney, on April 27. Local papers and booking offices have details on ticket prices and starting times. Marley hit the headlines some years ago when he and his wife were the victims of assassination attempts. A very shaken Marley kept a low profile for some time after that, before coming back into the public eye with his music just as strong – but his politics a little more subdued. His tour should be a lively one.

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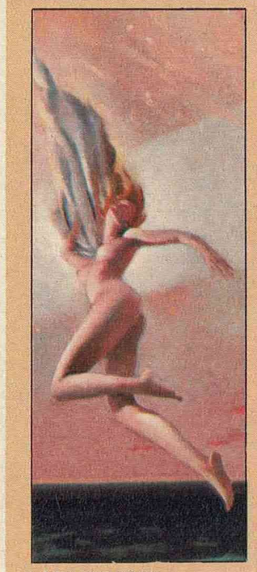

KERRIDGE

SINGLETON

LADY CHASTITY

CASINO

SEX IN MELBOURNE: It's said the southern capital is staid and conservative, but how come those massage parlors advertise in neon lights? The first in an intriguing series testing the sexual temperature of Australia's cities. By **RENNIE ELLIS.**

LARRY PICKERING pricks our pompous politicians daily through his cartoons, but life's not all fun. In a startlingly frank **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW** we probe this self-made millionaire.

In her last years, **MARILYN MONROE** was a sad and lonely creature who became a prisoner of her own fears, according to her personal maid, Lena Pepitone. An exclusive new book preview. Plus: **LINDA KERRIDGE,** the girl from Wagga Wagga who is making a lucrative career out of Monroe impersonations, tells about it in a **MINI INTERVIEW.**

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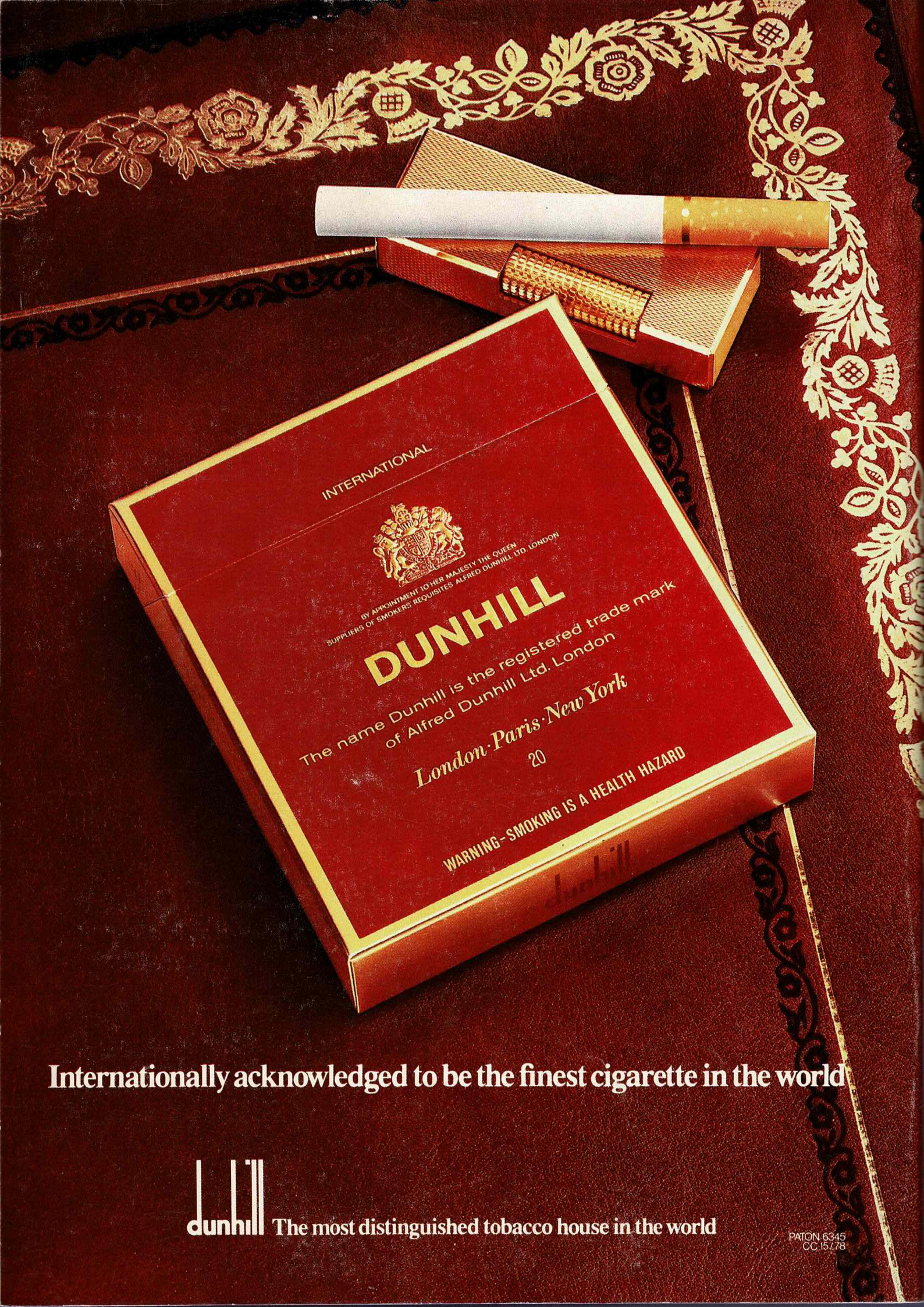

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